

From the Publisher

I have personally been engaged in foreign mission work now for ten years. I therefore know of the needs, the opportunities, and the great urgency for more workers. However, before we as the Lord's people can do more we are going to have to know more. A greater effort then must be put forth to furnish members of the church with the information they so badly need to inspire and to move them to evangelize the world in our own generation.

Sometime ago I decided that one of the best ways of doing this was to publish study courses and books on missionary work. I reasoned that if more such materials could be made available to the church, with emphasis being placed on these tremendous needs on a regular basis, then surely the result would be that more brethren would go out to different parts of the world with the gospel of Jesus Christ, and that more congregations would sponsor and support them.

At my own personal expense I have already published several such books and I will publish more as I have the funds to do so. I have written several of these but I have invited other missionaries to likewise submit study courses, biographies, and stories of their work that will help acquaint the brotherhood with what is going on and of the opportunity to do more.

In corresponding with Sis. Becky Tilotta, and letting her know of my interest in this type of work, she immediately wrote me about Sis. Elaine Brittell's effort to get her Mother's story printed. After further correspondence, the manuscript was mailed to me at my home in Winona, Mississippi. But by that time I had left to come to India.

Then it was forwarded to me here in New Delhi and now it is being printed.

The material was written and compiled by Miss Dena Korfker, a good friend of Sis. Elaine Brittell. Miss Korfker is not a member of the church of Christ but took it upon herself to prepare these pages, believing that it would be a great tribute to a great lady and that it would do much good.

With thanks to the author and Sis. Brittell for making this work available, I am happy to publish it with the prayer that it will inform, inspire, and encourage others to do mission work in Africa and around the world.

With love for all,

J. C. Choate

J. C. Choate Publications
New Delhi, India
May 5, 1970

CONTENTS

1. A Humble Beginning	...	1
2. The Years of Preparation	...	6
3. Introduction to Africa	...	13
4. Our First Babies	...	23
5. A Year of Increase	...	43
6. Thorns and Roses	...	62
7. A Garden of Precious Plants	...	70
8. A New House for the Babies	...	87
9. Out of the Mouths of Babes	...	103
10. Make Us "A Good Samaritan," Lord	...	124
11. "Bringing in the Sheaves"	...	150
12. What Would You Do ?	...	171
13. A Cry From Africa	...	186
14. "Lord, Let me Stay"	...	207
15. Give Up ?	...	223
16. All in a Day's Work	...	236
17. God Answers Our Prayers and Sends Workers		251
18. "Why Did We Come to Africa?" You Ask?	...	264
19. Closed Doors for New Babies	...	285
20. Weighed in God's Balances	...	297
21. "Here I Come With My Sheaves, Lord"	...	315
Photo Section		At the end

1

A Humble Beginning

Augusta May Puett was born to William E. and Laura Puett on April 28, 1894, near Cassville, Missouri. Their little clapboard farm-home was near Roaring River which is now a State Park of national renown. Here, in the valley below the great Ozark mountains, described so well by Harold Bell Wright in his book "The Shepherd of the Hills," Augusta spent the first thirteen years of her life. There was a brother Clyde, who was two, and a sister Grace, who was four, when Augusta was born. Father Puett was a homesteader. He worked his 160 acres all by himself, his only tool a cropping axe, with which to build his log cabin, his barn and sheds.

When Augusta was five, another son was born into the Puett family. While this important event was taking place in the kitchen of the little home, the three children huddled together outside, waiting for Father to come to them with the good news. But while they waited in the growing darkness, Mother continued to struggle to give birth to her little son. Before the night was over, Mother Puett and her baby passed through the "Valley of the Shadow" and reached their eternal Home. Finally the children were called into the house. Their mother was lying on two boards, with a sheet covering her lifeless body.

Augusta ran to her father. "Let me see her, Daddy!" she cried. Father lifted her up for her last look at her

darling mother. Augusta quickly bent down and kissed her mother's cold cheek. The memory of that last kiss stayed with her throughout all the long years of her eventful life.

Oh, the loneliness of the next few years! The days were so long, with Father gone to the fields all day. And the house was so empty. How often little Augusta longed for the fondling and the kisses of her dear mother. How often she sobbed herself to sleep. And how she wished there were a baby in her family. Ever since she could remember she had loved babies. And now the best she could do was to go into the woods with Clyde and Grace and gather flowers for Mother and Baby Claude. They were buried in the far corner of their own back yard. One day the children went into the forest with their little wagon and brought back a lovely new cedar tree for the grave. How proudly little Augusta held the tiny tree on her lap as Clyde and Grace pulled her in the wagon. And how eagerly she helped plant the tree. Throughout the years the children watched it grow into a stately tree—a sentinel standing guard over the dearest spot on their property.

Father Puett had been left motherless, too, at an early age. When he was just six, his mother and father had decided to go their own ways. His father had brought him from their little Missouri farm across the border into the town of Fort Scott, Kansas. Here he was adopted by a Mr. David Hewitt. For two years little Willie Puett, as he was called, lived with his adopted parents. During this time he never attended school. He was often cruelly beaten, locked in the basement without food, and on more than one occasion, strung up by his thumbs so that he could rest only on his toes until his small muscles ached and his brain was dazed with pain. When his own father finally learned of his plight, his foster father was sent to prison, and he was sent to another family for two more years. Then he was finally reunited with his own father on the Puett farm in Missouri. But the

experiences of those early years left an indelible mark on Father Puett, so now he was determined to keep his motherless brood under his own wings. For the next seven or eight years they struggled along the best they could with the help of the children's maternal grandmother, who lived near by, and their paternal grandfather, who was now a one-armed man, who lived with them.

The children were left alone a good share of the time. Before Father left for work in the morning, he gave each of the children several jobs to do. And they knew that they were to have them finished when he came home. As they grew older, they often went with their father into the fields and helped him as much as they could. When the older children were in school, Augusta worked with her father in the fields all day long.

Little Augusta loved the out-of-doors. And she adored her brother Clyde. She wanted to be wherever he was, and do whatever he did. She wore Clyde's clothing more often than she did her own. More than once the two of them climbed to the roof of their little house to play. And one day, when she was only five, she lifted a railroad tie-because Clyde did! Clyde was a good teacher. Augusta soon learned how to use her hands constructively. By the time she was grown, she was an A, Number One mechanic.

But God was good to the little motherless family. The father loved his children and they loved him. And together they loved God and tried to serve Him. In the evening, tired as he was, Father always took time to play with his children and to tell them stories from God's Holy Word. He taught them by word and by example to live as Jesus wanted them to live. Although he had no formal education, he knew how to use everyday experiences as object lessons. And the children never forgot those homespun lessons. There was a neighbor who lived several miles away. The family was not thrifty, and they never learned to lay by for the winter.

So, when winter came, they would come to borrow. Father always stored enough and to spare, and was always willing to share with those in need. But when these neighbors borrowed good, fresh lard, they would return old, rancid lard. Instead of being angry, Father would gather his children around him and say, "This is not the way Jesus taught us to live. He wants us to treat others as we would want them to treat us. And He wants us to take care of our own needs, if we can." Augusta never forgot this important lesson. She always saved for "a rainy day," and she was always eager to share with those in need.

Another lesson Augusta always remembered was the lesson of cleanliness. Grandfather Puett did not believe in bathing. For many years he refused to take a bath. So Father taught his children: "Dirt from honest toil is nothing to be ashamed of, but God gave us water to keep ourselves clean."

The Puett children soon learned that it did not take an abundance of things to make a person happy. Theirs was the poorest of homes, but what fun they had "papering" the walls and ceiling with old newspapers. They enjoyed their work and they enjoyed their good times with Father.

The children went to a country school to Miss Ollie Hood. They had to walk through a big woods to reach the school. Augusta was often afraid of the big birds and the many wood-noises, but none of the children even missed a day of school. When Augusta first started school, some one told her that if she looked behind every tree she would find a little "nigger baby." Augusta believed him and for several years she kept her eyes open for that little negro baby she wanted so badly.

The children loved Miss Ollie, and they were overjoyed when, in 1904, Father brought her home to be their new mother. It wasn't an easy household to step into. The

children had been free for so long, and especially Augusta found it difficult to subject her strong will to new authority. But "Miss Ollie" knew how to handle children, and it wasn't long before her patience and wisdom won the affection and co-operation of all three. They soon loved her as their own mother, and she loved them as much as she did her own three who were born of this marriage. And when the babies—Beatrice, Lois, and Lester—came, Augusta's joy was full. Mother Ollie soon explained to her that one did not find babies behind trees, but that God was the giver of every new life.

2

The Years of Preparation

At thirteen Augusta left home and worked for some rich people so she could work her way through High School. Wherever Augusta went, the experiences she encountered helped to mold her into the kind of person God needed for the work He had waiting for her. In this rich home there were hours and hours of dish washing to do, and many of the dishes were not useful. They were merely ornamental. Augusta soon made up her mind that if she ever had a home of her own, she would not fill it with things which had no useful function but gave extra work to others. She would be thoughtful of those who worked for her, and would try to keep them happy.

When Augusta finished High School, it was Mother Ollie who inspired her to go on to Western Bible and Literary College at Odessa, Missouri. For five years Augusta studied hard, preparing herself to become a foreign missionary. Since she had no money, she took any job she could find. Except for one gift of five dollars, every cent needed was earned by the work of her two hands. During those five years she washed and ironed, she scrubbed, she cut hair, she half-soled shoes, she milked cows, and she catered for the richer class in town. And all the while there lay deeply buried in her mind, the thought, "Some day I'll go to Africa or some other foreign land."

But as she studied her Bible, her thoughts became

troubled. Paul's words to the Corinthians (1 Corinthians 14:34, 35) "Let the women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak," and "...for it is shameful for a woman to speak in the church" changed her plans. If she went to Africa as a preacher, she would be displeasing the One who said, "Go." So she decided to marry and raise sons who could go in her place.

When Augusta set out for something, she usually found what she was after. As soon as she made up her mind, to be married, she found "her man." He was Jesse Alvin Brittell. Jesse was born on January 25, 1890, in Ulysses, Nebraska. He soon moved to Albion, where he grew up. He, too, attended Western Bible and Literary College, and was interested in mission work. They were married on June 25, 1916. It was a very happy marriage. Jesse was a mild-mannered, soft-spoken man, who, although he lacked Augusta's dynamic personality, lacked none of her love for God and His needy children.

Their first child, a daughter, whom they named Maxine, was born the following March. After graduation, they moved to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where the church services were held in their home. In 1920 they moved to Colorado, where their son Orville was born. In 1922 their second daughter, Elaine, was born. Their home in Colorado consisted of one room. They hung up their chairs on the wall around the room at night so there was room to sleep.

There was little money to be had in those days, but the Brittells were always willing and eager to open their humble home to any and all who were in need. At one time they entertained a visiting preacher, who was willing to give his time and to pay his own way to come to them to preach and to teach God's Word. Augusta and Jesse never forgot his lessons of sacrifice, and tried to pattern their lives after his.

Late in 1922 the Brittell family moved again. This

time to Graton, California, where there was a Christian Day School. Another son, Lester, was born in Graton, in 1924; and the youngest daughter, Gladys, was born in 1926. Then they moved once more to Santa Rosa, California, where they stayed until 1946, when they set sail for Africa.

For twenty years the Brittells worked and saved in Santa Rosa, with but one goal in mind—to send as many children as possible to Africa to answer the call of the Master “Go ye into all the world...” Augusta taught school in Santa Rosa Christian Academy, and later, when Elaine was ready, the two of them taught for many years in the Pacific Christian Academy in Graton. Each day Augusta drove their old Dodge twenty-four miles to and from Graton, with thirteen children in the car. Augusta often remarked, “God was so good to us to let that old Dodge hold out during all those years. We had only one flat, and never an accident. It was such fun.”

All of the Brittell children graduated from High School from the Pacific Academy. Orville and Lester and Maxine attended Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas. Maxine and Lester also taught at Pacific Academy. The Academy was a small, private school, with the motto “Unselfish Service.” During the years the Brittells taught there, no child paid tuition. They merely gave as they were inspired to give. It was surprising how those little children would pick fruit, or do other manual labor, so they would have money to contribute. In describing the school, Augusta explained :

“Our purpose was to be able to teach God’s Word to the pupils, so why charge them for that, when the public schools were free? That creates in a pupil something which does not exist, when he pays tuition. Then he feels, ‘I pay for my schooling. You owe it to me.’ We teachers and pupils, by voluntary service did all the janitor work. I never quite realized what this meant to the children until

the night before I went to the hospital for surgery. One of my eight-year-old pupils came to me. She handed me six pennies and said, 'Sister Brittell, I brought you what I had. Maybe it will help you in your operation.' That meant more to me than dollars of cold cash. She knew the teachers were teaching for no salary, and wanted to do her bit."

While Augusta and the children taught school, Jesse spent his time driving the school bus, and painting houses. In the summer they all worked in the fruit—picking apples, cutting pears, and running the drying machines.

When Augusta was still very young, she had learned from her father that children were expected to obey those in authority over them, and that a command given once was enough. She learned her lesson well, and when, for the first time, she read her Lord's Great Commission, she took it to heart. All her life was motivated by one desire—to share the great news of salvation with all she met. She did not wait until her goal was reached. She did not satisfy herself with the thought, "Someday I'll be a missionary." During all the years of preparation, she always took time to speak of her Lord's great love wherever she went. And when, through her ability to plan and manage their finances, they were able to purchase a needed item, like a better car, her explanation would be "God gave us a new car." The entire family spent many hours each week bringing the Gospel in word and in song to the aged in their Rest Homes and to the sick in the hospitals.

After twenty-two years of waiting and working, Augusta finally reached her goal. In 1938 her oldest son, Orville, (barely nineteen, set sail for Africa. He chose Africa because "their" church, the Church of Christ, already had a mission station in Northern Rhodesia, and they needed more workers. The Church of Christ Mission in Northern Rhodesia began in 1921. Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Short, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. George Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lawyer were the first miss-

ionaries. At the time Orville went out, the Shewmakers, the Hobbys and Mrs. Myrtle Rowe were also added to the group.

As Augusta closely followed the work of her son Orville, through his letters, the great need began to weigh on her heart. She could no longer be satisfied with sending a son. And when Orville described the plight of the little African babies who were left motherless, she could hold back no longer. For in Africa a father would never touch a new-born babe, and if a mother died, no other mother would nurse it, and they had never heard of bottle-feeding. So, if the mother died, the baby either died of neglect or was buried alive with the mother. Augusta remembered her diligent search behind all the trees in their woods for her "nigger baby", when she was a child, and she couldn't get to Africa fast enough.

But it didn't go that fast. The family owned an apartment, for income purposes, which had to be sold besides the home where they were living. They would have no supporting church, and their only income would be gifts from friends in the church. Many people discouraged them because of their age. By the time they reached Sinda in 1946, Jesse was 56 and Augusta, 52. But when Augusta had made up her mind to something, she wasn't so easily discouraged. Because of the Second World War, it took three years to get a passport. By that time Lester was serving his country in the army. It was 1953 before he came to Africa with his wife, Joye, and their two daughters.

Maxine was the only member of the Brittell family who did not go to Africa. By the time the trip was to be made, she was married to Leslie Evans and had four children. Mr. Evans owned and ran the Acme Key Shop in Santa Rosa, California.

When it became known to friends and relatives that Augusta was going to pull up stakes and take her family

to Africa, she was asked again and again "Why did you make that decision?"

Augusta always had her answer ready. She would reply: "The conception of a 'Church of Christ Orphanage' in Sinde began to take shape in my mind years ago when God gave us our little children to train for His service. And it grew to maturity after Orville began his work at Sinde. My having been left motherless at the age of five perhaps played the biggest part in my decision. The loss of my mother gave me a deep realization of what God means by the word 'orphans'—that longing and vacancy which no other can fill. It also helped me to realize more fully why God said that caring for orphans is 'pure religion and undefiled before God.' This, together with the news of the terrible conditions of little ones in Africa and the slim chance of their existing when they lose their mother, helped us to choose Africa as our field of labor. Surely it is a ripe field!"

As further explanation, Augusta added: "My father, and later my step-mother, were kind and helpful to those in need. The unselfish lives of the Gardners and other teachers of Western Bible and Literary College coupled with their deep spiritual teaching to sacrifice to save others, were great influences. About eighty percent of all the missionaries of the Church of Christ on foreign fields are former students of Western Bible and Literary College. Many of the missionaries to Northern Rhodesia were graduates of W.B.L.C. But the chief reason we go to Africa is because God and His Son are sending us. 'Go into all the world' He said, and Africa is a part of the world! With His sending, He becomes our Sponsor!"

"What if you cannot take the climate? What if you die in Africa, so far away from loved ones?" was another question put to Augusta in those trying days of waiting. "Africa is just as close to heaven as any other place in the world," Augusta answered. And I hope to give my life in God's service in Africa. And when my life is over, I want

to be buried in a simple manner there. I shall not come back to America on furlough. I would rather use the money to spread the Gospel to lost souls. Oh, I know I will miss you people, and there will be many times when I'll long for a visit with all of you ; but I'll have to keep that pleasure until Christ calls us all home to heaven. '

Finally, by June of 1946, the passports were in order, and the property was sold. On June 20 Jesse and Augusta, with Gladys and Elaine, set sail for Sinda Mission, in Northern Rhodesia, which was to be their home for the rest of Augusta's life.

3

Introduction to Africa

Although Augusta never set foot on her native soil again, she did not lose interest in her loved ones at home, nor did she let them forget her and the work, so dear to her heart. During all those eighteen years in Africa, Augusta wrote regular monthly news-letters, sharing her life and the activities of the Home with her loyal supporters back in Santa Rosa, California. Since Augusta revealed so much of herself in her letters, and since she painted such a clear and living word-picture of the Church of Christ Orphanage at Sinde Mission, we will let her tell her own story of her happy and fruitful years in Africa as a "Mother of Eighty."

September, 1946

Dear Friends in America, Greetings :

Just about three months ago we waved good-bye to your fair land and sailed away for the unknown with our heart's balance wavering between sadness and anticipation.

We shall never forget your kindnesses, love and assistance in preparing for our trip, which terminated at Cape Town on August 4 at eight o'clock in the morning.

We had a very nice trip. The Atlantic was much rougher than the Pacific. Panama was very beautiful with many small islands completely covered with green grass.

shrubs, banana plants, and trees. It took seven-and-a-half hours to go through the Canal. The entire trip took 39 days. We had smooth sailing all the way with pleasant weather and a cooperative crew. How thankful we should be to know that God is guiding our frail bark to that shore where we'll put out to sea no more.

We spent twelve days with the Scotts while getting our goods bonded up country. On August 16, Orville, George (Orville's son), Daddy, Elaine and I (Augusta, Eddie, Orville's wife, and Gladys stayed at the Cape until Augusta rested a while), together with the three native brethren who were visiting Brother Scotts, started for Livingstone (1784 miles) in the little Chevrolet pick-up, loaded to capacity, including the top deck which we had to build at Cape Town to hold the baggage. This heavy and high load made it very difficult to keep the car in the road. All went well at first. We made better than 500 miles the first twenty-four hours. Then we came to some very bad wash-board roads with ripples from four to six inches deep. This threw the car into a swerve. I tried to pull the car back to neutral, but we were so near a very narrow bridge that I put the brake on to avoid hitting it. So the old bus just lay down on her side in the middle of the road, throwing Orville, the three natives, and a ton of suit-cases, pillows, quilts, food, medicine, tools, and a windshield (we had put a windshield in the front of the back enclosure so the occupants could see the country) in a heap in the middle of the road. Elaine, George, Daddy and I were stacked up in the cab, with the key broken off and gasoline, oil, and battery-water flowing freely over our much-crowded bodies.

Orville jumped up with the blood streaming down over his face (his head was cut quite deeply over his right eye), and ran to open the door to get us out before the car should catch on fire. Fortunately God let the engine stop even though the key was on. Daddy fainted, George was more scared than hurt, and Elaine and I didn't know we had any hurts until it was all over.

They got water for Daddy, and we soon had him and Brother Kamboli on pallets in the shade. Then I tore bandages from a dirty sheet and bandaged Orville's and Kamboli's heads—Kamboli's head was badly cut over his left eye. Then we began to jack up the car to get it on its wheels again before all the precious gas and oil ran out. We had it up about a foot when a lovely couple from Cape Town came by and stopped. She was a trained nurse, and hurried to the injured with her first-aid kit, while her husband helped us get the car up and started.

Then we began to gather the debris out of the road. It really resembled a second-hand store.

We sent into Richmond (twelve miles) for a doctor. He took Daddy, Elaine and George to the hotel. I helped Orville load some of the things. Then a man came by and took me to the hotel. We had to remain at the hotel over the week-end to have the car checked. It was okay.

We believe that God had a definite purpose in it all. Because of the wreck we made some very fine contacts—one a banker to whom we had given some tracts on Saturday. When we went back to the bank on Monday to cash a check, the banker handed us a six-pound note to be used for our mission work. We also made some contacts in Johannesburg as a result of the accident. A lady wanted Orville to stay over Sunday and preach. They had twenty-seven mission points around Johannesburg.

As soon as we continued our trip, we ran into a terrible stretch of road — a 7000 foot raise in about three or four miles. Then followed 40 miles of *very* bad "wash-board" roads. We saw two men by the side of the road almost dead from a wreck. Their car was hanging across a gulch with its engine driven into a ledge on the other side. We stopped to render assistance, but another man had already called a doctor, so we went on.

It was now dark, and we still had 40 miles to go

“bumpity-bump” to the next town. There were precipices on either side. Soon we saw two big eyes cross our path and sulk off to the side of the road, but we didn’t bother to stop to see what it was. Even though it was getting very late, we had no intention of stopping to camp until we reached the next town.

Finally we saw two dim lights. How acceptable they were to us, tired and faint. We shouted, “Praise the Lord, we see the city!” I immediately thought of the joy that will fill the hearts of the weary traveling saints as they catch first glimpse of that eternal city, from whence they shall never travel on to a road leading out from it.

We finally reached the little town and went to the hotel to try to get a bed for Daddy (he hurt his chest in the accident), so he could rest but all the beds were taken. However, the proprietor said that we might park our car in front of his hotel, which was a great relief. So we drove to the edge of town and cooked our supper. Then we came back and tried to sleep, but our nerves were pretty much on edge. Besides the wreck I told you about, we saw another wreck where three were killed, two other wrecks near where we had ours in which the occupants were seriously injured, and still another wreck of which we did not learn if any were injured. In addition to this, we ruined four new tubes on our back tyres and broke fourteen spokes out of one rear wheel, the Load being too heavy. But God let us find another set of tubes, and we had another wheel.

Our next stop of interest was Bulawayo. Brother Bailey telegraphed us at the Cape to stop on our way up. He works for the White Star Poultry Farm, a business that was established for the purpose of maintaining a rest-home for returning missionaries and others who need rest. The home is on a hill overlooking a beautiful valley surrounded by lovely shrubs and flowers. It has a tennis court and other places for recreation. All the missionaries furnish is their own food. It certainly has been a haven to many.

It was about 5 P.M. when we reached Brother Bailey's home - a beautiful, modern home with flowers all around. He had two beds, a baby bed and a baby buggy (he thought Augusta, Orville's wife, was coming too) prepared for us at his house, and three beds at the rest-home. And he had "killed the fatted calf." Although Brother Bailey lives alone, hospitality makes up for two.

We spent Saturday night in Bulawayo. Sunday morning we went out to the mission Brother and Sister Sherriff maintained for so many years before his death, and where she is still carrying on the work. After the services, we went to his grave. The tomb was of solid granite, resistant of the age of decomposition and decay. As I stood looking at his tomb, I thought of the age-resistant resting place he had worked so hard for fifty years to lay up for himself in heaven. And I thought of all the stones (living souls) which he so tirelessly fitted together down here below.

Sister Sherriff told us how he (91 years of age) sat in his chair beside her and said to her that he had finished his work. She thought he was referring to the room he had just paid for the materials for the room. But then he asked her to help him sing "Till He Come" When the song was finished he smiled and said, "The angels have come. "They are waiting, I must go." Then he went to sleep. Oh, blessed sleep — asleep in Jesus !

We made the rest of our trip without mishap. The rest in Bulawayo had done us good. We were eager to get to Sinde Mission and to the home waiting for us. What a beautiful sight as we approached the mission. All up and down the driveway and pathways are white rocks. Up the driveway the Shwemakers planted green trees with sharp leaves. They stay green all the time. Most of the trees on the hills, except the thorn bushes, are now dry. Our Sinde home is so beautiful. Orville and Augusta's home is about 300 yards from ours. There is an orchard of lemons oranges, naartjes, grapefruit, and pawpaws on the grounds. Pawpaws are about the size of large muskmelons. They

taste very much like them too. They taste so good the first thing in the morning. Naartjes are like small oranges, only sweeter. I am trying to eat a naartje while writing this letter and it's getting juice all over. Naartjes are very juicy as you can see.

When we arrived at Sinde, Sister Shewmaker ushered us into the cleanest house! On the table was a large bouquet of snapdragons — the same kind that grow in California. She took all over and showed us all the buildings. There is a workshop, a cow kraal, a storage house, a chicken house (poles tied together and a grass roof), a guest house, a school (about one-eighth of a mile from the house), a pig-pen, and a garden. When they received word we were on our way, they planted carrots lettuce and onions. They are just big enough to eat now. The Shewmakers will move to Kaloma, 85 miles up north, where the children can be in the white school. They have four children. We surely will miss them. George won't have any little playmates when they go.

Because of our arrival, the Shewmakers invited all the missionaries who could come down to stay, from Thursday until Saturday afternoon. Brother and Sister Reese, Brother and Sister Short and their son Billy, and Rona Claasen came. We sang each evening. The natives (124) came marching and singing up the driveway and around the house. They really have melodious voices. We said "Wabuka" (Good morning) and they answered "Sangwa." Then we changed and said "Kwasia" (Good evening). The natives have lots of fun hearing us try to talk Tonga.

There goes the 6 o'clock bell. The boys are through for the day. Every morning a bell rings at 6:15 for the boys to wake up. At 7:45 another bell rings for the boys to come to work. School begins at 6:30. Elaine and I teach a Bible class, an English class, a spelling class, two sewing classes, and an arithmetic class. We are taking a class in Tonga each day. We leave at 7:15 for our first class. In the evening, four days a week, we go to the

school house and have a Bible class.

We have been trying to be the "Doctor" for the mission since we came. just now a mother came with her little two week-old baby. The poor little thing had an enormous swelling on the right side of its head. It was too serious for us to doctor, so we told her to take it to the hospital. She said she had twins, but the other baby died. This little baby could hold its head quite well. So far there have been sore eyes, coughs, and fevers to doctor.

In our latest news from Lester he says he hopes to be out of the army in March or May of 1947. He has given a number of Korean Testaments to the boys in Korea. He has also given away many tracts. People need the gospel all over the world.

Orville went to Livingstone in the truck Thursday morning to put roof on the school building. He took a truck load of natives into town. They stayed all night and then walked back today — 17 miles. They arrived here at about 3:15—rather tired.

It is Saturday today and everyone is happy. Some boys just brought some pigs to sell to us. We don't know whether to buy them or wait until Orville can see them.

Our freight is stacked on the big canvas out behind the house. Only three boxes are missing. We hope, if the Lord sees best, that they will arrive later.

An old mother hen hatched her babies up in the workshop loft today. One baby fell down on the cement floor and was killed, so we moved the little family down to the ground. Orville's dog also has a new family of four puppies. They are so cute—black and white.

With Love and prayer,

Augusta Brittell and family

September 29, 1946

Dear Mickey Family,*

your long letter was enjoyed by everyone very much. We've read it two times already.

A big gust of wind just rushed through our house and rolled up the front room rug. The wind was very hasty in its visit. At least it cooled us a bit. The weather here reminds us of summertime in California. There's a cool breeze most of the time.

your sleeping in a chicken house reminds me of the time we lived in a chicken house and had school there too. Florence and Elmer Prout and our children were the pupils. Later we moved and had school in the barn. Every body was happy and enjoyed school so much. It isn't where a person lives that makes a happy home; it's the people themselves. Jesus was born in a barn, and He was the Savior of the world !

Brother Mickey, we'd give you a job of building cupboards and shelves if you were only here. The cupboard and kettle cupboard are just finished. Over here kerosene comes in four gallon tins which are placed in wooden boxes. These boxes are just the right size for cupboards and shelves. I also found three legs and round top, so now we have a stool and one chair. We have so many things in the house we don't have room for any more chairs. We eat on the veranda which is screened. The screen doesn't keep the ants out, but D.D.T. does. We put D.D.T. in tin cans with bright letters painted on them, and set them on the table and cupboards. That does the trick.

The native boys went into the forest and gathered

* the Mickeys are friends of the Brittells.

some limbs and made the nicest axe handles. The natives make very nice knives which you can sometimes buy for sixpence. They come nearly every day with eggs too. We can buy them for a penny each. We've only found two bad ones. Last night a native killed a goat and brought the hind leg to sell to us. The meat was good.

The girls are making a quilt in sewing. Their eyes just sparkle when they see the blocks spread out on the floor.

There surely are bargains over here. We found a second-hand stove for only four dollars. It bakes and cooks like a top. There are plenty of sweet potatoes grown here, and they are the best tasting.

Asan, one of the school teachers, preached this morning and Daddy waited on the table (served communion). An interpreter always interprets for us, except in the Third and Fourth Standard (Grade) in school. Those children are supposed to understand English.

When company comes over here, they usually pour in, then no one comes for days. Friday evening just before supper, Augusta's oldest brother, his family, his wife's sister, and Boyd Reese dropped in for the week-end. Boyd was on his way home from a preaching tour among the villages, so he left early Saturday morning. The rest left at five this morning. They had to drive to Bulawayo. Saturday morning before breakfast they went hunting and killed a rabbit and a pheasant. They gave us the pheasant, and we had it fried for dinner. They shot at a monkey and a baboon, but didn't get them.

October 3, 1946

We didn't get this letter mailed, so I will add to it before Orville takes it to the post. Orville just returned from a village tour. Twenty young people were baptized. He had trouble coming back. His battery went dead, and he sent for me to come out twenty-four miles into

the brush. Of all the paths you ever tried to travel with a car! There were rocks, ditches, brush, stumps of saplings, and sand. But God was good and let me reach him in safety. I had to sleep the whole night in the front seat of the pick-up truck. (This morning I was awakened at two. George Alvin, a twelve year old boy had to be taken to the hospital twenty-seven miles away.) So I was tired and sleepy enough to sleep anywhere.

Love to you all,

Augusta B.

4

Our First Babies

January 1, 1947

Dear Friends—the Mickey Tribe,

Praise the Lord ! The Church of Christ Orphanage is no longer a name only. We have our first two babies ! They both came to us on the same day. It was last October 13. (This is the first we've had time to write since then.) We went down to the Kabanga Mission to visit the Merritts. Beth Merritt was caring for them both. One is a boy and the other a girl. The boy had no name the girl was called Sue. We have decided to give all the babies a Bible name when they come to us. So we have named the boy Samuel and the girl Sarah Sue. Samuel was born on May 12. His uncle rescued him from the grave's edge, where he was to be buried with his mother. He was so tiny and sickly that his uncle brought him to Beth Merritt. Sarah Sue was born on September 27. Her mother died, too, and her father brought her to Beth had her only a few days when we came. She gave us both the babies because they are not really set up for a nursery.

I fear this letter is going to take me all day ! It is only 8:15 in the morning, and I have just attended to the twelfth caller. The first one came at five !

How we enjoyed those Christmas greetings from the

children and the grownups. Tell them all we surely missed the Christmas caroling with them to the shut-ins.

Sarah Lucy, I surely appreciate your stand on going to places where there might be a question as to whether it is pleasing to our heavenly Father. Just think how much He has done for us, then wouldn't we be sorry if when we get up there we find we displeased Him just because we wanted to enjoy ourselves for a few minutes. But on the other hand, wouldn't it be sweet to hear Him say, "Dear child of mine, I would have granted you the privilege of enjoying yourself in that amusement, but I am so pleased that you denied yourself for My sake." That will be sweeter than all the fleshly enjoyment we could ever participate in !

Well, here I am—sitting on the ground beside the railroad siding, nine miles from home, waiting for the train which is supposed to bring the folks home from Kolomo. They went up to the quarterly gathering of the missionaries to break the monotony of duty and work. Little Sambo has been exposed to chicken pox, so we couldn't take him along. I stayed home with the babies. That is the reason I was so busy this morning.

I took three boys with me, and on the way we got stuck twice. We have to cross two rivers without bridges to get anywhere from our home. After it has rained there is about three feet of sand over the wet gravel and water. Across the one river there is about 200 yards of deep sand. So we are really stuck at home when it rains. But we always have plenty to do for others. I so often think of that little poem—you know it, no doubt, but I'll send it anyway :

Others

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for *others*.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
To know that all I'd do for *you*
Must needs be done for *others*

Let Self be crucified and slain,
And buried deep ; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for *others*

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of *others*.

Others, Lord, yes *Others*,
Let this my motto be—
Help me to live *for* others,
That I may live *like* Thee.

I forgot to tell you about our snake experiences. Tuesday Elaine found a Cobra in the toilet. Wednesday night a lady was brought to us who had been snake-bitten. You should have seen us flying around, getting serum into her arm and leg ! Thursday night they brought a baby who had been bitten, and we had to go through the same procedure. We used up all our serum, so we hope no one comes tonight (Friday). This morning Orville found a live snake on his front step. So we almost have snakes in our boots !

Must stop now to get this off on the post as Orville goes to town.

Lots of love and prayer,

Augusta and family

P.S. This is a curl from Sambo's head !

January 27, 1947

Dear Sister Mickey, Brother Mickey, Sarah Lucy, Dale, and Jesse,

May the Lord bless you for your encouraging letters. It is a great pleasure to get letters from overseas, and to know how all our friends are, and their interest in the saving of souls.

At the morning service on the 19th, eighteen came forward : two to confess wrongs and sixteen for baptism. Brother Mafuta did the baptizing in a river hole near the school. The young people are so happy to be in Jesus.

Some of the Standard Four (Fourth Grade) boys are translating some stories of the Old Testament into Citonga to take back to their villages to teach to the children and to the old people who cannot read. Many people need to be taught in the villages. Few can read, hence all they will ever know of God and His plan of salvation will have to be taught to them by us who have been privileged to know God's Word. What a grave responsibility rests on us—first to learn and then to teach !

It has been very dry but God has sent some good rains of late which have helped our gardens to start, and the grass for the cattle. The cattle furnish plenty of milk for the two orphans now, for which we are thankful. Powdered milk did not agree with little Sue. It caused her to have boils.

Orville has been teaching some classes at school this term, besides teaching us Citonga and an outline class to some boys who go out to the villages to preach on the week-ends, besides the 101 other things that fall his lot to see to.

Orville's Augusta keeps busy with her children, and

teaching an afternoon class in sewing. She has twenty little girls. They are making skirts now. We plan to get a bolt of material so both classes can make dresses. So few have any money to buy material, so we try to find something for them to do so they will feel they have earned their dresses and the other things they make. We feel it is better for them to work than to just give them the material outright.

Gladys cares for the babies while we are teaching. Daddy works in the garden and helps with the outside work. He just skinned a calf that died. We have lost two calves recently and we are very sorry for their mother's milk will soon go dry and we need the milk badly.

We enjoyed very much a few days' visit with Sister Rowe and Miss Rickman on their way up country. The school children came with their teachers and sang songs of welcome one evening. The natives are always glad to see more missionaries coming to teach their people the way of Christ. Boyd also spent one night with us while they were here. He was on his way out to the villages.

The Lord has been good and sent another good rain Friday. The boys harrowed the ground for the beans and planted quite a few. Daddy and Orville fixed the harrow for the boys. Today they plowed the orchard. They are very good about not plowing up the other planted garden.

Gladys keeps busy with the babies. Sambo and Sue are so sweet. He is learning to crawl everywhere and pulls himself up to a standing position.

Sometimes the school children try to hold a conversation with me. We all talk and no one understands. But, with Orville's help, we are learning Citonga, and the natives are eager to teach us how to pronounce it right.

Jan Nel is spending a few days here. He knows a lot about steel lathes, so he helped Orville put up the one we brought. Orv is the happiest boy! He really uses the tools a lot. With the lathe he can make a lot of things he would have to buy. Today Jan bought a baby wild rabbit from a little girl who brought him for us to see. It only cost a shilling. It is running around the front room and into the bedroom.

Sunday we went to two villages. In one village there was a beer drink. Many of the older people were very drunk. No wonder they get burned—they sit right on the ground against the fire. I feel sorry for the children whose parents drink. It is hard for them to be Christians. They do not get any encouragement from their parents.

Last Sunday there were forty-eight girls and ladies in my class. They enjoy the pictures of Jesus so much. They always want more. Augusta Jr. interprets for me. She surely knows the language!

Last Tuesday our old boar wounded two of the pigs, -so we killed them and made sausage. We fried it and then canned it. It will be something for the days when we can't get into town.

Augusta just brought over a big chocolate cake for supper. It was Daddy's birthday Saturday, and Gladys will be twenty-one Friday.

Tell Grandma we were so glad she signed the Christmas greeting. Thank you so much for the flower seeds. We will plant them soon.

Love and prayer,

Augusta B. and family

February 21, 1947

Dear Mickey—faithful ones who write even when we don't answer very soon—

We always look forward to a letter from all of you each time the post comes, even though we know you can't write that often. Your letters always make all of us want to do more for our Lord. Wish all of you could drop in for a good "Song Fest" some night.

Our orphans are growing very fast. Sambo had a breaking-out on his legs, so we took him to the hospital. (Doctors don't often make home calls here.) The nurse put some purple medicine on the infected parts, and told us to bring him back tomorrow. If we leave him, we have to hire a girl to take care of him while he is in the hospital. We are concerned about Sambo. The nurse said it could prove serious.

Little Sue was in the hospital for over a week. She had an abcess at the base of her brain, which they had to lance. She is much improved now, and is growing fast. She is nearly as tall as Sambo. He is rather plump.

Sambo crawls, and has two teeth. He can say several words. The sweetest thing he does is the native greeting—you should see him pat his little hands together whenever he sees someone coming. He almost stands alone.

We have had three more baptisms in the last two weeks. One was a leper. One of our school boys baptized a man last Saturday. The man said there was only one other Christian in his whole village.

We are studying hard on Citonga. We pray that we may soon be efficient enough to bring Christ to these poor souls who know Him not.

Orville is trying hard to get the short route to town

usable. The short route is 17 miles, the other one is 27 miles. But the short route is so bad that you really ride another 17 miles up and down before you get there. We are always all tired out when we make that trip.

Gladys has been doing some shooting lately. She's getting to be pretty good with a gun. Monday night she shot a cobra right through the eyes. He was just beyond the back steps. The thing measured forty inches. Last week she shot another one that long. It had swallowed a baby chicken. One snake tried to swallow a hen. He managed to swallow the head and neck. Then the feathers choked him, so he spit it out again.

We are all getting acclimated just fine. I am the only one who has had a fever, and that was last week. Orville didn't think it was malaria since I didn't have a chill with it. I feel like myself again. I have just come in from the garden. I was showing the children where to hoe. They are working to pay for a new shirt—black with orange around the neck. Lorraine gave us the material before we left. It has really come in handy. Fourteen little boys have had shirts out of it so far.

You say you are having cold weather. Our weather is still plenty warm but not too hot. The cold season won't be until May. Now we are supposed to be in the rainy season, but the rain seems to have skipped this part of the country. Just a few minutes ago we were certain by the looks of the sky that there would be a big down-pour, but it has all blown over. Up north one of our friends said that a native offered him forty chickens for one bag of mealies (corn). Food is very scarce.

The girls in sewing class are making dresses or skirts and blouses. They have already worked to earn the material. How happy they are to be able to make their own clothes! And the older people in the village are glad, too, that the girls are learning to sew.

Thanks for sending us the names of the songs you are singing. Wish we were there to help you sing. How wonderful it will be when we all get to heaven and will never be separated again. Then we will sing forever !

May God keep each of you ready for His appearing,

With love and prayers,

Augusta Brittell

May 20, 1947

Dear Mickey Friends,

It seems so long since we heard from you. We pray Grandmother isn't worse. We just had a big long letter from your sister in Colorado. She writes such interesting letters just as you do.

The Lord has sent us another orphan for the Home. Brother Merritt sent a telegram to Orville saying there is another baby at Kaloma for us. We don't know if it's a boy or a girl. Orville went to a meeting in Kaloma this week. He has to speak. He took twelve natives along. He also took a young girl. She will bring the baby back tomorrow by train. She was so proud to be able to go to Kaloma. Orville just bought a second-hand Ford truck. It seems just the thing he needs for the mission and for village trips. His old truck was too small to haul the feed and to provide transportation for all the natives who want to go into town. Seventeen to twenty-five miles is a long walk for one day, especially when most of the walk is through sand.

Orville and his family and Daddy have been in Livingstone for almost a month. They are building a church and school there. They came home twice for the week-end. Gladys went back to town with them on Monday to see if Sambo needed a shot for his legs. But the doctor said just

to put sulphur ointment on the rash for three days. Then bathe the legs and repeat for another three days. We pray this will cure him.

Did we tell you that Orville and Augusta have an orphan too? She was born on January 1. Orville was up to a meeting at Namwianga and a relative brought the baby to him. They decided to care for her in their home. She is three months old, and has Gladys' birth-day. We named her Mary because we know so many good people by that name.

So, with the new little one coming tomorrow, that will make four little babies in one year! And who is more pleased than we? Please pray God to help us train these little ones to be vessels of honor to carry the story of His love to the people of Africa.

As I said to Elaine this morning, each time another orphan comes, we just put some more paraffin boxes on top of the others and make space for the little one's clothes. The paraffin boxes are so nice to build with. Gladys made herself a dresser from one.

You know, nearly every night, since Elaine and I are alone, we get out your two song books "Favorite Radio Songs", and sing for nearly an hour. All we need is someone to carry the bass parts. Perhaps when Lester comes we can make up a quartet and learn some new songs.

The natives are building a hut in the back yard for the woman or girls who come to help take care of the orphans. There is one big orphan girl who is to come Thursday. She is the one we gave the pajama top and skirt to in the early part of the school year. She has had nothing else to wear to school or church all year. She lives with her grandmother. I think she will be very good with the children. There are many poor children to choose from, but one has to be very careful when making a choice. So many are diseased, and some have leprosy. There is one

Christian man, Bulawayo, (he's the one Orville baptized), who comes to church regularly even though he does have leprosy. He has the kindest face and is always smiling ! Whenever I become cross or feel like complaining, all I have to do is get a good look at these Christian lepers' shining faces. Then I am ashamed of myself.

Little Sue crawls after whatever she wants. The other day she crawled right off the bed. She didn't hit the floor very hard : she was holding on to the net with both hands. She has three teeth on the bottom, but none on the top. Sambo's fourth tooth just keeps coming down, ready to come through, and then goes back up again. He is walking and talking a lot. He can't say "Susie," so he says "Tuzie." He enjoys being outside so much. He loves to play in the dirt. He even eats a handful now and then. Gladys built a two-wheel cart that we pull him around in. He is too heavy to carry down to chapel or church. She also built a box on the back of her bicycle for Sue and him to ride in. She ties them in, then off they go for a ride to the school house. Do they love it ! They are never ready to come into the house after the ride.

The other day Gladys heard a guinea fowl. She took her gun and went after it. She was gone for a long time, but she came back with him. It was a big one. We had him for Sunday dinner. It was delicious. It tasted something like chicken.

While Orville and Augusta have been in town, all their chickens except one have disappeared. The chicken house is quite far from our house. We heard Tiny bark several times, but we didn't go out to look. Orville thinks it was a wild cat. He could see that the chickens started roosting in the trees.

Did we tell you our work boy killed a snake 72 inches long ? I had my picture taken holding it by the tail. I could scarcely reach high enough to get the head off the ground,

We are trying to finish all our letters this afternoon, for when the new baby comes we'll have even less time than we do now. We can hardly wait to see the baby! This one will be Elaine's responsibility at night. Sambo sleeps all night, and Gladys watches Sue. Orville says little Mary is a very good baby. She only takes one bottle during the night.

We pray more missionaries will be coming soon to help tell the se people the sweet story of Jesus. May you all have God's richest blessings as you go about your daily life.

Love and prayers,
Augusta B.

August 2, 1947

Dear Mickey Friends,

Just ninety instead of "Ninety and Nine" want-calls came to our door since the folks left for Bulawayo at ten yesterday morning. It is now eight in the evening. Besides the wants of two babies, eleven and fifteen months old, there were calls for money, food, clothing (clothing which you good people in America provided), stamps and envelopes, books for the out-school, request to have me write a letter, peddlers with pigs, and eggs, and monkey-nuts, and dippers for sale. Although sometimes the flesh grows weary before God drops the curtain of sleep between us and our labors, there is still that inner rejoicing as the night shades fall, that we have had so many opportunities to serve our Lord by serving those whom He sends to our door.

Having filled all these wants, I am now ready to answer some much over-due letters.

Just two more days and it will be one year since our

eyes first caught sight of the beautiful "Table Mountains", as we stood waiting our turn to enter port at Cape Town. Each day of our stay here has endeared us to this people and country, and enlarged our vision of the great needs of Africa and the scarcity of laborers to supply those needs. We are still praying that God may touch more hearts to hear the Macedonian call and come over to help us. The Reads and the Shorts have just recently arrived in Kaloma. We are thankful to have them added to our forces.

The Lord has blessed us by enabling us to purchase a well-drilling machine very reasonably. We are hoping to get some good wells on the various missions. Scarcity of water has always been one of the major material drawbacks to mission work in Africa.

We are also getting the school-house refinished inside and out, and several hundred bricks made for building houses for the native helpers on the mission grounds, and for repairing the boy's compound.

Orville hopes to get out into the villages again before school starts. He has already made two trips, traveling about 650 miles, visiting about 62 villages. He showed his pictures everywhere. He would like to spend most of his time translating the tracts and other material for the native work. This is so badly needed, but due to the scarcity of helpers and the abundance of work which falls to him, he has little time left for the translating. We are eager to have Lester come. That should ease the situation.

Our orphan work is growing. We have been blessed in securing the widow of a native preacher—Sinyemba is her name—to help care for the orphans. She has a little girl of five and a boy of seven, whom we hope will be benefitted by the influence of the home.

Little Mary, Orville and Augusta's orphan, passed away last month. She was just six months old. She was so tiny and so frail.

We appreciate your interest in the work, your prayers and fellowship, and all your work for the advancement of the kingdom of God here and elsewhere. May God bless you is our prayer. Please continue to intercede at the throne of mercy for more workers.

In His service,
Augusta Brittell

October 2, 1947

Dear Mickey Friends—wish you were here to sing with us!

Since our last letter many things have intervened which have hindered us from answering the post. We have received into our home four new children, besides Margret, the one who came in May. Her parents had both died in the hospital from typhoid. She was very thin when we got her. Oh yes, and we got Joseph Enoch in May too. He was brought to the Kabanga mission. Nothing is known about his parents. Ken and Tris brought him to us. And now, our newest ones are : Rebecca (one day old)—her father brought her, Ruth (two months old)—her father brought her too, and Peter and Paul—twins (one day old).

Joseph, Paul, Sarah Sue, Rebecca, and I have all been in the hospital. Joseph, Pual and Susie are still in for observation. I was threatened with mastoids, but the doctor took care of the inflammation with thirty-six penicilin injections.

All of the children have had a peculiar kind of sickness, which cause them great pain and jerking. And they refused to eat. Sambo's temperature reached 105°.

On October first God plucked our little rose-bud, Peter, to bloom for Him in that land where the stinging bite of sin shall never blight his perfect life. We regard losing the little fellow, but we know that God knows and

does all things well.

Sunday we were all made to rejoice when nineteen young people obeyed their Lord in baptism. Tuesday an elderly lady from a near-by village was baptized, and yesterday, a young man from the school. On Orvilles last two trips into the villages there were sixty baptisms and five confession of wrong. It is such things as these that cause the trying things of our lives—such as a car-spring breaking, seven babies all crying at the same time, and cows dying—to fade into oblivion.

God has also enabled us to get some of the badly-needed buildings up. We are putting the thatching on one today.

Word came yesterday that no more American cars can be brought into North Rhodesia by dealers. We are hoping that Lester can bring a new ton truck with him, since there are no restrictions as yet for bringing in personal cars.

The weather is very hot and dry, with many whirlwinds. However, many of the natives think we shall have early rains. In fact, there have been showers in Kaloma and other villages farther away. Rains will surely be welcome. The cattle are getting thin for lack of food and water.

We thank you so much for your interest in the work here. Please continue to pray for it, and for us that we may always be faithful to the task that the Lord gives us to do.

In the service of our Master,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

November 5, 1947

A month has passed since we answered our post—yet it seems but yesterday. That is one of the blessings on the mission field—time never drags. One always wishes he had more time.

God has been so good to us to let the work on the mission move along so nicely this month. The four buildings for the workers have been completed. The old school-house has been torn down and the debris cleared away, ready to begin the first permanent building for the orphanage. We hope, the Lord willing, to begin building soon, so we may be finished before the heavy rains begin. Already we have had a few light showers, but the heat is still very oppressive. Orville is carrying on this building program along with all his other jobs.

Today Augusta and Elaine visited two nearby villages, where Augusta has Bible study weekly. Thirty-one attended at one village, and seventeen at the other.

I would like to give you some idea of our mission, (our present buildings and the ones we hope to build. We now have : Orville's house, our home, a school house, three teachers' houses), a boys' compound, a group of small houses for workers on the mission, (just completed), a little house where Brother Echols lived, a garage, an old chicken-house, a dipping tank (cows must be dipped weekly), two kraals, a citrus orchard, a cemetery where Brother Lawyer, George Lawyer, Jackie Shewmaker, a native preacher, and our little Peter are buried, a house, now being used for the orphanage, a busu house a lavatory, and the new house for the orphanage now being built. We hope to build a kitchen, a dining room, a play room, native helpers room, boys' dormitory, storage room, and play ground.

We thank God that He has made it possible for us to begin building the home for these children. And our

prayer is that He will help us build Christian character in each one of them. May God bless you abundantly for the part you have had in the furtherance of this program.

In Christian hope,
Augusta B.

P. S. Little Paul, the other twin, outlived his brother by just sixteen days. The little fellows just didn't have a chance. They were too frail. But now, what joy is theirs in the palace of their King !

A. B.

December 20, 1947

Dear Brother and Sister Mickey,

God has said, "Prove me now herewith, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. (Malachi 3:10.) Certainly God has sent us showers of blessings this month, both temporal and spiritual—far exceeding what we deserve! Let me tell you some of them:

Abundance of rain has fallen to appease the parched ground, which means there is plenty of grass for the milk-cows and oxen. This, in turn, will supply milk for the orphans and give the oxen strength to plow the fields. Oxen can be used for plowing only about three or four hours a day, even when there is good grass, because they get so weak, and you can't buy feed for them at any price.

Little Margaret is picking up a bit. When we got her, the nurse at the hospital said they could do no more for her, and that we might take her and try to see what we could do for her.

Orville has completed his visit to all the villages and out-schools, preaching and showing his pictures of The

Life of Christ, and taking a census of the Christians.

A telegram has come saying that some of the needed parts for the well-drill have been shipped.

Word came today stating that a good brother from Graton, California, has secured funds and has ordered a refrigerator. This will be one of the greatest benefits to the orphanage that could be given. It will minimize the task of keeping bottles prepared for the seven babies where the climate is so that what precious milk we do get (a little over a cup from each cow in the dry season) sometimes will sour even after boiling it twice a day, and baby food prepared at night will often spoil before morning.

And you dear friends because of your love for Christ and His cause, have supplied us with so many clothes and other things which can be used for the orphans and other natives who need clothing so badly. May God say to you in that great day, "Enter into the place prepared for you . . . for I was naked and ye clothed Me."

Many other blessings have come our way, but these are the outstanding ones this month. With humble hearts we want to thank you one and all who have had a part in making these blessings possible, either by your prayers or by your financial assistance. Please intercede at the Father's throne, from whom all blessings flow, to help us use all our blessings to glorify His name.

In His service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

December, 25, 1947

Dear Mickey Friends,

How good it was to hear from you again, and to get your "newspaper". We love your long kind of letters with so much news.

We are sad to hear that your Mother isn't too well, but the Lord knows best and always does what is best for all His children, even though at times it is hard to see. We, too, think it is nice that Lois comes in on Sunday to help. A change is always welcome, not that one doesn't like her work, but a change gives one a rest. I know that is the way it is over here. Gladys and I take half-day shifts in caring for the babies. While we are off duty, we can write or do what ever we want to.

Orville and his family and Gladys are going to Kaloma and Kabanga missions tomorrow by train. They will be gone until the fourth or fifth of January. It will give them a nice vacation. The Hobbys have arrived from America and will be there for the meetings too. The Lord is so good to let more workers arrive. We are still praying for more here and all over the world.

Sambo is out in the yard with Daddy, saying "Mattew, Mark, Luke, and John." He likes to be with Daddy and he just talks all the time.

Thanks for the poem on Life. How true it is. If only all of us would live and do all we can for the Lord each day, our lives would be so much happier and useful.

How we miss singing with you all. Lately we haven't had time to sing, except while caring for the babies. Oh yes, while I was at Kaloma for Boyd and Sybil's wedding the first of this month, on Sunday evening, Fay, Margaret Short, Brother Reed, Brother and Sister Shewmaker, Orville, Eldred Echols, and I sang for about an hour, and what a happy hour it was! We wished we

could have sung longer, but everyone was so tired from the wedding, we all went to bed by ten o'clock.

Yes, we have a "gob" of pictures at the shop being developed now. We will try to send you some when we get them back. If we forget, please remind us. Yes, we have a camera, and it uses size 120 film. Yes, you can send film. Some of our friends sent us some, that's how we took so many pictures. Film was very scarce here for a while.

Orville and Leonard Bailey just came back from a village trip. They really had some mud to go through. They had been wading through black, sticky mud for about three hours after crossing Ngwezi river, and had sat down under a tree to rest for a few minutes, when Orville remarked to Leonard, "This is going to be a rather expensive trip for you since you have worn out a couple of pairs of shoes." Leonard looked up with his usual humor and answered, "I'm not half as worried about wearing out my shoes as I am about whether or not I am going to be alive to wear shoes after this!"

Time to eat, and the sweat is dripping from my face. It is so hot. I think it will rain today.

It is a very quiet Christmas day here—except for the babies crying. None of them seem to be very sleepy today, even though it is their time for naps.

Please excuse all these mistakes. I'm just too lazy to go back and erase them. There is only thirty-eight more letters waiting for an answer, and we want to get caught up before the new year. So I had better close.

Little Margaret is gaining a wee bit all the time. With the Lord's help, we hope she will grow to be a faithful worker for Him.

Much love and prayers from

All of us "Brittells"

5

A Year of Increase

January 10, 1948

Dear Mickey Friends,

New Year's greetings and a sincere thank-you for all your prayers and assistance throughout the past year, which has enabled us to keep our hearts and heads above the waves of daily trials, and to keep our eyes fixed on Christ, our Pilot.

Many of you in the home church have written that they hesitated sending their gift (money or clothes) because it was so small. Remember the boy with the three loaves and the two fishes. Though the gift was very small when he committed it to the Lord to bless, it benefited thousands—so with your gifts.

Some have also asked if it is not better to send money rather than used clothing since the postage is so high. Decidedly no. The money paid out for postage would not begin to buy half enough clothing (if it were available) to help the number of needy people we are helping with the clothing you send. Hundreds of articles are now being worn by those who would be wearing little more than a loin-cloth, had the clothing not been sent. And yet we strive to make the distribution something more than a hand-out. We try to make it an opportunity for them to help themselves. It is not so much indolence on the part

of the native youth that causes such extreme poverty, but the lack of opportunity to earn—it is very different in this respect from the U.S.A.

As now with the large amount of clothing for small children, which recently arrived, we are selecting many of those who are in need, and letting them choose the article of clothing they desire. We then give them a few hours work on the mission before or after school—then the coveted article is theirs. If such an opportunity were not given to them, many would be practically naked now because their parents would never be able to supply the dollar or so needed to buy them a new garment. And yet we feel it gives them pride to know that it is theirs by their own efforts. As you can see, however, such an opportunity would not be possible if money instead of clothes were sent. And we do feel that your hearts would rejoice with us if you could see their joy as they receive their clothes, and how much service they get from them—even though they are often practically the only article of dress they possess.

We feel that this plan has a three-fold mission. First, it furnishes opportunity to supply the needs of the needy. Second, it better fits the native youth to cope with the work and other problems of life which will fall to them as adults. And third, it helps the mission to produce some food to supply the boys who stay at the mission and go to school.

Some of the jobs we give the children are : cut weeds, gather crops, cut thatching grass for roofs of mission buildings, make bricks, milk the cows, mend the garments sent over, tear white rags for bandages, make baby blankets and clothes. Two of the older girls have helped in our home directly with the feeding and care of the older babies, under our supervision. We feel the knowledge of the care of children will be invaluable to them when they have homes of their own. Others have brought eggs, fruit or hand-work to exchange for clothes. Still

others have paid a few pence, which is used for medicine, milk for orphans, or other needs.

This program means hours of work and planning (in addition to our other work), but we feel amply repaid by the joy and growth it brings to these children, who could never have these opportunities without it.

After all, it is not the *real work* on a mission that gets one down, it's the fact that when one has put in sixteen or eighteen hours a day, and as night draws on there seems to be just as many jobs that are still unfinished. For instance, while you are teaching, some one comes and wants you to go to the village to get a sick person and then take him to the hospital. While you are getting the car filled and ready to start, someone comes with a couple of pigs to sell (perhaps he has driven them twenty miles), before you get the pigs weighed, the herd-boy comes and asks what to do about the six oxen which are lost and now the boys can't plow. Before you decide about that the boys come from the pump and want you to come and see what's wrong—it won't draw water. By the time you get the pump apart and the broken piece ready to take to town to have welded, you wonder where the day has gone. You also wonder when you will return from town—a distance of seventeen miles.

We feel that much more efficient work could be done if only there were enough of us to have someone look after these irregular jobs. But we are so thankful that God has given all of us health—especially that He has permitted each member of our family to escape malaria (for one-and-a-half years) so that we may give ourselves to the work. Pray that the Lord of the harvest may send forth more laborers.

Yours in His service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell

February 21, 1948

Dear Mickey Friends,

How amazingly God lets time cure so many heart-aches, soothe pain, and allay anxiety, and even mellow cruel hatred !

Two weeks ago on Friday Augusta came down with malaria. On Monday, the 19th, we took Rebecca to the hospital with a large abcess on her head (later she came down with chicken pox) ; on Friday morning at two we took Orville to the hospital ; the next Tuesday Sambo went to the hospital with malaria—fever of 105° which later developed into pneumonia ; and the five orphans remaining at home were all sick.

But we can thank God that the picture has now a much brighter hue. Augusta is well again, Orville is home and well after about a week in the hospital with penicillin shots ; and we hope to bring Sambo and Rebecca home by next Saturday when Elaine goes in to have her teeth pulled, if the Lord wills.

Another bright feature of our week's stay in town is that through the Doctor at the hospital contact has been made with two more orphans. Both the mothers are in prison, perhaps for life, for murder. Please pray with us that we may direct these little ones' feet in the narrow way.

I don't think we told you that last November another father came to us with his little orphan son. He had a letter of recommendation from Chief Nyawa. We named the little fellow Daniel. He was just sixteen days old when he came to us. But we kept him just eighteen days. He died on December 11.

The "Servell Electrolux" which friends and groups of friends, from different churches, are sending us will cer-

tainly help in a material way in caring for the food for our nine babies—all under twenty months ! May God bless you for your interest in the work here, and for your prayers for lost souls.

The Shorts are settled and busy at work in Bulawayo. We trust much good may come from their stay here. Everyone at Namwianga Mission seems to be running at high speed trying to get the multiplicity of jobs done. Brother Hobbys return has "staid the hands" of the group there, as did Aaron and Hur for Moses as he held up the 'rod of God.'

We have promise of some asbestos roofing. If it is best that we get it, that will make it possible for us to finish the garage, the store-room, part of the orphanage, and perhaps have some for Hobby's roof.

May God bless you for your part in this great work of saving souls is our prayer.

In His service,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell

March 15, 1948

Dear Friends—the Mickeys,

After school today two of our teachers and Gladys and I walked to Mujara to help an old lady who had fallen into the fire and burned her leg. As we approached we saw four large drums leaning against her hut. These drums are shaped like large milk bottles, about four feet long. They are hewn from one solid log and hollowed out on the inside with both ends open. A skin of an animal is tightly drawn across the bottom, similar to the drums at home.

The natives use these drums on occasions such as when

someone dies, or when the witch-doctor comes to "drive away the evil spirits", as they believe. Feasting, beer-drinking, and dancing are important features at both occasions.

All Sunday night, as the witch doctor poured out his beer on the graves of the departed to drive away the evil spirits from this lady, we could hear the doleful sound of these drums—till the sun began to dispel the darkness of night and a new day began to dawn. But if he drove away this lady's sickness, it surely had returned today (Tuesday), for she was so ill she couldn't even lift her hand to her head. Oh, how this people needs the "Sun of Righteousness" to arise in their hearts to dispel the darkness of sin and superstition that a new day might dawn in their lives! Please pray God to send forth more workers who will bring them this great light.

We have added one more baby to our family. She is Bessie. We hope to have the Home finished before too long. Orville and the boys work a while and then cover the Kimberly bricks while it rains.

Orville and Daddy finished remodeling the wagon which will be a great help in harvesting the crops. Gas is too expensive to use extensively.

Saturday about 4 P.M. two red-faced, bare-footed young men, with turned up pantaloons, came trudging up the road with thier bicycles loaded down with suit-cases, and two pairs of muddy shoes dangling in the air. You see it was like this—Eldred and Alec had come down from Kaloma by train, expecting to find some of us in town; but, failing to do so, they rode (or rather pushed) their bikes to Sinde (17 miles). But after a bit of washing up, they looked no worse for the trip, and we thoroughly enjoyed every minute of their visit.

On Monday we started to take them to the train-siding and got stranded in the river, from 7:30 to 12 A.M.

Then it took another half hour to take off the rear wheels to remove the sand. Eldrid took colored movies of the scene, which he plans to bring to the U.S.A. he comes this fall.

We are looking forward to our get-together meeting in Kaloma next month, for the purpose of making further plans for the educational phase of the work, as well as the mutual benefit we receive by the fellowship of all. The work in North Rhodesia is steadily on the upward march, we believe.

Our post has just arrived with slips showing that several boxes are in the office from you dear friends. We truly appreciate your interest, fellowship and prayers for the work here. Without your part we would be unable to carry on as we do.

In His service,

Augusta B. and family

March, 27, 1948

Dear Consecrated Friends,

Your very welcome letter and pictures arrived Thursday. How glad we were to hear from you again. And those pictures make the folks so real like they were here. The happy smiles make us want to see all of you so badly, and all the folks at the hospital. It was so nice of you all to take time to go and write some letters for them. You think of the nicest things to do for others! May God bless you richly.

And you all think of the best ways to spend your vacation—helping to build churches and helping preach any time there is an opportunity. May the Lord richly bless your efforts and reward you with many souls for His Kingdom.

Yes, we have a gasoline washing machine, but haven't used it as yet. Perhaps when we get more children we will have to. The children need to be taught to work as they will have to work all their lives. A washing machine saves lots of time, but the children and the helping girls aren't taught how to wash if it is done that way. We hope the children will grow up to be workers and not lazy. Only people who push ahead and work get ahead in life.

Orville and his family just left for Kaloma where they will visit the other misionaries until the 9th when the meetings start. I will go up on the 8th and come back with them. Gladys and Elaine will stay with the babies.

We hope Orville makes the trip all right. The last time he went to town, on his way home he got stuck in the mud, and in trying to get out broke off seven teeth of the low gear. They had to drive all the way home in second gear. They never got home until 10 : 30 P.M. Of course we read the post before going to bed, so the hands of the clock were pointing to midnight before we climbed in. How welcome the letters from overseas always are ! And so many write—sometimes sixty a month !

We still wish you all were here helping with the work—wouldn't we all sing and sing in the evenings after the babies are in bed ! And during the week days many villages could be visited and told the way of the Lord.

Monday was a red-letter day here as the foundation was laid for the orphanage, and today the brick-layer has the walls up to window-height, and is putting in the window-frames as fast as they are being made. Of course we have big dreams of what the Home will turn out in the way of workers for the Lord from these little babies. I guess everyone has dreams when a home is being built.

Someone was saying in town that the boys between 18 and 25 are being called up. That doesn't look good. I hope another war isn't coming—but that is what it looks like.

Have your children taken a Bible correspondence course from the Lawrence Avenue Church of Christ in Nashville, Tennessee? It is a very interesting course. You can read of it in the West Coast Christian, the January issue, entitled, "Don't Pass This Up." We are planning to take it, and maybe some of the natives will too. Many of them take the Voice of Prophecy course.

Monday a new girl will be helping with the orphans during the day. Sala and her little girl had to go home—her little girl was sick. I don't know when she will be back.

This morning Gladys took her "22" and went out to the brick pile where they saw a snake. She shot it nearly to pieces before it quit spitting. It was a cobra.

Daddy and Orville have finished fixing a turn-table scotch-cart that can turn a right corner, and we hope the oxen won't break out the tongue so soon this time.

The Shorts hope to sail June fourth from New York by way of South America, and the Merritts hope to sail in September. About ten families are planning to come after a while. We pray their plans will materialize.

Oh yes, I forgot to tell you, when the folk were stuck and were waiting for January to come back from calling us, two wild dogs were within twenty yards of them. And then January had to walk clear to here, knowing those wild dogs were around. He surely got here in a hurry! We haven't heard the dogs around here, but a few weeks ago, four of them came on the mission, chasing a dyiker. They chased him into the door of the workers house up on the hill. The workers chased the dogs and the dyiker. They finally caught the dyiker. He had large hunks of flesh snapped out where the dogs had snapped at him as they ran.

Love and prayers,

Augusta B. and family

April 19, 1948

Dear Brother and Sister Mickey, Sarah Lucy and Grandma,

The rains are about finished and the cold weather is starting. School will be out next month, which is a blessing, for then the children will not have to go to school during the cold months so scantily clad. School will reopen on August 11—about a month earlier than last year, due to the government's increase in the number of days required for a school year.

Since our last letter we have been blessed in so many ways. We have received word from Lester, stating that he has his passport, we found a place where we can buy some milk-goats for the orphanage, Orville found a used pump—which will perhaps tide us over on our present water supply until we get a new well and pump; he also found a gear box to replace the gear he stripped last month; the orphanage is ready for the roof; and today work was begun on a small European house near-by the orphanage; our latest orphan, Bessie, is slowly recovering from the whooping cough (only seven more have it); a very profitable educational meeting at Namwianga was enjoyed by all present; and we also enjoyed a visit at Sinda from Brothers Hobby, Shewmaker, and Echols. During his visit, Brother Echols took colored movies of our mission work to add to his interesting collection, which he plans, the Lord willing, to show when he comes to the States.

And in addition to all of these blessings, we have received many, many letters and a numbers of packages from you dear friends back home—many of whom, though we have never met, we love because of our one great common interest—saving souls.

For all these blessings we truly thank God. And we thank you for the part which you have had in helping

"hold up our hands" while we battle for our Lord's cause over here. May God abundantly bless you for your part in this work. And we ask that you continue your supplications at the throne above that God may grant us wisdom and strength to meet every problem which arises, so that we may bring glory to His great Name.

In His service,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

May 12 to June 9, 1948

Dear Mickey Friends,

Today has been an eventful day. We feel we should draw back the curtain a wee bit, so that you, for a moment, may share with us the scene; since it is by your "sharing" that these daily scenes are made possible. For this "sharing" we thank our Father daily and take courage.

Today is the birthday of our little Joseph (one year old), and Samuel (two years.) To start the day, before breakfast, seventy-nine people, mostly children, came for clothes. And although many, many boxes have come from you dear friends, still many had to be turned away. Even when I returned from school there still sat a wistful crowd by the porch waiting if perchance we might find more clothes. Many of these have scarcely enough strings to hide their nakedness, to say nothing of shielding them from the cold and winds of the next three months (our winter.) We have received word that several more boxes are on their way. We hope they arrive before the coldest weather does.

Another event is that our native helper who has been with us a year was called home to care for her sick father. This means much added responsibility for us, especially keeping the orphan's clothes mended. We need your prayers in this matter. We do not ask that our burdens be

lighter, but that we may have strength to meet them and carry on. But with this comes an event for rejoicing—the roof (made from oil drums cut open and flattened out) of the orphanage was completed. As soon as we can get doors, windows, and screen it will be ready for use.

Since we last wrote we enjoyed a visit with the Dr. Browns, Sister Lambirth, and Vernon Lawyer from Nhowe Mission in Southern Rhodesia. Their visit was to us as a cool drink is to a weary traveler. We also learned more about Dr. Brown's proposed hospital. We were very sorry to learn, however, that he has not been able to do much about it because no funds are available. We almost covet him to be used in North Rhodesia since he already knows the language and since his type of work is so badly needed here. Please pray with us that he may soon receive funds so that God's work of reaching "sick souls" by healing their sick bodies (as our Lord so often did) may not be hindered. We also enjoyed the visits of several missionaries from Bulawayo. We all were strengthened by these visits, although our correspondence suffered.

On May 9th little Rachel came to us. She was just nine days old. She is staying with Orville and Augusta until the babies are through with the whooping cough.

Orville left June 2 for a three weeks village trips down the Zambezi Valley—about two hundred miles. He was to pick up Brothers Short, Echols, Shewmaker, and Reed at Kaloma. May God bless their efforts to save souls.

A lady is waiting for me to pull her tooth, so I must go.

In His Service,

Augusta Brittell and Family

June 27, 1948

Dear consecrated Mickey Friends,

At this time two years ago we were leaning far over the deck of the M. S. Madoera straining our eyes so that we might catch one more glimpse of those loved ones left behind at Pier 19. But the increasing distance separating us mingled with our increasing tears and soon changed those forms into mere blurred specks. That was a day of great rejoicing, mingled with deepest sadness. Just as every blessing is mingled with the bitter, and every masterpiece of art has its tinge of gray. Many things that were at that time mere vision are now history. The history is quite an altered version of the vision, we must admit ; but we know that man may plan his voyage, but God is still the Captain who directs his course.

During these two years God has bestowed upon us many undeserved blessings and has made possible many phases of our vision. He has given us fourteen little orphans to mould and shape for His use, a Home to shelter them in (almost completed), opportunity of daily teaching God's Word to about 150 pupils, witnessing many being "buried with our Lord in baptism", the badly needed truck which Lester will bring over soon (the Lord willing), the "Serval" (which was far beyond our vision and which is such a blessing to the babies and all of us), strength of body and minds to carry on, and most of all, God's mercy in giving us you dear friends who love the cause of Christ and who have made possible our feeble efforts to bring glory to God.

For all these blessings and opportunities we are truly thankful, but our hearts are sad when we think of the many ungrasped opportunities God has sent our way—the opportunity of systematically bringing the story of our Savior's love to the many villages, whereas now for lack of workers only a few are visited occasionally ; the opportunity of teaching God's Word by handing out Citonga

tracts to those who come to the door to be doctored ; opportunity of translating Bible stories into graded series to be used in the schools so that the present generation will learn of God while learning to read ; opportunity of translating verses into Citonga to paste on the little cards which we hand out on Sunday ; and on and on... We must see these opportunities flit by ungrasped because there are no workers to relieve those who are capable of doing this translating.

Though much progress has been made by the workers on the field, please pray that the Lord of the Harvest may send forth many more workers to help seize these opportunities (or else *you* come.)

In His service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

August 25, 1948

Dear Mickey Friends,

Today is Orville's 28th birthday. We thank the Lord who has permitted us to work with him these two years. He is so good to carry on with the hundred-and-one odd jobs that come up besides his own work—village trips, evening Bible classes, purchasing and distributing of books, placing and paying teachers in out-schools, erecting buildings (five completed and two more under construction during this past year), etc., etc. He is happy in the work, only his heart is sad, as are the hearts of all missionaries, because there is no one to carry the Gospel to the many souls round about who have never heard of Christ. Please pray with us for more workers to come soon.

Our family of little ones keeps on growing. During the month of June we got three more little boys—Jeremiah, Sunday, and Seth. And this month three more boys came to us—Julias, Tim, and Titus. We also got a little girl this

month. Her name is Naomi. We are sorry to say we have not been able to keep all of the babies with us. So far we have taken in twenty babies, but six have died, including two of the new ones this month—Seth and Julias. The Lord always knows best even though we can't understand why the little ones should go.

The eight older children have moved into the new Home recently. When the ceiling is put up, it will be completely finished. A native made six screen doors and three wooden ones. Yesterday Titus Mapenzi came to live with us as his mother died the day before. He is seventeen days old and weighs only four-and-a-half pounds. Little Timothy and Naomi have each gained two pounds, and Sunday is a big fat boy of eleven pounds. Rachel is slowly improving and Joseph is still in the hospital taking shots. Sue, Margaret, and Samuel are always doing things together and talking all the time. Rebecca, Ruth, Bessie, and Jeremiah are lively—either crawling or trying to walk alone.

Daddy has been putting the windows and putting springs on the screen door besides the many other jobs that go with getting a home finished. He is also helping the boys make pig troughs. Samuel likes to help Daddy.

We are trying now to have one of us on duty for a day and a night at the new Home and then we have two days and nights off while the others take their turns. This way everyone will have more time to keep up with the correspondence which has fallen far behind the last three months. We do appreciate every letter—they give us the desire to do more. We appreciate your many prayers too, and all that you have done for us here. For all of these things we thank you from the depths of our hearts. Many of you we have never seen, but we hope to one day—if not here on earth, then in heaven.

Augusta still has Sunday and Rachel. She is busy teaching the older girls sewing three times a week. She knows

the language and is very good with the girls. Usually on Sunday mornings she interprets for me in Bible class.

Gladys is our handy-man. She has been making the baby beds, and she helps take care of the babies. Little Sue is her right-hand helper—always trying to dress the other children, or wipe their noses, even when they aren't dirty.

May God touch some of your hearts to come over and help spread the Gospel is our prayer.

In Jesus' name,

Love,

Augusta J. Brittell and Family

September 5, 1948

Dear Mickey Friends,

Today our hearts were made sad by the death of little Rachel (four months) and Joseph (sixteen months.) Joseph has always been such a precious, patient child through all his life of suffering. But we know God has a purpose in it all.

God has sent many blessings our way, too. He gave us little Charles Enoch to take the place of Joseph. He is still in the hospital for observation—his symptoms indicated diphtheria. God also let us find enough roofing for the store-room and garage, and the promise of enough next month for the verandah of the Orphanage. We could get only aluminum roofing. It is very expensive—about \$500.00 for the two orders, but we are very thankful to get it after having waited for it for more than a year. While waiting Daddy and Orville put up the purlin on the small European house near the Orphanage, and the thatching is now being put on. We will have enough grass

left to thatch the barn (originally a chicken house) as soon as we get the rafters and purlin for it.

We were strengthened by a visit from the Shorts on their way back from the States. We heard about many of our dear friends.

At last Sunday's service we were happy that two middle-aged men came forward—one for baptism and one to renew his vows to Christ. There are so few Christian men at Sinda. They go off to the towns to work and usually they grow cold spiritually.

Sister Lawyer is in the Livingstone hospital. We haven't learned the exact cause. Boyd and Sybil Reese have a son, Robert Boyd. Another missionary some day, we hope.

At the Victoria Falls this week sorrow filled the heart of a father as his thirteen year old son was snatched up by the trunk of a wild elephant and dashed to his death. It seemed a herd of four elephants came up on them as they were walking through the park. The father saw the bull coming towards them and shouted to his son to run. But, alas, it was too late—the adversary had overtaken the lad. Just so the Father has called out these 1900 years to warn us, but lo, the adversary still devours the souls of our Father's sons. More life-savers are needed. Please pray with us to that end.

In His service,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

December 24, 1948

Dear Mickey Friends,

'Tis the night before Christmas and all is still—save the quiet breathing of the babies, but our Santa Claus (the

Giver of All Good Gifts) did not wait until Christmas eve to bring us gifts. He has filled each hour and moment throughout the year with unmerited blessings. One of the greatest blessings He has given us is friends like you. Friends who have grasped the meaning of the sacrifice this Great Giver made in giving His Only Son, and that Son made in giving His life. And you in turn are trying to emulate such a life of sacrifice. It is in deep humility we bow our heads in thankfulness for these blessings which have made it possible for us to carry on with all these orphans and the other work here at Sinde. May this Great Giver bless you according to His boundless mercy is our prayer.

September brought us two more babies—Charles and Esther. But Esther died on November 17. October brought us Anna and James Daniel, and last month Elizabeth came. On December 6 little Naomi passed away, and James Daniel on the 17th. Naomi took sick on Saturday night, and as we were preparing to take her to the hospital early Monday morning, she died in our arms. James took sick at 8 A. M. We had him in the hospital by four, but he died at ten that night. Our hearts were saddened, but we rejoiced to know that He knows and does all things well.

Today the Merritts arrived on their way back from the U.S.A. Their and the Short's return to the field will help relieve the shortage of workers, but we need many more in order to do the best work.

Brother Short plans to establish his printing at Livingstone, if all works out well. They have great opportunities there for doing good, besides the printing. Opportunities which have been passed up before from lack of a European worker there.

Brother Short is teaching a "refresher" course at Namwianga prior to the quarterly Educational Meeting which begins January 7. He has been working with the

church at Bulawayo for the past year, also answering responses to the Broadcast at Lorenzo Marques.

Our small European house lacks only the door. Then it will be ready to move the small babies in. This will be a great help in that the one who is on duty with the older babies can hear if the tiny ones cry in case the one on duty with them needs to leave for a minute to kill a hawk or a snake, or pull a tooth or take the core out of a carbuncle. This will leave the third one free to build the beds for the babies, make pads and mend their clothes, do the general doctoring, care for the milk and food, write and do other things so pressing.

Orville's had hoped to get off by the first of the year for a holiday, but perhaps won't be able to before May.

May the New Year be full of blessings for you.

Your co-workers with Him,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

6

Thorns and Roses

February 8, 1949

Dear Mickey Friends,

Just as the pain from the thorn usually preceeds the blessings of the beautiful rose, so the loss of our native helpers (girls), the news of the departure of the Browns Jr. and the Reeses Jr. preceeded the good news of the arrival of the Scotts in Cape Town and the coming of the Phillips in March and the Elders in May, D. V. How thankful we are to God that He is sending laborers to fill the vacancies—and pray that He may send many more workers—not only to Africa, but to every country. We also had good news from Lester telling us that he had shipped the clothing and other things which you different friends sent to him to bring over with him when he comes. But he will not be coming for a while. He had to have an operation for a rupture on November 25, and the doctor says he must take it easy for at least a year. Pray with us that God may hasten the day when he comes.

Our babies are improving. Three more (Ruth, Rebecca, and Jeremiah) are attempting to walk. This keeps us a bit busier in keeping them out of things, in addition to answering their wants. The other morning the eight who talk a little said “mamma” 24 times in 30 seconds !

My husband and Orville are putting down a cement floor in the store-room, which will be such a help in sort-

ing the clothes sent over, and systematically placing them for use and distribution.

They just finished a shed for the calves. It is large enough to store some hay also. It was imperative that we make a new run for them as we lost most of our calves last year. The veterinary said it was due to contaminated yards. We have lost only one calf this year.

Brother and Sister Reese Sr. are spending a month's holiday at Durban so that they may be better fitted for the work when they return. The Shorts Sr. are already back in the harness with renewed energy since returning. They are fine consecrated Christians. Brother Foy Short has been ill but is better now. He drew gas into his lungs while syphoning gas from his car.

May God help each of us make our lives count for Him throughout this new year.

In His service,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

March 17, 1949

Dear Brother and Sister Mickey and Family,

When we were children, Christmas morning held to us a joy which is unexpressible in words, because Papa usually got us a bag of candy and an orange for each—both of which were a rare treat. Just so when the agent in Livingstone came up beside my car and said, "You have a lot of goods down at the station." And as we opened the barrels and found clothing, dried fruits, baby bottles, bandages and medical supplies, sewing articles, etc., that same unexpressible feeling filled our hearts. And as we thought of the love which prompted these gifts, and the hours of labor spent in preparing them to send, our hearts in humbleness sent up a prayer to our Father who is so

kind—even to us unworthy creatures in giving us friends like you.

It is now two days since we opened and sorted the clothing—almost 100 children have already come to the door for clothes—some having only a scanty rag tied around their loins.

It has been a big job to fit each child, then find a patch of grass for him to cut, since no crops are yet ready to harvest. The District Commissioner approves of our plan to have the children work for their clothing.

Orville and Family have moved to Livingstone until after the little girl (?) arrives. While there Orville hopes to get the well drill in running order, since most of the equipment has arrived at last. They hope to get away for a rest in May.

May God grant you a rich reward for all you are doing for His cause.

In His service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

P.S. Wish you could see the people gather around to get the clothes. They dance with joy. !

June 9, 1949

Dear Brother and Sister Mickey,

It's 5 : 30 P.M., our thirteen babies have had their evening meal, their baths, and changed to dry, warm clothes (clothes you dear friends have sent), and now it is a happy time for all—yes, the grown-ups included, for the post boy just arrived with letters, papers, and slips for more boxes at the post office. For the moment we are lifted above the tumult of tin trucks and cans rolling across.

the cement floor, little saws and hammers working on a "dream-hut," six or eight little voices singing "Gloria," another having great difficulty getting his car (a box) to climb the hill to go see Gladys (she has been in the hospital for four weeks with supposed Amoebic Dysentery.), and still another beating a toy drum—as we stand around the dim light of the lamp, eagerly devouring the coveted bits of news from our homeland. This is just a taste of the wonderful day when we shall be lifted above the tumult of this old world to stand around the glorious light of God to hear the bit of welcome news, "Well done !" Oh, glorious day ! May the circle be unbroken. Once again with humble hearts we thank God for the gift of friends like you with all that the word friend embraces.

Since beginning this letter the Shorts, Merritts, Reeses, Hobbys, Scotts (who have been with us since May 18), Sister Isaac from London, and the Phillips have visited us, and Gladys has come home feeling better. It is a treat to get to see all these dear ones again.

Brother Phillips, Neal, Ruth, Sister Isaac, Orville, and Elaine visited ten villages between the 16th and the 20th. Brother Phillips has talked each evening except five since he has been in Africa and the Lord has given him nineteen souls for his hire besides getting the churches in Cape Town to fellowship with one another.

Phillips will be going on to Laomo and Kabanga this week to take the Scotts up to the Quarterly Educational meeting which will be held at Kabanga June 7, 8, and 9. Following this, there is to be a camp meeting at Sinde to encourage the old, native Christians. Pray that much good may be accomplished at both meetings.

One man from near Mulamfu's village came to Sinde to be baptized. George Mulamfu reports that seven Christians are meeting there every Sunday, and that the villagers have cut 150 poles for the new church house. Pray that God may bless this young couple in re-establishing the

cause in that village, and that many souls may be saved, not only in that village, but in every place included in our Savior's last appeal, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel."

In His service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

August 19, 1949

Dear Mickey Friends,

Were we ever surprised to receive those wonderful dictionaries ! Many many thanks. Sister Reese saw them and wanted some very much for the students to buy at Namwianga Mission.

We enjoy your letters so much, and the pictures of the family. How we'd love to drop in for a "sing" and Bible study with you ! We often get out the No. 1 and No. 2 song books you gave us and sing some of those inspiring songs.

Orville and Augusta are gone now. We surely miss them here, but know they are enjoying their visit.

Sister Phillips is teaching the girls sewing. They are making aprons in the older class and trying to learn to sew in the beginners class. This is the first time some of the little girls ever had a needle in their hands.

The children are getting so much wear from the things you sent. You do think to put in the most useful things. We'll send along some pictures of the children playing under the big tree, where it is cool. Since the verandah floor and walls are up-except the last three rows on the north—the children spend most of their time there, for the little ones can stay there and not get any dirt to eat. It's funny how much dirt these children will eat if only you let them.

They just cram it in by the handsfull.

The weather has really turned hot. A very few high clouds have appeared in the sky for the past three days—perhaps there will be early rains.

Brother Mickey, we often wish you all were here to help teach the natives singing. They love to sing, and you'd enjoy working with them, I know. Brother Phillips took a wire recording of the school children singing at chapel time. The natives are so surprised to hear their voices coming back.

October 12, 1949

It's really a disgrace not to have finished this letter before this. I'll just add to it now, and try to get it into the post.

Life would be less enjoyable if it were not for your letters, prayers, and interest in the Lord's work here. May He bless you.

God has sent our way so very many things for rejoicing since we last wrote. Hardins, Caskeys, Millers, Shorts, Merritts, Elders (on their way to Kabanga from the U.S.A.), Reeses, Brother Hook, Ward, Echols, Hobby, and Reed have come our way bringing times of refreshing—both by song and fellowship as well as spiritual food. Also Orville and family are back from their long trip through the villages.

Again we have been blessed by the coming of more babies. Vashti come in April. She was just eight days old. But she died in August. Dorcas came in May, at 1½ months. Moses came in July. He was just one day old. Lois, and Noah, and Eunice, Job all came in September. And this month we have gotten David and Simeon. But David only lived two days. This brings our number up to eighteen. These bring greater need for your prayers.

Another blessing is that by Brother Echols' and other's help our bathroom is now fixed so that we can take a shower. Of course, there is no roof, and the shower consists only of a rubber hose and sprinkler attached to the cold water faucet—cold except when the tropical sun shines down. But by stretching our imagination, as the soft moon-beams and the gentle breezes float over the walls—we can for the moment relieve those happy hours spent at Bodega Bay and Salmon Creek, California, at the close of school feeling the refreshing spray of the breakers, with all the sacred memories those moments hold. And by faith we feel the refreshing touch of the River of Life when we shall with all our dear friends have perfect happiness having been washed and made clean. O glorious day !

There is someone at the door ! Yes, another bright-eyed, kinky-haired baby girl—Hannah. She's six months old. The question passes from one to the other, "shall we take another one now?" Already eight babies and Elaine sleeping in a tiny house, just ten by twelve feet, and ten others are sleeping in a room ten by nineteen. And the weather is so hot ! Yes, we took her. We'll leave it to our all-wise Father who sent her to us, to provide help to finish the sleeping porch according to His will. Orville and Daddy are working on the verandah now. Most of the pillars and rafters are up. It will be forty by fifty feet—outside measurements.

Please pray with us that we may always do His will.

His servants,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

December 30, 1949

Dear Mickey Friends,

Another year has all but slipped away. Before it does, we want to greet you once more. May our heavenly

Father add His blessing to the year that has passed, and may He go with us into the New Year.

A few more babies have come this month. Leah, just seventeen days old, was brought by her father. He had stuck something in the top of her head—"to let out something"—he said. Ruben was brought by his father just before Christmas. He was thirteen days old. And today another father brought a three-day-old daughter. We've named her Hagar.

Once again, we were not allowed to keep all the new little ones. Simeon died on the eighth of this month, and Hannah on the tenth. And little Ruben lived just two days. He died on Christmas day.

We have been in Africa thirty-nine months. During that time we have taken thirty-seven babies into our home. Fifteen of those have gone on to their eternal Home. That leaves twenty-two babies for us to love and care for. Pray our Father that they may live to be His children.

We are sending a few pictures with this letter. We thought you might like to see a glimpse of what your love, prayers, and gifts have accomplished over here. This is the orphanage with the small house at the right where Elaine and the small babies live. Gladys and I live with the older ones. It is a very humble home, but we pray that we may by our Savior's strength and wisdom, together with your love and splendid cooperation, some day present these little souls as trophies to our Lord.

With humility we sincerely thank you for your part in making this work possible. May God richly bless you throughout the coming year.

In His precious name,

Augusta Brittell and Family

7

A Garden of Precious Plants

February 21, 1950

Dear Mickey Friends,

Here it is more than half way through February already, and this is the first chance we've had to write. Last month I had a big boil and carbuncle combined on my right arm. The doctor prescribed glycerin and epsom salts mixed to a paste to cover the sore. It proved very good. Since then I have had seven smaller ones, but now they have all disappeared, for which we are very thankful. They were quite painful, and hindered me in my work.

Gladys is quite well but still tires easily. Daddy is keeping well. Just now he is trying to nurse the younger billy goat, who has a swollen leg.

Elaine's eyes were bothering her a lot, so she and Gladys went to Bulawayo (300 miles) to an eye doctor. Gladys' glasses had been broken for nearly a year, and she was having trouble with constant styes. Everyone was surprised to see the two of them in town together. They had a most enjoyable week with the Baileys.

Brother Bailey is very sick. Please pray for him and also for Sister Bailey that she may have strength to care for him. He seems to have had a slight stroke. He has to stay in bed and be fed and cared for.

Orville came and stayed with us to help care for all the babies while the girls were gone. It would be nice if Daddy and I could get away for a few days this spring, but that will be impossible, I fear, since Orville and his family plan to leave for Cape Town on the second of March. They plan to sail for the U.S.A. the latter part of March, the Lord willing. Brother Leonard Bailey will help us carry on the mission work while they are gone. He has already helped fix the babies' bunk beds, so now two more can sleep on the verandah. They seem much healthier sleeping there. The partition is now being built next to the little house. Then when two more bunk beds are finished, six little babies will sleep on the porch. Then only the wee little babies will sleep inside the little house with Elaine.

Yes, we have had an abundance of rain this year and the corn has done well. Last week we had lots of rain. It let up a little Saturday when the girls came home. Then it poured most of the day and night on Sunday and Monday until six in the evening. Orville and Brother Leonard are trying to get to town today, but the roads are deep with mud. We hope they will make it. Orville will go on to Kalomo to get his movies in order with the help of Brother Echol.

So far we haven't had to buy any green feed or hay for the goats, but we do buy monkey nuts and meal. The goats are all dry. I think one is going to kid next month. You asked about our daily diet. It varies with the seasons. Just now we are raising plenty of corn, egg plant, onions, lettuce (not too plentiful because of so much rain), water-melons, and pumpkins which should be ready pretty soon, as will the tomatoes and sweet potatoes. The natives bring tomatoes, green beans, and squash to sell. The munga squash is delicious just boiled in salt water. Have we ever sent you any seed of it? In town we can buy bananas and sometimes carrots and potatoes. Apples and peaches and plums are too "dear", as they say over here. (They have many different words here than we ordinarily use.) Canned

fruits and vegetables are obtainable here, but we seldom buy them. They seem to be the rich man's food. Dehydrated vegetables are much cheaper, and we buy lots of them—carrots, green beans, cabbage, onions. Dehydrated beef is nice, too. The Lord has never let us go hungry. Oh, you should have tasted the wart-hog which we roasted after it had been boiled. It seemed to get sweeter every time it was reheated. Meat is so good when fresh. The pheasants stay in the corn and manga, and sometimes the duikers (an African antelope) venture close enough to get a shot at them. Their meat is very good.

Yes, we could use more flour sacks. "unmade" would be fine. Since we're putting the children on the verandah, we'll be needing some curtains for the box shelves. We build shelves and set them in any available space.

Thank you so much for all you have done for the orphans and us. God surely will richly reward you. And your letters are always an inspiration. I must close now. It's time to feed the babies.

With love and prayers from all of us,
Augusta Brittell and Family

March 8, 1950

Greetings to you in His dear name,

Today has been a full day—full of work full of joy, full of sorrow ! Full of work in the hustle and bustle that goes with getting off to dear old U.S.A. after many years of absence. Full of joy to know that Orville and his are starting on that long-needed holiday. Full of sorrow as we place this and that article in the suitcases untill the lids are finally closed and the cases loaded into the car, and the distance begins to separate those so near and dear to our hearts, from us—perhaps to see their faces no more till Christ shall call us home.

Next to leave will be the Reeses on the 11th. Both families hope to sail from Cape Town on April 15th.

With a prayer in our hearts, we turn again and continue to weave the pattern without them—anxiously awaiting the day when that letter will say, “We expect to arrive in Livingstone.....1951.” We especially need your prayers during their absence.

Also today Eldred, Neal, and Ward left after a two-weeks’ visit, and Boyd and Brother Ward after a brief visit on their way down from Namwianga. We have enjoyed these associations and fellowship.

Since starting this letter, we have also enjoyed the visits from Reeses, Shorts, Pierces and Sister Reed, and expect Sister Rowe and fifteen of her girls down next week-end. These different contacts help to keep us missionaries from becoming self-centered.

Brother Leonard Bailey, who is going to help us while Orville is gone, is the one we wrote to you about when we first came here. He runs a large poultry farm in Bulawayo, and has that beautiful “Rest House”, we wrote to you about, where so many missionaries have enjoyed a real rest free of charge. He is taking Orville’s place at his own expense. He is a very humble and capable Christian. His coming to Sinde certainly lifts a great burden.

Friday at dusk I had just finished sweeping the verandah and had gone into the orphanage for the children’s Bible story, when we heard Gladys pounding on the verandah floor with a hoe. A puff adder had crawled under the screen door and was enjoying the warm cement. Back into the house and settled down for the story, and there was another caller. This time it was not a serpent, but a little motherless child—Dan. His tiny body and feet were covered with the itch, and boils and lumps covered his little head. After getting his history, his father signed away all rights to his son. Dan was now ours. In a few

minutes Elaine and Gladys had him bathed and tucked in warm blankets, with a bottle of milk. This soon made him forget the loss of his mother until he awakened. Little Dan will take the place of the two we lost already this year. Hagar died on January 5 and Noah on February 6. Pray that we may rear him and all of them to His glory.

In His service,

Augusta Brittell and Family

P.S. Here are some pictures of the precious plants which God has planted in His garden in the heart of dark Africa and committed to us the sacred charge of cultivating and watering each plant so it will grow and blossom in the kingdom of God.

In destroying the many weeds and thorns great care must be exercised not to injure the tender plants. Also much food (the Word of God) and much water (His spirit of love) must be added to the soil in proper proportion to produce a healthy growth.

You are helping us to do this great work by your love, your prayers, your interest and fellowship. May God richly bless you for your part in this garden.

April 10, 1950

Yes, your letter is still not in the post—though it has been written in our minds many, many times. We regret very much that we don't get to write more often to you who are so faithful to write us the very things we long to know about. Yet, we believe you understand that it is not that we don't want to answer, but because every minute of our day (and part of our night) is spent in caring for these seventeen little bodies and minds. When we all take our vacation in heaven, then we'll have time to tell you the many things we so often plan to write but don't.

It's a wonderful day after our rain which cooled the air. One of the men (with his friend) from the "Pitt & Anderson Feed Co." plans to visit us today on his way home after visiting with the missionaries at Kalomo. They are interested in the orphanage. One is preparing to be a missionary to China. We are always happy to have other people visit us, for it gives us an opportunity to talk about spiritual things and to give them tracts. There are three Jewish men and two women who seem quite interested in talking about the Bible. Pray that God's Word may not return to Him void.

Last week Daddy had nine teeth pulled, and Gladys, seventeen. They both felt rather "sore-headed" for a few days, but are now much better. Gladys thinks her "draggy" feeling she has had since she was in the hospital last May has already improved greatly. So we are in hopes we have found her trouble.

Little Ruth has a *very* sore swollen throat today. Unless she is much improved by morning (today is a holiday), we plan to take her to the hospital, D.V.

It is springtime with you. The birds, trees, and flowers must be taking on new life, declaring the "Resurrection." Here it is our fall. The birds have flown from their nests, the crops are being harvested, and many of the trees are losing their foliage. However, our winters are very mild compared to yours. Last year was exceptionally warm. We had paw-paws on the trees the year around.

Brother Leonard returned Thursday from Bulawayo where he spent twelve days with his folks. His father is very poorly—a stroke. He left last Saturday again to attend the Educational meetings of the Missionaries of Northern Rhodesia, at Kalomo. We greatly miss the fellowship of these get-togethers, but "we got seventeen babies and are trying them (or rather they are trying us) and we can't go." (Luke 14 : 19).

Elaine's tiny babies seem to be doing very nicely at present, for which we are very thankful.

Try to write us again for your letters are truly a source of joy and spiritual strength for all of us.

May God grant you a rich reward for your interest, love, prayers, and fellowship of the Master's work in this part of His great Harvest field.

In Christian love,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

April 30, 1950

Greetings to you for whom He died,

Well, it's ten minutes till ten and the last baby is fed and tucked into bed, but I feel I must have a little talk with you to rest my spirit before retiring.

Today has been the hardest day (and night—Elaine took sick about 12 : 30 last night) since we've been in Africa. With Gladys in the hospital for perhaps three weeks with diphtheria, Elaine in bed, and both of our helpers absent, it seems the care of all eighteen babies fell to my lot. Thanks be to God who gave me strength for the task, as He always does. The task is not greater than His grace, nor the cross greater than the crown. May each of these little ones add a star to His crown in that day.

May 30, 1950

Well, it's been a whole month since this letter was started, and many things have transpired—25 of us have had shots for Diphtheria, Gladys came home and then got bronchial-pneumonia, Elaine is in the hospital with Diphtheria, and Gladys just examined me for puss pockets and fever—she says I have it. Well, I can't stop until Elaine

comes home as Gladys isn't up to par. So powdered sulphur and Vicks help, and we will trust God to make a way through. He always does.

Three days later

Titus and Dorcas' left legs are swollen tight this morning, and they and Rebecca and Charles have high fevers. Another stop

There was a man at the door crying. He said his wife died last night at six P.M. when the baby's head was born, and now she is dying again because the baby will not be born, and wanted me to come quickly. Well, I went. The mother died about fifteen minutes before we reached the village, but the baby was still alive. The women had just brought a sharp strip from a corn stalk to cut the cord, but fortunately I had taken string, scissors, etc. for that purpose. The father asked us to take the baby. We've named him Jesse Frank. Three hours after reaching home and bathing him in warm water for about thirty minutes, and putting hot water bottles all around him, we finally succeeded in getting him warm. He had lain wet and naked for eighteen hours! He only weighs about four pounds and is too weak to nurse, so he must be fed with a medicine dropper every hour. God may have chosen him for a special purpose, if so, He is able to raise him up. We commit him to his care.

Two weeks later

Jesse is able to nurse. He takes his food every three hours, and wakens only once in the night.

Elaine came home today (June 18). Thanks to our heavenly Father. The way has at times seemed dark, but God has sent so many, many blessings with the shadows. Not one of the twenty-five who were exposed to Diphtheria died, though some were very ill, and all are on the road to recovery. Daddy and Brother Leonard have the

fence around a large pasture for the milk cows, so they can graze at night, and by your cooperation we have also been able to order several dozen fruit trees and vines which we hope will be a blessing to those who follow us at Sinde. For all these wonderful blessings we are truly thankful to God and to you, dear friends.

In His service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

July 2, 1950

Dear Mickey Friends,

Wish you were here to have a long sing with us, and then a long visit. We miss Orville and his family very much. But we know they are enjoying their visit with Christians in America. Everyone has been so hospitable and good to them. All these years Orville has been interested in a helicopter to do village work, as it would save many days and hours of travel over rough roads. The Lord was so good to let there be an air exhibit a few days after they landed at Corpus Christi and one of the brethren took him to the exhibit. The weather conditions were bad, so only the helicopters flew. Orville was so thrilled! I trust you'll get to see them as they work their way up to Searcy, Arkansas.

Maxine wrote that they are all well; as are Lester and Joye and baby Rita, who was born on my birthday.

Your flour sacks arrived and have been used in many many ways. Gladys made herself a lovely suit out of the red and white striped, and Elaine claims the green striped. And the white ones were used for chair-back sets, pillow slips, curtains, and for the babies. Many, many thanks for sending them. While the girls were in the hospital, they stamped patterns on the chair-back sets and pillow slips and embroidered them.

Daddy and Brother Leonard are both fine. Each Sunday they try to go to a village to preach. Some of the villagers ask them to come every Sunday to teach them more of God's Word. Most of the old people can't read, so the only way they can learn is by hearing. Few in the villages have Bibles, so village workers are badly needed. We pray that Maxine and Lester and their families, and others, will return with Orville. Wish you would come, for we know the natives would appreciate your interest in teaching them of God and to sing. They do love singing and are anxious to learn new songs.

Many of the missionaries have been out to the villages. Sister Rowe took more movies to take home with her. The Pierces are studying the language diligently, which helps them to understand the natives. I wish we knew more of the language. The only way to learn it is to study and then practice talking it. But time for study seems to be gone by the time eighteen babies are cared for and our nightly Bible study is finished.

Little Jesse is a pretty little thing. He is growing slowly. He had such a small beginning, but we pray he will have a full life for the Lord, telling his lost brothers of Jesus when he gets older.

Thank you for the patterns you sent, too. All the missionaries are using them in their sewing classes. And thank you for the pencils, and especially for the two church papers, and—oh yes—the sox which you said were worn out—they are still being worn every day!

There are many beautiful birds around the mission, and since we have a book with colored illustrations, we're trying to learn their names.

The cold weather has come, so the fifteen older children enjoy playing around the fire. Only four of these still crawl and Jabber. Soon they'll be walking and talking like the rest. Come over and they'll all sing for you.

Oh how we wish we could go to the hospital with you dear ones once more and sing those songs together. When we take our vacation in heaven, then we hope to have an eternity to sing with you and the angels. Oh, happy day!

May God keep you is our prayer.

In Christian love,

The Brittells

August 4, 1950

Greetings in Jesus' name!

"Yes, there it is! Look, Mother and Daddy! Table Mountain! That must be Orville running yonder!" That was the cry that filled our hearts four years ago today as the Madoera pulled up to the Cape Town docks.

Since our last letter God has sent us little Eve (three days old), Douglas (ten days), Orpah (one month), and the twins, Marco and Mareco (one year) to brighten our journey. But today He also sent the shadow—little Jesse Frankie left us to again be with Him. His short life was just a flicker of sunshine. But we know God knows best. Frankie's father is a leper and perhaps has T.B.

We want you to rejoice with us over the conversion of Miss Wilkerson. She is the R.N. who came from England in 1945 under the Salvation Army to establish an orphanage at Pamba, about 150 miles north. Later she and her partner, Miss Lovejoy, began to work independently. While I was in the hospital in 1946 I met Miss Lovejoy and have kept in touch with her ever since. The good brethren at Kalomo have talked with Miss Wilkerson several times, and Orville and I have written her concerning the way of salvation. She has also taken the Bible lessons put out in Nashville. Last week Brother Short baptized her, and they brought her down with them to

spend the week-end. We certainly enjoyed their visit. God alone knows the work He has for Sister Wilkerson here in Africa.

Iris and Ken brought us the twins on their way to Livingstone to see Sister Merritt who has a nine-and-a-half pound baby boy. Both mother and son are doing nicely.

Brother Leonard plans to visit his folks in Bulawayo while his sister Winnie spends her vacation at the Victoria Falls. Brother Leonard is seeing to it that many of the needed jobs are going forward. Still there is plenty to keep all of us busy until Orville returns. God was so good to send him to help us.

We were all made sad by the sudden death of Brother Ward. Sister Ward flew home last week.

We are so thankful that Dr. Sewell and Miss Burns are in Johannesburg. There is so much to be done in their field.

Daddy is having goat trouble—old Billy died, and three of the nannies cut their teats badly on barbed wire. We hope to get netting up soon to keep them from jumping into the cow lot. Both the netting and the barbed wire were made possible by you. In fact, every way we turn, we see the results of your loving kindness. We feel so unworthy of all God does for us through you dear ones, and are inspired to press on and try harder to live more worthy of your trust. Please pray that we may help to lift the veil of darkness which hangs so heavily over dark Africa.

In His Service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

August 15, 1950

Dear Mickey Friends,

Time continues to fly by and no letters written. How we enjoyed your last letter with all its news about all our friends. How often we think of those "good old days" with you all and us visiting and singing at the hospital. Over here we don't get a chance to visit at the hospital, but nearly every Sunday afternoon some of us from the mission go to visit some village and tell the story of Jesus. Not long ago our little Samuel went with David, our wash boy, and Brother Leonard to a village. When he came home, we asked him what they did. He said, "We told the people about Baby Jesus and how He rose from the grave." If only Samuel continues to be interested in saving souls, our prayers to God will be answered.

As we use the nappies (diapers), dresses, and other items of clothing you, your sister, and other friends have sent, our minds go to the various states and we wonder what each of you are doing, and wish you were over here. The children often say, "The Jesus-people in America sent us these nice clothes. Thank you God."

The boys have part of the wash house walls up, and hope to get them finished by next week. Then when the roof is on, we'll begin using the wash machine we took with us as a gift from America, when we came. Washing by hand takes up too much time now that there are so many babies.

Daddy and Brother Leonard are cutting glass for the orphanage doors. A man in town gave us the glass. People are always doing so many helpful things for the orphans. When Gladys and Elaine went to Bulawayo, a Mrs. Sacks and her baby were in the same compartment with them. She asked all about the orphans, and asked if we'd mind receiving some second-hand clothing for the babies. Of course we didn't mind, so she sent us six pairs of booties,

four little sweaters, and a little dress and two little shirts. The booties and sweaters were immediately put into use by Frankie, Eve and Douglas. We especially appreciated her interest. So many Europeans born in Africa are prejudiced against the natives. God can do wonders with people's hearts.

Samuel, Sue, Margaret, and I have been helping the boys dig a compote hole so next year we can plant a row of tomatoes around it. The children use tomatoes in their cisyu each day.

Samuel, Sue, and Margaret are also learning how to wash dishes, sweep and mop floors, and hang out clothes. If they don't learn how to work now while they have a curiosity to learn, they won't like to work when they're older. God wants an active Christian—one who enjoys whatever he does, knowing he is doing it for the Lord.

The fruit trees are growing nicely, except for one or two which the ants chewed off. They tell us that if someone stirs the ground around the little trees each day, the ants won't be so apt to cut them off. So Sobe stirs them each morning.

Next week Gladys goes to have the last of her teeth pulled, and her plate put in. Daddy will also go to get the impression taken. They will both be so glad to have teeth again.

We hear from letters that Lester went to summer school. Joye and Rita went to California with Orville and Augusta for a two-weeks trip to be with her folks.

With love from all here and with prayers that God will watch over you always until we meet.

Augusta Brittell and Family

October 25, 1950

Greetings in the name of Jesus our Savior,

Today has brought "*Showers of blessings*"—our first rain since last April, which means new life to all vegetation. But a far superior blessing He gave—for to us another son was given—Luke (three days old.) This brings our number to 24. (Stephen came the beginning of this month.) Twenty-four souls hang in the balance, and God has to a great extent committed to us the responsibility of directing that balance. We so much need your continued prayers for God's guidance in this great work for Him.

October 27

Today Miss Wilkerson came to us with Joy, who is nine years, Enid, who is seven, Stephen, five, Margaret, four-and-a-half, Annie, three and-a-half, and Barbara, three. These children are older than we like to take because we feel that children need to be taught the principles of God from infancy *Daily* if they are to be made workers for Him. But Miss Wilkerson felt she could not go on any longer and asked us if she might come here with them. Pray God that He will help us train these for His glory.

November 16

Making more beds, shifting others to make more room, arranging for outside cooking, and building a kitchen and verandah on the guest house for Miss Wilkerson, has belated this letter even more. Yesterday Miss Wilkerson and Barbara moved to their house and are busy getting settled. She plans to take over the doctoring, which will relieve us to concentrate more on the training of the children.

Last week Gladys returned from the hospital after another month's stay for amoebic dysentery. The doctor

also found parasites which cling to the outside of the intestines and destroy the red corpuscles. She is to go for another check-up as she is still very weak. Perhaps now she will not have to go to Johannesburg for a metabolism test.

Elaine has certainly had her hands full with the extra work while we were so unsettled. She is always ready to do her own work and help others with their share.

Leonard's mother is visiting him. She is very lonely since her husband passed away in September.

Daddy and Leonard have the roof on the wash house and the water piped into it from a drum where we heat the wash water. Our daily washings are enormous, but thanks to you good people who have supplied the clothes for washing! They are now working on the septic tank which will greatly improve the sanitation of the orphanage. At a sale God let us find a new, slightly damaged bathtub for only five pounds. New ones are twenty-five pounds.

Our milk supply has almost doubled since the rains. This means a great saving on the milk bill. But this too has been supplied by God's hand through you dear friends. For all these blessings we bow our hearts in humble thanks and ask Him to send His richest blessings upon you throughout the coming year.

In His service

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

December 8, 1950

Still later news—

Our wonderful six-day trip to Kaloma (Leonard, his mother and I) to do some printing, the addition of Hannah May (two pounds and nine ounces at three weeks)

and Silas (three days old), together with the fact that twenty-one of the children had chicken-pox along with one helper, and our wash-boy was in the hospital, and I had an infected finger—all this has delayed us still more in getting this letter off to you. But how consoling to know you will forgive us.

But as always God has upheld us and given us extra blessings by getting the wash machine set up, the septic tank completed, the radiator and hood fixed on the truck, sweet potatoes, beans, and peanuts planted for the children's relish, tables made for them and swings put up in the big tree, and stanchions for the milk cows.

The children and all of us at Sinda send our best wishes and ask God to be with you daily throughout the coming year.

In Jesus' name,
Augusta Brittell and Family

A New House for the Babies

January 6, 1951

New Year's Greetings in His dear name,

Another year's pages have been penned in the Books by our Father's dictation. Are we ready to meet it in that great day? What has been my goal that guided my every action throughout the past year? Has *my* interest entered into all my thoughts and actions? Or has it been my *Lord*—with all that His love and sacrifice includes? Has my gratitude for His love prompted my every action to try to bring glory to His name? May we beseech Him for more grace to live more closely to His pattern throughout the coming year.

God has blessed us with many rich blessings this past year. To mention just a few: by giving us nine more babies to train for His service, by bringing Orville and his family safely to his home in the U.S., by giving us a wonderful truck to do our heavy hauling, by letting us get the little goat-house finished, the children's dining room and the large house up with the roof on and the windows in, also Orville's and our sleeping porches enclosed, by letting Orville get the old tractor in running order so we could get the crops in, by sending plenty of rain for the grass and crops, by letting the words spoken and the lives lived lead many souls to become Christians—the last of which was our oldest orphan (last Sunday), and by giving us many, many dear friends whose love and prayers for

the less fortunate has inspired us to press on—even though the way seems rough and steep. But most of all for His great love which has made all these blessings possible.

Miss Wilkerson and Barbara, the little colored girl she keeps, plan to leave January 15 to visit at Namwianga, Bulawayo and Cape Town before sailing in February for England to visit her mother. Miss Wilkerson has been in Africa for several years and needs a rest.

I must tell you about two of our newest arrivals. Jack and Jonah both came to us at the end of December. Jack was strapped to his mother's back, while she was working in the field. The mother was killed by lightning. His father brought him to us. He had bad burns on his body from the lightning. But he is all right now.

Jonah was also brought by his father. He is a darling baby, but his head is beginning to grow much too fast. This is the first time we have had a baby with hydrocephalus. We hope we will be able to care for him.

It can really rain in Africa. It has rained continuously for five days. The river is running over its banks, and the crocodiles are coming up the river, but still it rains. We planned to go to town Monday but no hopes of the trip as yet, and this is Thursday.

The children have peanuts, ground nuts, beans, banana and pineapple trees, tomatoes, sweet peppers, egg plants and okra in their garden. They are still a bit small to do so much gardening, but we are trying to teach them to be industrious both physically and spiritually. Their heart's garden *will grow*. But we must select the proper seed if we expect our Lord to find fruits of the Spirit.

We saw the Ewing and Short families on their way to Namwianga. Welcome to Africa, Brother Ewings! Yes, and welcome to every missionary whose heart by a study of God's Word is led to give his life to save lost souls. We

know you'll make mistakes the same as we who have preceded you—it's only dead men who make no mistakes. But you have our heart and hand in this great task—to win Africa for Christ before the evil one destroys the precious fruit.

May God richly bless and keep you throughout the New Year.

In His service,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

January 13, 1951

Greetings !

Guess what ? On Friday morning at 4 : 30 the stars were shining—then the sun came up—so Gladys, Sister Wilkerson and Barbara decided to try to get to town. They didn't have too much trouble going, but coming back they met the rain which brought up the river three feet. So they had to park the truck and wait until they could wade across. They brought many packages and word that others are on the way. What an exciting time when the packages were opened ! Saturday many from the villages were blessed by your clothing. Many thanks to you dear friends for bringing so much happiness to our friends in Africa. Surely God will give you a great reward in heaven.

Yesterday and today the rains are still coming down and the rivers have overflowed their banks again. It looks as if the boys will have to take the oxen and scotch-cart to take Sister Wilkerson and Barbara and all their things to the station, seven miles away. Thank God for the oxen—He always provides when the need arises.

The whooping cough is going the rounds. So far six of the little have had it. The twins have been rather fussy lately, so we are just waiting to see when they start to

whoop. Gladys wondered about Maria's cough yesterday—let's hope it doesn't get started out at the big house. Six whoopers at a time are enough !

Ten of the older children gathered mwanga and pumpkin leaves. They ground them and cooked them for their cisyu. It is very good when salted and a cup of corn meal is added. The pumpkin leaves came from their garden.

A new regulation in postal rates has gone into effect recently. The Post Master suggested not sealing our newsletters since we write so many. This will save us about twenty dollars a month on postage. The Post Master has always been so obliging to us and is so sympathetic towards the work here.

Daddy has been busy with the doors for the new addition. They have also been fixing a lead trough on our house, so the rains won't wash the mud plaster off the walls. We had to get the plaster man again to do some repairs.

Gladys just shot a green snake, fifty-seven inches long. He was way up in the lemon tree. He climbed the tree and darted across the top branches until Gladys shot him in the back. Then he dropped to the ground. What funny scales it has and what big eyes for so small a head !

We pray God will bless you in all your labors for Him.

Yours in the Master's service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

March 1, 1951

Greetings in His dear name,

Good news ! Yes, the good news came today—Orville and his family expect to sail February 23. How our hearts

leaped for joy to know that God has so graciously watched over them throughout their long absence, and now is bringing them back to us and to the work they love.

How wonderful it is to have a Father to whom you may commit the most sacred charge and always be assured that "He holds the key" to the future of every Christian's life, and opens and shuts at just the proper moment. That song means so much to a Christian's heart: "God holds the key, and I rejoice,

And praise His name with heart and voice,

If any other held that key,

It would not be as well with me."

But how prone we are to wish so often to take over the key and to open and shut as we think best. And this often results in our finding ourselves shut off from the rich blessings which God had in store for us—just inside the door we closed.

Just because we cannot see the blessing, we must not doubt, but *know* His leading. As in the case of our twenty-one children all down with the "Flu" (and two or three with pneumonia), we know that in it all He is leading to green pastures and by the side of still waters. Some day we'll understand, and rejoice even more because "He held the key."

Our rejoicing over the return of our loved ones is tinged with the sadness of losing Brother Leonard, who feels he will be needed more at Manwianga to assist in the farm work, since Brother Shewmaker, who is overseeing the farming, is giving most of his time to teaching, now that the European school has opened. We truly appreciate Brother Leonard's sacrifice in coming to our assistance, without which the folk's trip to America would have been hindered, and our load would have been much

heavier to bear. How many Christians would go to a mission point anywhere and work for a year, without any support, just to relieve another preacher so he could take a rest? Thanks to Brother Leonard and to God who sent him to us. May God's grace go with him as he leaves us.

Our little Hannah May now tops the scales at 6 lbs. and 9 oz. We are really proud of Elaine's nursing, and are so happy that God has let her live. She was such a tiny mite, but is very active now. She was only 2 lbs. and 9 oz. when she was born in October. At first she gained a little, but then lost it all again, and kept on losing. The long trip of seventy miles to bring her here over the bumpy, dusty road was very hard on her. She was so tired when we finally arrived home. We often wondered if she were still alive. We kept her rubbed with codliver oil and wrapped in cotton, and surrounded with hot water bottles. When she was stronger, we made her a little gauze cotton jacket which was all that she wore until she was strong enough to be moved so we could pin a diaper on her. A nurse from the hospital helped us by letter to give her the correct feeding. It has taken five months to get her to her present weight.

We want to express our deepest appreciation to you who have so faithfully upheld our hands while our loved ones were absent. We shall try to show our appreciation by our efforts to train these little souls for an eternity with you and the heavenly host.

In His service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

April 1, 1951

Greetings in our Savior's name,

"Through God's goodness we are back in Africa again for which we are thankful." These words from a letter

from Orville today sent an electric shock throughout Sinda Mission—from the smallest to the oldest—little Samuel dropped the box he was playing with and ran out to the orphanage and to Brother Leonard's house, shouting "Muluti's are coming !" Of course he thought they were coming up the road already

We are so thankful he is bringing a new truck with him. His old truck has traveled 22 years and our pick-up, 12 years, over African roads. Lester had the truck bought when he was coming out before his surgery. Now he and his family plan to come next year when he finishes college, the Lord willing.

We are thankful, too, that God has stood by and carried us through the difficult year without Orville and his family. Since they left for the States, God has given us twenty-one new babies, and all are living but two. We are even grateful for the trials and persecutions God sent us to strengthen us and to cause us to appreciate more deeply the trials which our blessed Lord suffered, not for His sins, but for ours. And we thank Him for renewed spirits to press on and on.

The first job for Orville will be to finish the orphans' eating room, and to enlarge their sleeping quarters, which are very inadequate. At present, in four small rooms, we are sleeping two adults and thirty-nine babies. Because of the lack of space, Elaine is caring for some of the tiniest ones down at our house.

We have had visits from several of the missionaries at Kaloma this past month. We are always glad when they have business in Livingstone, for then they always stop around to see us. We are just eight miles from the main road.

May 12, 1951

Greetings through Jesus from Africa,

With our newest baby—little Demas—having to be fed every two hours, very little letter writing has been done. Please pray this dear little one will be spared, if it is God's will. He is still very weak.

The barrels have come, and many of the school children have chosen the clothing they want to work for. The boys will cut the grass, rake the hay, and help gather in the hay. After a while the girls will come to choose their clothes. You should see their smiling faces. May God bless you for bringing so much happiness to them, and for showing what the love of Christ means. They all send a great, big "Thank You."

Rebecca, Lois, and Leah are in the hospital for observations. Jack, Silas, and Luke are improving—thanks to God and to the doctors for their untiring efforts in trying to make them well.

The Shewmakers, Shorts, Pierces and Sister Rowe were here for a visit, which we enjoyed so much. Brother Brown was in Livingstone for a short time Sunday. We hadn't seen him for thirty-five years.

Every evening Gladys, Orville, And I have some recreation with the children. We either play games, or go for a walk, or ride the donkey, which Brother Leonard left. The other night Orville fixed two wagons together behind the donkey, so six or seven could ride at one time. Today the older boys are going with him to get some fire wood and perhaps a load of hay, with two oxen who have their own idea of where they want to go. The children love to work if there is someone to show them how.

Each Saturday Augusta bathes the fifteen middle-sized orphans. This is a great help. These children wash them-

selves during the week, and sometimes they skip some dirt.

Augusta has a lovely garden started besides her flowers. She has many happy memories of their U.S.A. visit, and seeing the flowers daily reminds her of you friends. Each day the children thank our heavenly Father for you dear friends who have helped so much to make their lives happy. May God always give you happiness as you have given it to other. And may we all be with Jesus some day, where we'll part no more.

In His name,
Augusta Brittell and Family

June 1, 1951

Greetings in His dear name,

When bees get too crowded in a hive, they have to swarm to give them room to grow. Well, that is just what has happened at the orphanage. It's time for our babies to "swarm." Since Orville has returned we are very busy making plans, making bricks—the boys have about 2000 made—in getting ready to build this new "hive." We already have much of the material ordered, such as ceiling, roofing, cement, windows, window-and-door frames, and nails.

The new unit will be 100' by 20', inside measurements. This will include a nursery for the "toddlers and crawlers", a room for washing, sterilizing, and preparing bottles and to store quantities of dried milk, etc., also a place for folding clothes and for bathing the tiny babies, a room for Elaine and the tiny babies to stay, and a room for Gladys and the older children to sleep in. This will solve one of our big problems—that of separating the older girls from the older boys, a custom which is quite rigidly observed in the villages.

We also ask you to give thanks with us for the large "rick" of wild hay which Orville and Daddy and the boys have cut, besides two tons of bean hay in the shed for the goats—and still a lot of bean hay and grass in the field which Brother Leonard cut before he left, which must still be hauled. Perhaps this means little to you who have no difficulty in securing food for your cattle and milk cows, but in Africa where thousands of cattle starve each year, because there is no food obtainable and no milk to be bought, it means much to us with 34 babies in the family requiring 9 pounds of dried milk (or its equivalent) daily at 56 per pound.

The truck that you helped our son Lester buy is now in Africa being used daily. Orville traded his station wagon with Lester for \$850.00. This with the \$700.00 friends had sent Lester for the truck, together with the something over \$ 1000.00 Lester had finished paying on the truck, cleared it so Orville could bring it. What a difference in time when we can take the truck and get a big load of hay in an hour, whereas we used to get about three loads a day with the scotch cart. Oh yes, and all the barrels of clothing you people sent could be brought home in the truck without additional expense. And because of the clothing you sent, we received much additional labor—in getting in the hay, making the bricks, in cutting a fire-guard around the mission, and in repairing seven miles of road through the bush.

Gladys has just returned from a twelve-day village trip—her first one—to Mocha's village, with the Pierces and Iris and Ken Elder. She really had a vacation from all the babies, except for one night when the lions began to roar and she could hear the elephants breaking down trees near by. She thought then that she would "choose rather to endure the prattle of 34 babies continually than to enjoy the roar of the lion for a season." She didn't sleep too soundly that night !

Sister Wilkerson, Barbara, and most of the African

Christian families from Sinde went to Namwianga for a twelve-day refresher course. Orville and his family planned to go, but he took very sick and was in bed for about five days. He is up now but still feels rather weak. Eddie and some of the orphans were also sick.

Our dear little Demas went back to see the Father who gave him to us. We did all we could, so we committed him to the Father who knows and does all things well. We need your prayers so much.

In His service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

August 4, 1951

These are our "Rays of Sunshine"—with very few shadows. There is nothing in all the world so pure and so sweet and so heavenly as the love of a little child. No wonder Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Our daily prayer is that God will enable us to keep these little souls always pure and clean. Please pray with us.

We were very happy yesterday when three of the young men who work for the mission obeyed the Lord's command and were baptized. Oftentimes when young children obey the gospel call we wonder if they understand, but these boys have been taught for several years.

God opened the way for us to get sixty bags of cement through the recommendation of Doctor Regoff who visited the orphanage and was keenly concerned about our overcrowded quarters. The rocks of the foundations are mostly laid, and soon Orville hopes to begin on the walls.

The freeze caused all the pawpaws to drop off. It also froze the trees so we had to cut them back one-half. It may have killed the mango trees, we still cannot tell.

We have been very slow in getting this letter off, but last month our family began with measles—twenty-three down at once. There are thirteen more to have it. God has prevented any complications so far.

Augusta keeps busy teaching her little son, George, besides bathing so many of our children, as I wrote you last month. Sister Wilkinson feeds and changes three of the two-year-old babies four times a day, and doctors most of those coming from the villages for medicine, which helps a lot. Also, she and Augusta each have a sewing class three times a week. Augusta's girls are making diamond quilt blocks from the lovely cloth you sent. She is also finishing the quilt someone gave her when she was in the U.S.A.

The goats and some of the cows are having a siege of scab. It seems nothing will stop it.

We are expecting Brother and Sister Reese any day. We thank God for giving them a holiday and a safe return to us, and to the work they love. After one has spent years of his life on the mission field, the lure of the work seems to draw him back, it matters not where he goes.

Five years ago today we caught our first glimpse of Dark Africa. Each day brings before us new problems; also a greater realization of the over-ripeness of this harvest field and the pressing need for more laborers. Pray with us that the Lord of harvest may send forth more reapers 'ere the precious grain be devoured by the adversary.

In His great service,

Augusta Brittell and Family

October 5, 1951

Greetings through Jesus from the Orphanage,

At five the other evening, a tired, weary, and sad-hearted father accompanied by his sister-in-law, came to our door. She had on her head a paste-board box 1½' wide by 2' long by 20" high, with a cloth tied around the top and two air holes cut on either side. I stepped outside and said, "Uyanda nzi? Inkoko?" (What do you want? Do you have chickens? He lowered the box and pushed back the cloth, and there lay two tiny baby boys—one a little under four pounds and the other a little over. The babies were naked, lying on a reed mat, made with sticks covered with a piece of cloth. The reeds had made deep imprints in their little skulls. When I picked them up they were so cold, I thought they were dead. They had started at nine that morning, had come on the train, and had gotten off at the closest siding, then walked the sixteen miles to Sinde. When they were within a mile of here, they gave both babies a bath, most likely in cold water, and then put them in their little cop where they could enjoy the breeze. The poor babies—it took more than an hour working with them in front of the oven door to get them warm enough to breath at all normal.

We named them Philip and Andrew in hopes that they would someday bring someone to Christ as did Andrew of old, but their little frail bodies could not endure the exposure through which they had passed. Andrew lived twenty-five hours, and Philip, twenty-nine. Then they went on to be with God.

Yesterday little Jonah joined them. For months he has suffered untold pain. His little head was as large as an adult's, and his little feet and head were drawn backwards to within a few an inches of each other. Dr. Regoff told us months ago that there was nothing anyone could do for him. We have three others whose minds are'nt normal two of which Dr. Regoff took to the hospital for observa-

tion for two months, but gave them up as hopeless. The sad part is that there are no homes here where unfortunate children like these may be treated. So we leave it to God's wisdom while we care for them the best we can. All of them are two years old.

Someone is at the door—another pair of twins—Goliath and Johnathan, each weighing six and a half pounds. Pray God's blessings on these. This brings our number to 38. Bottles must be prepared for 18 of these.

Since our last letter we have been blessed with visits from many of the workers in Rhodesia. The new doctor and nurse seem to be well pleased with Africa and their work. Africa is a fine place to live and work—better come over !

The work on the new orphanage is progressing nicely, thanks to His great name and to you dear friends. Pray that we may live worthily of all these rich blessings.

Yours in His service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

November 15, 1951

Greetings in His dear name,

Ever take your youngster to town on a hot day and try to shop ? Well, that's what Gladys and I did today—only we had fifteen instead of one. And that still left Elaine with twenty-one—Hannah May is in the hospital. We had to take some of the children in for shots for Bilhazia, so we took the rest of the older ones with us for an outing. These children drank unboiled water before coming to us. You see the water here in Africa is many times infested with disease germs, since the Africans bathe, wash clothes, and drink from the same water. Oftentimes Europeans are forced to use the water from this same river. Sometimes the water is so thick that even

after it is boiled it doesn't lose its aroma. God has been so very good to give Sinda a good spring about a half mile away, and we pump our water supply from it by hand. Namwianga also has been blessed with some wells, and perhaps Kabanga has a well by now.

The rains have come and all the hills are so beautiful with their new carpet of grass and shrubs. The cattle's prominent bones have begun to disappear, and the refrigerator is filled with the abundance of milk it daily conceals, while our babies truly enjoy that extra cup of milk a day. We try to give each child a quart of milk a day.

Today is a day of blessings. Today we rejoice with Sister Rowe and with her well as she leaves for the homeland to be gone till '53, D.V. Today the plasterer has finished the inside wall and has started on the outside of our new orphanage. Today Orville and the boys finished repairing the old tractor which he bought for fifty dollars. They had a long tiresome job, but we're truly thankful that it works. It will save many hours with the oxen. What a laugh we had when Orville started it. The boys were turning the big fly wheels, and at the first "put put", all the boys jumped up into the air and flew in every direction like little chickens when a hawk dives into their midst.

Our day school closed yesterday until January 2. This break is to enable the children to help their parents to get their crops in, as our growing season is from now until April.

Last week we received the sad news of the death of little Danny Merritt. He had been very, very ill for several weeks. His fever ran as high as 107°. Doctors were not certain of the cause.

We were made to rejoice when one of the school children gave her heart to the Lord and was buried with Him

in baptism. Also our house boy—Sitonda—who has been with us three-and-a-half years, has rededicated his life to God. He is a splendid boy—a real Christian. Please pray for these Christians. Their temptations are so great.

More good news ! Lester and Joye are securing their papers to come to us in '53, D.V. He will receive his teacher's certificate in late '52. Every one at the mission leaped for joy at this news. We certainly need more missionaries here at Sinde, as well as everywhere else. They have not, as yet, a sponsoring congregation.

The orphans are very busy making gardens—keeps me busy too, trying to teach so many how to work. They are all eager to work, and there are plenty of jobs, but the biggest job is to direct each of them in the way of righteousness as they work. We truly appreciate the love and prayers you have given in behalf of these little ones. May God bless you.

In His service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

P. S. Why are the heathen dying
 In the dark and endless night,
 When Jesus came from heaven
 To give them life and light ?

It is not that God their Father
Forgets their helpless lot,
He told someone to tell them,
And they, alas, forgot.

Missionary Gems

9

Out of the Mouths of Babes

April 25, 1952

Greetings in Christ Jesus,

Several months have slipped by since we last sat down to visit with you. God had sent so many blessings our way since then. After three months of slush and rain, the roads are now passable and the D.C. has been so kind as to send up some boys to repair the roads and the ditches on both sides. This will save us so much time. With the help of the new truck, much hay has been cut and stacked. Work on the new buildings is progressing nicely. We have been able to buy many good hens and pullets and chicks, also some good cows for the orphans' milk. Four more souls have been added to the seven already baptized at Masckotwani government school. And to top it all, God has given us two new babies again—little Jacob for the orphanage and little Loretta May, born April 19 to Orville and Augusta. Two more souls to train and shape into useful servants for our Master's use. We are grateful, too, for the opportunity of teaching God's Word daily to our twenty-one older children (two years old and up). Most of them have memorized the first twenty-six verses of Matthew 5, some, the whole chapter, besides many other precious verses, and the names of the Books of the Bible. It makes our hearts rejoice as we pass them in their play and hear them repeating God's Word to the tiny ones, or singing some religious song, rather than some foolish song or exaggerated rhyme.

We thank God from the depths of our hearts for all these blessings, and for the great part you dear ones have in making this work possible. We ask your prayers for God's guidance in all our activities and that we may always have hearts full of gratitude and compassion comparable to the great blessings and opportunities that have been ours, of which we are so unworthy. Pray also for these new converts who really have a great struggle in living true to God in the midst of so many conflicting influences. Pray that more workers may come and bear the pure light to the hundreds of homes and villages where already the perverted gospel has been carried while we slept. Pray for the various mission stations throughout the world and for more workers to be sent forth. Pray that all those who have named the name of Christ may continue faithful unto the end. Prayer can open the heart's door to the gospel, and "supplieth seed to the sower and bread for food."

O, God, give us more "sowers" that the hungry may be fed before it is too late !

In His dear name,
Augusta Brittell and Family

May, June, and July, 1952

Through Jesus' blessed name, Greetings—

On May 7, day-old twins, Joel (5½") and Amos (6") came to us ; on May 20, premature Amon (3 lb. 4 oz.) ; on June 2, Deborah (5 lb.) at 22 days old ; on June 22, Brown (11 lb.) at nearly three months old ; and on July 1, Naomi Lee (6 lb.) at eight days old. You can imagine what a busy time it has been to get these new ones adjusted to powdered milk, to make more beds out of broom handles and cloth hammocks, and to find room to put them all. The tiny babies sleep better when they sleep alone, and the cloth hammocks can be washed, so we

find them very satisfactory. We had quite a time trying to make tiny Amon comfortable. He was so skinny, we kept him wrapped in cotton in a paste-board box with a hot water bottle during his twenty-five days here with us. He arrived at 1 : 30 on a very cold night, wrapped in a tiny cloth, then in a wool blanket, inside a suitcase. He rode on a bicycle from six in the morning. The children loved little Amon and often prayed for him to get well if it was God's will. The last day he was with us the children would quietly tiptoe into his room and peep into his box and whisper, "When is he going to see Jesus?"

Since little Amon died, four babies have come home from the hospital—Deborah who has leukemia, Rhoda and Isaac who had malaria, and Maria who had anemia and swollen neck. At present Lois, Leah, Luke, Eunice, and Zillah are in the hospital. Pray the Lord that He will make it possible for us to take a correspondence course in nursing from a Chicago hospital. It would be so very valuable. As we learn we could teach the older children, then by the time they are grown, they will have some practical knowledge of various diseases. Any home-made remedy recipes you have would be greatly appreciated, for the Africans seldom have enough money to buy medicines.

You should see the new addition since Daddy has it whitewashed ! It is so clean and light. In the mixing-feed room, he painted the cement behind the sink white with a little red line across the top. It is so pretty. We have glass in all the doors now, so we can see from one end of the house to the other. Just as soon as the ceiling is in and whitewashed, there will be a grand moving-day with much rejoicing.

Brother Pierce came by on his school inspection tour. He preaches every opportunity he gets, and has a thousand tracts in Tonga which will help those who are being led away by the "Jehovah Witnesses", to learn the true way. In Livingstone there are four African congregations which Brother Pierce visits once a month. Soon, the Lord willing,

there will be more, for these Christians are learning the meaning of "Go", and are spreading out. Since March, sixteen have been baptized at the airport compound.

Little Jacob is one of the fattest babies we have ever had. He weighed 7 lb. 12 oz. at 10 days old. We are eager for our over-crowded conditions to be relieved. When we can use the new building, the older babies who should be learning to walk will be able to get down on the floor to play. It is too cold for them on the floor without the ceiling finished.

Daddy has been in the hospital for a few days with an enlarged spleen. I will go to get him Thursday. The "Sinde Ambulance" (a straw mattress, some canvass, pillows, blankets, a quilt and Daddy tucked in between, and a canvass tied over the back of the truck) was permitted to travel on the newly improved road, which helped us to get to the hospital sooner. Then yesterday the "Sinde Ambulance" had to go to a village a mile away to get a very sick lady and take her to the hospital. This home-made ambulance is that old Chevrolet which Brother Shewmaker brought over in 1939. It has made hundreds of trips into the bush, and still it rattles on.

The generator, which dear friends in America gave Orville, has arrived. How the Africans rejoice that now Muluti Orville can show them pictures of the Life of Christ and speak words of eternal life to them. Yesterday Orville took Augusta and little Loretta out to their place in town where they have been since the last of March. We are eagerly looking forward to the time when they will be back with us at Sinde.

Two weeks ago I took six of our older children with me to visit Mujala village to sing and to talk to the women about Jesus. The children could hardly wait to get home to tell the younger ones about "telling the people about Jesus." May they always keep this desire and may they always do it, is our earnest prayer. Now that the

rains are finished we will be able to take them more often to the villages with words of our loving Savior to give to the people.

Thanks for the many letters which brighten the days as we journey towards our heavenly home. We write many letters in our minds, but fail to get most of them on paper. Forty-three children seem to consume more than twenty-four hours a day. May we all be found watching and ready for the Lord.

In His wonderful service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

July 25, 1952

Greetings in His dear name,

Days, weeks, and months just fly by now that we have so many children. There are now forty-eight children, twenty-five of which are still too young to walk. It is a full-time job for Elaine and Gladys and me, even with the help of two African boys who do some of the work not directly connected with the care of the children. We feel that the direct care and contact with the children should not be left to an African who has had no background in the principles which are so vital to strong spiritual character. As if bringing up these babies were not enough, we must make bedsteads, mattresses (between forty and fifty since coming to Sinde,) clothes closets, swings, slides, chicken runs and houses, do gardening, plant trees, repair toys, take sick people to town, purchase provisions, do the ordering of supplies, and keep books. So you can realize there are all too few minutes to spare, especially when some of the babies are sick—and that is quite usual. But with all this we love our work, and scarcely a day goes by that we do not learn some lesson from our babies.

We are still eagerly waiting to get the babies in their

new house. They will have more fresh air, and we will be able to save a few hundred steps each day. Besides, for Daddy's sake, as sixteen tiny babies set in every nook and corner of the house are not conducive to sleep or recuperation from his recent illness.

We are so thankful for the new cows your money bought. Orville put six of the best milk cows in one pasture, and he and some of our older boys milk this herd each day. We get about four gallons of milk each morning, and Orville gets the night milk for his family. We also gets about three quarts a day from the poorer cows. I know you must be saying, "That's not much milk from so many cows," but you can't realize how much this milk means to our orphans. It not only helps supply them with milk (we have only sixteen on powdered milk at present), but the vital point is that these cows are a constant reminder to the children that it is God's hand in the hearts of you dear friends that make possible all this good, wholesome milk, besides their clothing and other needs. Their little prayers are so touching. Here is one of their prayers : "Dear God, Please bless the dear friends in America for giving us all of our nice clothes and food and for our nice cows to give us milk. We are so glad, dear God, that those nice people learned that you love little black children too. Heavenly Father, help us to show them that we love them by trying to be like Jesus, so we can see all of them up in that beautiful home that Jesus is building, where little black children can go into the stores and not have to go around to the window. Help us to teach the little children in the villages about Jesus, too, so they won't drink beer and dance and smoke, but will go up to that pretty home too. And dear God, please forgive Bossy cow for stepping on my foot for she's not a Christian and so she doesn't know. In Jesus's name we ask all of these things. Amen." This child was six years old.

Wednesday marked the completion of tarring nine miles of the seventeen miles of our road to Livingstone. They had started working on this road when we came to

Sinde in '46. This cuts in half the dread of a trip to Livingstone.

The D.C. is making an effort to get the government to make provision for the four children we have who have mental difficulties. There is no mental institution nor provisions made for mental cases in North Rhodesia, so this will no doubt take considerable time, but it isn't fair for the normal children to have these afflicted ones (who suffer from the sins of their parents, no doubt) in their midst all the while. Please pray with us that something may be done for them, if best. And pray that we may always live worthily of the great trust God and you dear friends have placed in us, and that you, with us may enjoy all these little souls, with all the redeemed, when He calls us. May we all be watching and waiting with oil in our lamps—ready to enter in when He opens the door.

In His service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

August 22, 1952

Greetings in Jesus' name from all of us to you,

Just one year ago we came to visit you by picture. Here we are again. Five of us couldn't be here today because they are in the hospital. God and you dear folks have been so kind in giving us a home and all that makes us happy, and in helping us learn about Him. He has also given us eleven new brothers and four new sisters to work and play with. For all these things we want to say "Twalumba loko" (thank you very much.) Please pray that we may always be well pleasing to God and that we may help teach others about His love.

P.S. A week after this picture was taken little Naomi and Ruben took suddenly ill and we rushed them to the hospital. A few days later they died.

Since our last picture we have enlarged God's little African garden. Some of the tenderest plants have succumbed to the heat and diseases so prevalent in this dark continent. But we trust that by God's grace we have prevented the destructive disease of sin which abounds, from destroying the purity of the souls of these precious plants entrusted to our nurturing—we *so* need your prayers.

We feel the leavening influence for the advancement of the kingdom here in Africa for this great work you dear friends have enabled us to do through God's grace, is far reaching. Encouraging words come to us from high and low, far and wide. Many souls are being added to the church here. Ten mothers, three fathers, and many young people have taken their stand for God during the past three months. If only the mothers can be converted, Africa will change. The Africans must *see* religion—that's why the fruits of your efforts are beginning to stand forth for Christ.

Teaching a Bible class is *so* different here than in the U.S.A. There your pupils can read and understand what you speak, they are familiar with the stories, characters, and books of the Bible, you have a pleasant room to teach in, the pupils have transportation to your class and proper clothing for the weather, comfortable seats, and a nursery with a rest room, besides adequate teachers for all grades. Here your pupils cannot read nor understand you, except in broken sentences through an interpreter, they know but few of the stories, characters or books of the Bible, the classroom has no doors, windows, or floor, the mothers with babies on their backs and children have walked from three to five miles barefooted (often through the rain), and sit on an eight foot plank laid on two posts driven into the ground, which often falls off on their feet when they stand to pray, their teeth chatter as the cold wind whistles through the open house. You must try to adapt your lesson to ages from 2 to 50 years, and at the same time try to keep an eye on 16 orphans from 3 to 7 years old

(and one who is eleven). I say it is quite different, and yet there is something in it all that is so appealing, so fascinating, so inspiring that one's enthusiasm heightens as his daily prayers and thanksgiving ascend to our sympathetic Father in gratitude that He can use "even me". There is nothing so pathetic as to realize that you are not needed—of no use.

What a consoling thought to know that God does not measure our value or use to Him by race, rank, color, fame, or beauty, but by the strength of our faith to withstand the "proving", ... "the end of which is the salvation of our souls." (1 Peter 1 : 7-10) The lowest and the highest can be of equal value to our Lord if both faiths can withstand the test. May we all watch so that we may be used of the Lord while here and be able to stand before Him in that day.

In His service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

September 13, 1952

Greetings through our Savior,

Your prayers, letters and continued interest give us a desire to push on and do more for our blessed Lord who sacrificed His life that we might have eternal life, besides the many blessings He daily bestows.

A week ago Friday the Provincial Medical Officer came to visit the orphanage. He gave us many helpful suggestions concerning the smaller ones with whom we have had such difficulty in getting adjusted to their formulas. He observed great improvement in these children when he came again this week, accompanied by the District Commissioner and the Director of Social Service. They seemed very favorably impressed with the results of your efforts in maintaining a home like this for African orphans, and

remarked that you have fulfilled a great need for which there is no other provision made in Northern Rhodesia. The Provincial Medical Officer plans to visit us once a month to help us over difficult spots (until the government transfers him), which will be a great help to us and no doubt save us many trips to town. He is also making arrangements with the microscopist at the European Hospital laboratory to show us how to determine malaria in a blood slide and suggested if we had a microscope at the mission, after a little practice we would be able to determine malaria in a blood slide. This would be very beneficial to us in determining whether our children running temperatures have malaria, which we can doctor at home, or some contagious disease which requires hospitalization. Please pray that God may open the way for this, if it is His will.

You should see the orphanage—all the buildings and rocks along the walks are whitewashed, and the base for the water-supply tank is ready so that we can install the tank and hot water heater. When it is connected, the draining board finished, and the refrigerator installed—it will be a great day, for the tiny babies will then move into the new addition.

The seven little ones are still in the hospital. Yesterday Bernice—two weeks old—came to join our family.

Orville and Augusta recently celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary. Monday George and Eddy will begin correspondence lessons. Eddy is eager to read like his brother does.

Lester and Joye's son, Sammy Boyd, arrived August 10. Just think, the Lord willing, next year they will be coming to help lost souls find their way to Jesus.

May the peace of God be with you always.

In His name,
Augusta B.

P.S. At last the girls and I have moved into the new building. It is really lovely. It is 20' by 39', which is quite a change from our 10' by 20' room. We have finished making and hanging thirteen pairs of curtains and the curtains for the twenty-two apple-box dressers—all made from the print feed sacks you sent us. We are so happy to have a place to keep the clothes in order.

The children are elated over their garden, for which they carry water. Already they are enjoying lettuce, spinach, chard, radishes, and endive. The peppers, carrots, beans, parsnips, mustard, eggplants, beets, watermelons, cucumbers, and artichokes are not ready to eat yet. We show them how to plant the tiny seeds or plants, and an African boy helps with the heavy digging. The children really enjoy handling and working with living things. They are getting quite a flock of chickens—sixty tiny chicks and twenty-one older ones. We want them to be prepared when they go out from us to know how to work and then to have time for the Lord's work instead of spending all their time for self as so many people do.

We are truly thankful for your part in this work. The children often pray for God to bless you dear friends.

In His service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

October 22, 1952

Greetings in His dear name,

Showers ! Just smell the freshness after the wonderful shower last night ! The first real rain we've had since our floods last spring, so you can imagine how thirsty the dry ground and plants are. Already there is renewed life—springs of grass are peeping out to see if it is time to get up ; the wild flowers are unwinding their curls ; the birds are flying hither and thither gathering hair and feathers

for their little ones' houses; the young chickens are chasing the flying ants (many are one inch long) who have come out of their holes by the thousands to greet the rain; and even we have gained a bit of zest in the prospect of the transition of our tiny babies to the orphanage in the not-too-distant future.

The past two years have been a steep climb for all of us here at the mission—the school work, the overseeing of the farm work, the doctoring, together with caring for forty-seven little orphans. Yes, the road has been steep and sometimes very rough; but by God's help, we believe we are nearing the crest where we may pause to catch a breath and view the successes with true joy, and the failures with a resolve to profit by our mistakes. It is His hand that has led us all the way, and with our hand in His, we'll "Go where He wants us to go," and "Follow whither soever He leads." It is He who has chosen to give us good friends like you—friends with Christ-filled souls—without whom we could not have made the grade. Much of what has been accomplished here is the result—not of our own worthiness—but of your prayers, love, and faithful fellowship, coupled with God's grace. With humbleness of heart we pour forth our thanksgivings to the Father who knows it all; and, trusting our all to His choosing—as the following poems so beautifully express, we pray that we may all together enjoy the reward of our labors when we come to the end of our way.

Choose for Us, God

Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God ! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast designed ;
Choose for us, God ! thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss ;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown, beyond the cross.

William H. Burleigh

Being Content

As God leads, I am content,
He will take care,
All things by His will are sent,
That I must bear,
To Him I take my fear,
My wishes while I'm here,
The way will all seem clear,
When I am "There."

Selected

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is
stayed on Thee." Isaiah 26 ; 3

In His loving service,

Augusta Brittell and Family

P.S. Later "showers : " We are moved in ! Also—a
sister in Santa Rosa offered to get the nursing course for
us, and another sister near Pacific Grove offered to get the
microscope. Praise God from whom all blessings flow !

A. B.

October 25, 1952

Greetings in Jesus' name,

At last the rains are coming and many villagers are preparing their gardens. There have been several dances and drums beating for the great spirits to send rain. Probably many believe the spirits did send the rain, but we know that our heavenly Father sent the refreshing rain. (Zechariah 10 : 1) We pray some one will come and help these poor, ignorant souls learn of the Savior so they may spend their lives in His service. Soon all of us will have passed from this life—are we doing all we can to spread the Gospel? May we all renew our vows to do more for lost ones and to begin today to teach those near us.

“Next year, next year,” we say,
When come to naught
Our plans and projects gay,
Our bright dreams fraught
With brighter hopes that shine
On that far rim
Of life's horizon line,
Where dreams lie dim
And touch with morning dew—
“Next year, next year ;”
And while we plan anew
The days grow drear.

The year flies by, and lo !
We've left behind
The glory and the glow
We hoped to find ;
And raised again the clew
We meant to heed —
The cherished plan to do
Some cherished deed.

“Next year, next year !”
Oh, why not now,

Delaying soul, this year
Keep word and vow ?
Oh, why not now and here,
Why not today,
Before another year
Shall run away ?

Keep word and faith, or e're
An hour's delay.
Make good the promise fair—
Today ! Today !

Nora Perry

There is an old blind man Musekotwani who usually comes to services and sits on a skin rug. Upon asking, "When are you going to become a Christian, mudala ?" You are a very old man, and as none of us know when we shall die, it is best to prepare now," he sadly shook his head and said, "I have no money to give so I can't become a child of God." This had been bothering him. After having been told that the Lord wants our hearts and anything else we have to give—it may be only a smile, on the giving of a cup of water, or the joy of telling others of Jesus, or sharing what we have with others, or helping others all we can—his kind face lit up with a smile. We pray he will soon be baptized. Many are groping for the Light of the World. May someone come to enlighten them.

Yesterday Orville and I took little Robin to the hospital with pneumonia. Three of our eight children in the hospital came home. The rest of the children are well. They are enjoying the see-saw Gladys fixed for them beside the mango trees.

Orville is teaching an agriculture class twice a week and the boys really enjoy it. They are putting in a garden near the river. Some of Augusta's sewing class are also learning to knit. She has many flowers on her front

verandah nearly ready to bloom.

The last touches are being put on the addition—Daddy put on the last of the window fasteners Orville is installing the water-heater, Gladys and I leveled the “fridge” and made a little cart for the coal-oil stove and bottle sterilizer—we made it from some pieces of the children’s old airplane—seems the Lord always supplies something to fix whatever we need.

Recently Elaine visited the missionaries at Namwianga and saw the magazine “Glimpses of Africa” coming off the press. Several of you have asked how to send money for the support of this magazine. You can send it directly to Brother Short in Kaloma. I am sure he would be glad to hear from you, even if you didn’t send him any money.

Pierces are moving to Lusaka where Brother and Sister Murphy are and where there are so many opportunities to preach in the compounds.

You know, when I think about the life of a missionary, I always remember our trip to the mines when we first arrived in Africa. That was one of the most interesting features of our whole trip. The love of gold will cause one to go anywhere and to endure any hardships or deprivations. We saw mines where people had gone forty miles from nowhere—far up on the barren mountainsides—without food and water, and far separated from friends, exposed to the scorching heat of the sun and the dangers of wild animals protected only by the poorest of huts for a place to call home. The occupants of these huts were persons who had chosen to leave comfortable homes, friends, and pleasant surroundings for this kind of a life. Why? Because of their great love for and desire to obtain that precious metal—Gold! To them that is a rich reward for all the trials and deprivations they must endure in obtaining it. The trials are soon forgotten in their intense effort to obtain their ultimate goal.

How very similar is this pursuit to the life of a missionary. To him the heart aches of separation from dear ones, the deprivation of the many conveniences of life, and the trails and hardships which he is called upon to endure, are soon forgotten in his intense effort to obtain his goal—Souls for the kingdom of God. But how very dissimilar is the duration of these two rewards. The latter is as eternal as the great God, Himself, while the former is “consumed by moth and rust, and thieves break through and steal.” May we induce people to seek the latter.

May God keep you and bless you in your labors for Him. Pray for us.

In His name,
Augusta Brittell and Family

November 29, 1952

Greetings in Jesus our Savior,

On the 18th God blessed us with another pair of twins—Bathsheba and Elisha. They are large babies for here—they each weighed over seven pounds at two days. They had traveled about thirty-five miles in a pasteboard box tied to poles so it could be carried by the father and the chief on their shoulders. The twins were quite warm as they were lying on a wool blanket and a thin white cloth was spread over the top of the box. Every one has been extra busy since their arrival as Bathsheba hasn't been too well. Please pray she will improve if it be His will.

Dr. Williams came to visit the orphanage last tuesday and was very pleased to see that the babies were gaining, and to see the completion of the buildings. The microscopist at the European hospital hopes to come soon and take some blood slides of the children and of some of their sores. He is so kind to help us learn about testing for different diseases. He spent about an hour with Gladys and me

showing us different slides and how to test them. Any time we don't understand something, we are welcome to call at his office. We pray he will come to learn more about God and will spend the rest of his days in the Master's service.

The nursing course should arrive any day now. The children are about as excited as we are. They are always wanting to know why a person is sick. Perhaps with the help of the course, we will be able to explain some of their whys. We do appreciate all you dear friends have done to help us learn how to relieve the Africans' physical sicknesses. It is much easier to teach them about the love of Christ after you've done something to help them physically. We are praying that someday the Lord will send a doctor to each mission—a doctor who isn't interested in how much a visit will bring (all that many calls here bring are some eggs, a chicken, some ears of corn, some wild fruit, or perhaps only a grateful "thank you" from the sick one.) However, the Lord pays you with the satisfaction of knowing that you have had the opportunity to do something to show your appreciation for what He has done for you.

The children's gardens are growing nicely, thanks to God for the rains. We just finished planting ground nuts. The children love it when I can spend a little time with them in the garden, for then we can call their attention to examples of God's goodness and greatness. We try to teach them principles from God's word and we sing religious songs. I often get very tired, but it is worth it, for the children are learning more about the most precious thing in the world—God. You'd be surprised how much a small child remembers and thinks about God when worshipping Him and serving Him are daily experiences. A child soon learns to look for God's hand in everything. One's tiredness is soon forgotten by the joy of seeing the children applying the principles they have learned.

Orville has been busy helping the teachers and the

work boys get the school house plastered before the heavy rains set in. It really looks nice and should last for many years. Orville has also been busy with one of the good cows that nearly died, and with getting the new barn started. The 35 older children are now enjoying plenty of fresh milk which makes them gain. The 15 crawlers gained from a pound to two pounds each this month. They have insima (a type of cereal) twice a day and all of them feed themselves, native style. Hannah May (my namesake) is home from the hospital and is so good natured. Surely God has a purpose in life for her, for He raised her up. Eunice has advanced so much since her third birthday.

Orville's George is enjoying his six weeks vacation, and Augusta is catching up on the jobs that can't be done when you teach half-a-day. She just brought over a beautiful carnation. She has good luck with flowers and gardens.

We truly appreciate the many letters, prayers, gifts, papers, books, and everything you have done to make our lives and our children's lives happier. In the coming year we will try to write oftener. Seems as if this year flew by so fast, we didn't get as much accomplished for the Lord as we should have. Your encouragement helped us to push on and try to do more for the Lord.

May God always bless you in all your labors.

In His name,
Augusta, and family

December, 15, 1952

Greetings in His dear name,

What a refreshing visit we had with the Shewmakers last night. They stopped by for the night on their way to the Falls for a three-day holiday. Brother Shewmaker told us some interesting things about David Livingstone. The

large stone near our calf pen is where Dr. Livingstone sat on November 24, 1855 while talking with "Moyara," son of the powerful chief Moyara. Sinde was the site of Moyara at that time. We got the book "Adventures of David Livingstone" and looked up to see if this story was authentic, and found on page 335 these words :

"November 24, we remained in the village of Moyara... the father of Moyara was a powerful chief...at this hamlet a number of stakes are planted in the ground, and I counted fifty-four human skulls hanging on their points."

The corner of our cornfield is still a "praying grave" for the people though they now do it secretly so as not to offend us. We unearthed a part of a skeleton, pottery, spear point, etc. this year while we were digging a pit for compost.

We feel that though spiritual progress seems very slow in the present village of Moyara (which has moved about a mile away), still the gospel has wrought much for that village. It was at this village that Brother Sheriff first established a congregation in Northern Rhodesia—some sixty years after the display of skulls to Dr. Livingstone. The present headman, Moyara, is very friendly toward the mission work. He even attends church sometimes. The village has about fifty people, and from twelve to fifteen of those are members of the church. There is a great need for more personal contact in this and other villages. We hope that with Lester and Joye added to our forces, more of these destitute souls may have opportunity to partake of the Bread of Life. Pray with us that they will come to us in 1953, if it is His will.

The living conditions of these people are beyond your imagination, unless you have been enlightened. For instance, about 1 P.M. on the second of this month, a husband from Muskowani—the chief's village, which is among the higher type—came for help. His wife had been in labor since the morning before. Augusta took her baby and Lola and we went over to take her to the hospital. When I entered the hut (it had a dirt floor, mud and pole

walls, and a grass roof), the sight that I beheld made me wish that all you expectant mothers could have peeped in. The room was bare with the exception of a bicycle, a dirty sack lying on the floor, and a 10 by 12 by 2 foot block of wood, on which the naked mother-to-be was sitting. We told them we had come to take her to the hospital, but it took her mother and husband four hours to decide what to do to get ready to go. All this time Augusta was sitting on a stool about the size of a dinner plate, near the door, holding Loretta. Besides, the folks were waiting at home to go to the hospital. Elaine and sixteen of the older children went with me to the hospital. It was quite a treat for them to get away for a little while, as they seldom have that opportunity. The woman gave birth to a boy soon after arriving at the hospital. (Just imagine-mother-to-be-going seventeen miles over rough African roads in a three-ton truck a few minutes before your baby arrives !) This is really a pathetic condition, but nothing to be compared with the nakedness of their souls. Oh that more Christians could realize the dark, hopeless conditions and go forth to take the Light of God to these places. We pray that by God's grace and the assistance and love you dear friends lend, to be able to train these little ones to help fill this great need. It is encouraging to see them applying the lessons they learn. Samuel was helping me gather tomatoes this week and found a young vine with no tomatoes, but many green lives. I heard him say, "God will curse you—just leaves for yourself and nothing to give for others. Just like the fig tree." We had had the lesson of Christ cursing the fig tree, in our morning study. If all Christians could grasp the meaning of the great lesson Christ taught in that act, how it would inspire us to show our gratitude for the "Leaves" which He has given us, by bearing fruit.

Thank God that many of you dear friends of mankind have grasped this great lesson. Our prayer is that when Jesus passes by, He will not have to curse any of us for lack of fruit.

In His service,

Augusta Brittell and Family

10

Make Us "A Good Samaritan," Lord

January 1, 1953

Greetings in His dear Name,

A new leaf has been turned which opens to each of us two ways through another year—the upward way which is filled with trust, hope, joy, peace, and a reward of a consciousness of souls redeemed for Him; or the downward way which is filled with doubt, fear, sorrow, and remorse that souls have missed the way of redemption because of our careless, selfish pleasure-seeking life. We *must* choose one.

The "upward" way will lead us to turn about on the darkest "side of the road" from Jerusalem to Jericho and not pass by on the other side as did the leaders of Israel, but will cause us to demount, to stoop down and administer the oil of love, and the wine of brotherly forbearance and tolerance and encouragement to the one who has "fallen among thieves" who robbed him of his child like faith and purity. This way will cause us to lift up the fallen one and take him to the "inn" where spiritual food and care are offered. This way will cause us to *give* to help care for this rescued one. Yes, this way will cause us to prove "neighbor to the one who fell among the thieves"—and in turn surely the "one who fell among thieves", through gratitude, will "love his neighbor (benefactor) as himself." Surely he will not turn a deaf ear to the entrea-

ties of the "Good Samaritan".

Yes, you have fallen among thieves, and so have I, and there was a "Great compassionate One" who proved neighbor who left that beautiful Jerusalem, who turned aside and stooped down to lift us up from our hopeless condition. He paid the price and said, "Go into all the world and do likewise, and whatsoever thou spendest more, I when I come back, will repay thee."

Oh how that loving entreaty bestirs our gratitude for that great love bestowed upon us who had fallen among thieves and been robbed of eternal life. That love which gave to us friends like you and blessings innumerable. It makes the days flit by and the burdens seem light, even though we have forty-nine little ones (forty-six of whom are six years old and under) to care for. As we tuck all those little ones into their beds each night, it makes us have hope that if Jesus should come e're the morning breaks, we will be with them and all of you redeemed ones throughout the ages—apart from all the petty trials.

May God help us to love our neighbor as ourself, and to always seek first His kingdom and His righteousness, knowing that all things needful will be added unto us.

In His great service,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

January 22, 1953

Greetings through Jesus this glorious New Year,

On the 7th, just as we were bathing a dozen of the "crawlers", little two-month old Benjamin arrived during a very hard rain storm. On the 11th, little Elijah, at one week old, came to us in a blanket and cloth, inside a suitcase which had two little sticks to hold up the lid for air. His twin, who wasn't born until the 9th, died with the

mother, Elijah hasn't been well—blisters have formed under his big toes, and he cries so much that we are taking him into the hospital. On the 18th, tiny eleven-day-old Judith (four pounds) arrived from a farm around fifty miles north. Her little wool jacket and two tiny pieces of cloth were sopping wet, and she was exhausted from the trip. It took her three hours to get her warm. Then she weakly cried and coughed. She just lived two days.

Seems the whooping cough is with us again. This time twenty-one of the children have it, and more are coming down with it. Lois and Leah are home from the hospital. Both are drinking from a cup now, and Lois will walk if you hold her hands. Truly we thank God for her improvement. Last month all the "crawlers" gained from a pound to a pound-and-a-half.

The nursing course has arrived and is surely interesting and helpful. Elaine has finished her first exam. The next lesson is on "Bacteriology." We are getting several slides on various diseases, and one of the doctors from the African hospital sent us a book on "Tropical Diseases," which is very useful. Daddy is building a cupboard for the medical supplies which you dear people have sent. We surely appreciate all your many kindnesses. Your reward will be great in heaven.

The rains have brought many flowers. But it has also brought the snakes. One of them killed three of our setting hens and three chicks. And the ants are enjoying the soft ground and have been trying to cut off the young trees. They have already cut off our biggest apple tree. Those ants remind us of the sly ways the devil tries to cut us off from God who is our source of strength and our guide from earth to glory. Each day the devil tries to crowd out time for study of God's Word and for talks with our heavenly Father. If we aren't careful the devil will make us become negligent, unless we daily feed and cultivate our lives according to God's holy Word.

Lester and Joye are getting their passports, and, the Lord willing, will be coming after school is out. Many of you have asked where to send things for him to bring over. Just send them to Brother and Sister Charles Grady, Box 872, Paso Robles, California. They have offered to store things for them.

Gladys says, "Oh, if you could only see the condition of these poor people whose bodies are twisted and withered by disease and immorality. These who know nothing of the Great Physician who can heal both their suffering bodies and their sin-sick souls. Oh, that God will inspire more to come and take the gospel to them."

In His service,

Augusta Brittell and Family

February 24, 1953

Greetings in His dear Name,

The rare beauty of the finest paintings in our art galleries lies not in the paints used nor in the canvass, but in the perfect blending of the shadow and sunshine. Only the skilled artist's eye can detect how much of each to use. Every thought, every stroke, every angle from which he views the picture is for *one* purpose—that he may present a perfect picture.

Just so the Great Artist in painting our life's picture knows and sends just the proper amount of shadow mingled with the sunshine so He may present that perfect picture "without spot or wrinkle." If we, like the canvass, yield willingly to the Master's brush, even though sometimes the shadows seem to overbalance the sunshine, each day our life's picture will grow more beautiful and perfect.

Just such shadows we have had the past few weeks, and they sometimes seemed thick and dark—32 babies

with whooping cough, 4 deaths of the tiny ones, 6 others in the hospital, 4 at home very sick, cattle infected with screw worms, white ants mowing down the mealies just in the milk stage. But when we stand uncomplaining, our blessings far outweigh the shadows—the gift of our Master, Himself, to present this picture, the blessing of prayer, the promises of those who pray believing, the privilege of possessing God's Word to study, the priceless gift of dear friends like you who love this Master Artist enough to sacrifice to help teach these little ones about Him, our strength and health to work for Him, the microscope which we will have when the Import Permit is granted, the nursing course, the washing machine, the refrigerator, truck, clothes, and food, and other necessities of our large family, and especially your love, prayers, and encouragement, the joy that our children choose to serve in this lowly—yet highly exalted work for Him—and now a letter from Lester and Joye saying, "We have our passports and sailing date in August." Surely our cup of blessing is full and running over, and when placed upon this gray background they shine forth much the brighter and we sing that sweet old song "Be not dismayed what 'ere betide, God will take care of you."

We need your prayers that God may help us to always choose from among hundreds of duties to be done, those which will glorify Him most.

There are so many things to do, dear Lord, Thou knowest.

So many little things to claim the heart and hand.
Help us, Lord, to know the ones that Thou bestowest,
And choose among the many deeds with hearts that understand !

Oh, give us wisdom, Master, lest we choose a lesser duty.
And fail to see the greater ones that throng about our way.

Lord, give us clearer vision that we may know the beauty
Of thy great purpose in our life More clearly every day !

There are so many things to do,
Lord, make us strong and brave and true !

May God bless you that when your picture and ours
have been finished, we may be such as will beautify the
mansions above throughout eternity.

In His service,

Augusta Brittell and Family

P.S. February 26, 1953

On Wednesday, about noon, Elaine looked out of the window and saw a very skinny dog with big sores on its back. She called Gladys who went out to chase it away. Tiny started to help her, But the dog ran at Gladys and nearly bit her. Then it ran into the chicken house and started killing the chicks. I ran out to shut the door, but as I did, the dog ran out and bit my leg. Then it ran on down to the front yard and hid under a bush. BaSitondo shut the gate, and soon Gladys was there with the gun. She shot it. We put potassium permanganate on the bite, and quickly took the dog to the veterinary, and I went on to the hospital. Since the dog had been shot through the head, it was impossible to test for rabies. The treatment for rabies requires ten days in the hospital, and is very severe ; and since both the doctor and the vet said a dog with rabies does not go seeking food, I came back home. We trust God will heal the bite.

Love and prayers,

Augusta

March 13, 1953

Dear Brother and Sister Hoar,

Thanks for your encouraging letter which came recently. Your letters, love, prayers and interest in these babies

—together with that kindred spirit of many other dear friends—is to our lives as the tap root is to a mighty oak—it feeds, supports, and sustains the great oak when the dark clouds hover over her head and the fierce winds threaten to tear her from her abiding place, and gives to her strength to steadily mount upward. Just so when storm c'ouds overshadow our lives by sickness, death, or reverses, that unseen strength comes through you who have interceded for us at the throne of grace. This gives us renewed strength to mount upward towards that heavenly goal, and causes us to rejoice at our privilege of doing the "little things" in life, which, as the song goes, "Nobody knows but Jesus." Our hearts are sometimes prone to want to do the big things instead of being happy in the small task—

"Master, where shall I work today ?"
And my love flowed warm and free ;
And He pointed out a tiny spot,
And said, "Tend that for Me."
But I answered quickly, "Oh, no, not there ;
Not anyone could see
No matter how well my task is done—
Not that little place for me !"
And His voice when he spoke, was not stern,
But he answered me tenderly
"Disciple, search that heart of thine,
Are you working for them, or for Me ?
Nazareth was such a little place,
And so was Galilee."

Selected

But when we realize that "Whosoever shall give unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in My name, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." (Matthew 10 : 42) And when we know you are praying for us and your congregation is interested in these little souls, we are strengthened to steadily move upwards. Pray that we may live worthily of the privilege of serving

our Masrer by serving these little ones, and one day may we all rejoice together as we present these little souls to Him.

Yesterday Gladys, Augusta with her Lola and Loretta, and I started to town. After ten boys pushed and pushed the big truck, we finally got out of the river. Wednesday evening the Sinde river was overflowing its banks, and yesterday it was still running about two-and-a-half feet deep. The Lord blessed us and we accomplished most of the things which had to be done in town, but I was sick while there, and the doctor told me to go home to bed for a few days. He gave me some pills, and I feel better now.

The children wanted to surprise me last night, so they mixed the mash and fed the chickens. Then they found four ears of dry, hard corn. They had the most fun breaking off the kernels and watching the chickens try to swallow them. It makes our hearts glad to see them thinking of what they can do for others. You dear friends are a daily example to them. As the girls sew on their "feed-sack" quilts, they often ask about the good people who sent them to them.

Last Saturday little Elijah passed away in the hospital. The other four are still not well enough to come home. The microscopist sent five little bottles for specimens so one of our sick children can be checked for typhoid. Next year, the Lord willing, the labratory for checking typhoid, diptheria, etc. will be here in Livingstone and Ba Richard will have charge of it. He has offered to give Gladys and Elaine a week's experience in diagnosing diseases. The Lord willing, we will surely take advantage of this. Please pray that as we learn we will be able to do more for others to bring glory to Christ.

Love and prayers,

Augusta Brittell and Family

March 24, 1953

Greetings in our Savior's Name,

About 6 : 30 last Friday night, as the children were coming into the house for their Bible story, Sarah Sue slipped and fell on the wet cement and struck her side on a bucket. Before we finished the story she began to cry with pain. We examined her to see if any ribs were broken, but it didn't seem so. Before I went to bed, she came into my room crying and her fever had begun to rise. I put her in bed with me, but she slept very little. By four in the morning her fever was 104.6°. As soon as we could we brought her into the hospital. The doctor didn't see her until the afternoon. He said it was a bad case of pneumonia from the bruise and shock.

Today Gladys and I took fifteen of the older children with us and went to get her. How they all enjoyed the outing and having Sue with them again, even though she will have to remain quiet in bed for a few days. Our children enjoy each other so much and often thank God for giving them brothers and sisters to play with.

While in town, Samuel saw his mother's brother for the first time (he has worked in a hotel there for seven years.) While his uncle was holding him, Samuel looked up and asked, "Are you a Christian?" The thought came straight home to me—I wonder if I am interested enough in the souls I meet to find out if they are Christians before I have been with them five minutes? How true—"A little child shall lead them." We pray that all of these children will always put God and His kingdom first, and never be ashamed to speak a word for Him to everyone they meet, so their lives may glorify God. So often our words and actions make lasting impressions on those around us. For instance, I was in one of the grocery stores here when the book-keeper came out and showed me a bill made out to a Mrs. J. O. Bartell. She said, "I told the boss I knew this was not for you folks because you never drink, neither

do you run bills." This book-keeper has often asked us in for a cup of coffee when we are in town. Both she and her husband (as do most Europeans in Livingstone) have their "sundowners." Little did we know that our refusing to drink even beer with them would impress them. This makes us realize how very careful we must be before others, especially before our children, so that our lives may always glorify our Lord who has done and is doing so much for us. He knows our every need and has plans for supplying it in His way. For instance today Lady Moore, who owns the drug store here, saw me in the street and asked me to come up to her house. She said she had a package for me. It was hats ! Beautiful hats ! I had been trying to get a hat, within my price range, to keep off the sun when I go to town, but hadn't found any. I told her these would last me until I die, as I had worn the one I have for seven years, and it was given to me then. Mr. Kopelowitz, a wholesale merchant, gave Gladys a lovely wash basin for the bathroom. It is damaged but can be repaired.

Last night lions killed ten cows in one village and six in another just a few miles northeast of us. The lions passed near Sinde. This impresses us so vividly of another who "walketh about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." He is not seeking cattle, but precious souls, and often passes very near to all of us. We should heed Peter's warning to be sober and watchful.

Since our last letter, God has led eleven to obey Him in baptism and two to confess wrongs. God's word is powerful. If only it could be sown in all the fertile soil of Africa, God alone knows what the yield would be.

God has blessed us in getting the addition to Lester and Joye's house started. We hope to have it finished by the time they get here. We thank God for you dear ones who, through God's grace, have made this possible. Daily the many things you have sent help not only our large family but dozens of poor unfortunates "who are always with us." For these things and for your love we thank

our Father daily and strive to live worthily of the trust placed in us. We pray that someday we may all rejoice together,

In His service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

April 30, 1953

Greetings in His dear Name,

Again our hearts are made to rejoice because of your interest in this work, even though it is so far away. When pathetic scenes are in our midst momentarily, compassion and interest mount upward. But when the scene is constant and far removed to a distant land, only through a diligent study of the Master's words is one's heart "abundantly full" so that there flows out from it love, compassion, and fervent prayer for the subject of those distant scenes. You are the Christians who stabilize the church and all Christian work, who hold up the hands of those in hard places, and cheer the hearts of the depressed and downtrodden.

We rejoice to see the great awakening among the brotherhood. It will surely bring a greater harvest, for "God's word will not return unto Him void."

Time is slipping away so swiftly that we'll have to hurry to get the needful things done before Lester and Joye get here. It seems as if we have had to make so many extra trips to town because of so much illness among our babies. This means a day lost to the home work.

Yesterday we went to town and brought home a load of burnt brick. This season, the Lord willing, Orville will start building a new home for his family as their home of kimberly brick (sundried mud), which is about twenty-five years old, is so crumbly it would hardly be able to

bear the weight of a new roof. God always supplies everything when the need arises, if we but trust and obey His holy word.

Our children are also learning from the nursing course. Whenever a child is sick, we let one of the girls be the "nurse". they take the temperature and try to count pulse and respiration. They love to be nurse and so are always looking out for those who are sick. Yesterday Ruth came saying, "Bessie is sick 'cause she is breathing fast, can I make her some orange juice?" Sure enough, Bessie had a fever, so Ruth was her nurse all day, Children are happy when doing things for others.

Gladys has spent all her extra time the last few days mending the children's clothes. We try to teach the children to take care of their things, then when they need more, the Lord will send it. And He always does ! The children often exclaim, "Here comes boxes, now the children in the villages can have some." Thanks so much for helping to instill this principle in our children, for they daily see your example of sharing with others.

Orville was vaccinating the cows and got pricked by the needle which has caused him much pain and a trip to the hospital. He seems much better today.

We are happy to have word from the Bells that they are to set sail in July, D.V. They really seem consecrated to the Lord and willing to launch out by faith. Please remember these dear Christians. They have one son, John, a year old. They come from Saskatchewan, Canada.

Again we thank you for your love and ask your continued intercession at the Father's throne.

In His service,

Mrs. J.A. Brittell and Family

May 3, 1953

Greetings this beautiful Lord's Day,

Your welcome letter has come bringing happiness to all. God knows how many times your letters have come just when the way seemed too rough, and they have given us new courage to press on. Word from the homeland is always welcome, especially when you're way out in the bush.

Again God has blessed us with tiny, day-old Isaiah. He had a deep chest cold, but is much better now. He is slowly gaining. Several of the children are in the hospital now. It seems as if we always have some of the children there.

Luke, Zillah, Silas, Rhoda, Rogena, and Hannah May are taking a few steps, and even Leah Retha and Louise, who is nearly four, are beginning to walk a little if you hold their hands. And Thomas, whose muscles have always been so flabby is finally able to stand up and walk around the play-pen. Lois Louise is gradually gaining as she now takes eggs and baby food in her milk. Nearly all the whoopers are completely over their coughs.

A friend about fifty miles north gave us some rose cuttings which have so far survived the ants. This friend is very interested in crocheting so we sent her some patterns and included some tracts. We pray she and her family will come to the truth. Yesterday the Lord sent another opportunity to speak to lost souls about His most precious gift. The "Dryco" salesman and two friends came for a short visit. We asked him why he didn't sell Bibles since they were the most valuable books in the world, for they lead souls to heaven. They have already received some tracts, and still come to visit us. Each time we give them some teaching from God's Word. We pray that some day they will obey the Lord and win many souls for Him.

Roy L. Smith offers some good advice. He says, "Seven things you never forget : showing kindness to an aged person, destroying the letter written in anger, offering the apology that saves a friendship, stopping a scandal that was wrecking a reputation, helping a boy find himself, taking time to show your mother consideration, and accepting the judgment of God on any question."

Yours in His service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

May 31, 1953

Greetings through our Savior,

You will rejoice to know that the microscope is on its way over, the ten month old-five pound—ten ounce Micah came to us, little Isaiah has gained three ounces this month in spite of having had scarlet fever, only one of the thirty-eight scarlet fever patients died, Lester and Joye's house is coming along nicely, the orchard and backfield are plowed and the children's garden is growing, the children's pullets are laying plenty of eggs to use and some to sell, the chicken house is nearly finished for the laying hens—forty-eight nests and places for thirteen setting hens, and the Lord's church is growing in Africa as well as all over the world. Many, many are the blessings (if we just take the time to count them) which the Lord sends each day to brighten His children's hours. How wonderful it is to have a loving heavenly Father you can depend on not to forget a single child of His, no matter where they live, and a Father you know will supply the necessary things just at the right time !

On the 12th, Doctor Sutherland (the Provincial Medical Officer), Doctor Williams, and Doctor Court (a Specialist) came to visit the orphanage. They offered a few suggestions they felt would improve the children's health. One was that we should have an "isolation ward." An-

other that the smallest children who spend most of their time in bed should be in separate beds at least four feet apart. We have them in wooden bunk beds, which are more inviting for disease germs than metal beds would be. We have investigated all firms in Livingstone and all advertisements, but have found no metal children's beds, so I have drawn up a plan to have some made. I shall try to get a patent on it. It will be made of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch pipe for the top of the bed, the legs, and the braces, with fine mesh wire (like they sift gravel through) for the basket part, with the ends of the basket made of aluminum or sheet metal. These will be inexpensive and will serve for the crawler stage. We use the cloth, hospital type for the tiny babies, and our present bunk beds will serve adequately for our older children. We know the Lord will direct us to where we can get the beds made or will let us find some already made. He always has and always will supply whatever is needed.

Surely some of the finest things God has given His children are friends and songs. How often when your letters come, our hearts are so full of happiness that a song comes forth, and the children ask, "Why are you so happy?" And we tell them it makes us happy that God has given us so many dear friends who are interested in providing a way for you children and others to be trained for the Lord's service.

June 2, 1953

Once again we have experienced the fact that when the way seems most difficult, the blessings are more abundant. Saturday Gladys went to the hospital for a check-up for threatened reoccurrence of amebic dysentery, Sunday Orville and George went to town to take Luke with Strep complications from scarlet fever and stayed over till Tuesday, and Elaine took sick early Tuesday morning. This left me with all the household duties plus the caring of the babies. On top of this the bricklayer came and had to be told what and how. But through it all I realized the

great blessing we have in lifting these forty-eight "gems of great price" from the environment of superstition and spirit-worship. The experiences of these last few days has impressed even more vividly upon my heart this great blessing when I see the manifestation of "love for God in service to others" in these little ones, who were such a great help to me, in contrast to the indolence and selfishness which would have been theirs had they lived in their villages.

If you could have been with me, this is what you would have heard: Four-year-old Titus, "Mamma, may I sterilize the babies' nipples?" He gets the matches, lights the oil stove and does a job equal to any trained nurse. Little three-year-old Douglas, "Mamma, may I put the wet panties in the bucket?" He puts every one in its proper place. Seven-year-old Margaret, "Mamma, may I toast the bread for the babies?" And she toasts ten loaves to a golden brown. Little four-year-old Judah, Dan, and Mareco, "May we water the chickens?" Little five-year old Timothy and Charles and six-year-old Jeremiah, "Mamma, may we get some wood for you in our little wagon?" (We just found parts to repair their wagon that has been broken so long.) Seven-year-old Samuel and eight-year-old Stephen, "Mamma, is it time to go for the calves?" Sarah Sue, "Mamma, is it time to put the bottles on to heat?" She lights the oil stove, takes the bottles from the refrigerator (which have to be put in a different place because they all contain different proportions), and tells me whose each bottle is. Then five of the six-year-olds, "Mamma, is it time to feed the crawlers?" Each one takes two babies and feeds, changes them, washes their faces, and puts on a clean sacque, and washes off the rubber pad. The eight-year-olds rolled the equipment beside Elaine's bed and helped her get the bottles ready for tomorrow. Still others helped with the washing, and cleaned up the house to surprise Gladys when she comes home. And as they work you hear the songs: "We are Working for Jesus," and "God Will Take Care of You," and "God Holds the Key and I Rejoice" and out in the yard "Whisper a Prayer in the Morning."

These are the "gems of great price" we are guarding with care until the Master calls them. May He help us through your prayers to never forsake our post of duty and may we instill "unselfish service" for our Lord into the heart of each one of these precious ones.

In His name,

Augusta J. Brittell and Family

June 7, 1953

Ephesians 6 : 10

Your thoughtfulness for others has again brought much happiness to us. The days grow brighter as you dear ones remind us of the great love you have for the Savior as you time and again help to bring the love of Jesus to those in Africa, and as you give us courage to press on for the Master.

Gladys is home from the hospital. She didn't have to take the injections again, for which we are thankful. We are looking forward to the arrival of the microscope so we can identify the amebic germ. Just ten more lessons and we will be on the chapter of amebic dysentery. The nursing course surely is proving useful, and we often refer to it.

The menegos are ripe and how the children enjoy going to the tree near Lester's house. This fruit is one of their favorites. You are supposed to chew the pulp which tastes like honey.

Little Isaiah is such a sweet thing. Whenever he hears my voice, he turns his head and tries to see me. Please pray he will start gaining more like his big brother Micah who is now nearly seven pounds.

Can you hear the children singing their favorite song ?

"Whisper a prayer in the morning.
Whisper a prayer at noon,
Whisper a prayer in the evening
To keep your heart in tune."

Our little ones so often pray for you and thank God for the cows, clothes, beds, food, house and other things which He has given to us through you. They ask Him to bless you and to help them always work for Him.

Love and prayers,
Mrs. J.A. Brittell and Family

July 2, 1953

Greetings in His blessed Name,

Oh, that you could have witnessed the sights the children, Gladys and I did Sunday ! We were distributing clothing to the children in Kanema village when we heard a sound behind us like a large animal walking. As we turned our eyes met a scene we shall never forget. A dressless, leperous woman (or what was left of her) approached our car, crawling through the deep dust on her wrists, knee and ankle. Both hands and both feet were gone. As she drew near, she called out "Impeo mininge"—very cold. We were chilly with a warm sweater over our clothing, while she had nothing but a tea-towel around her waist—not even a blanket in her hut to cover her at night. Our children said, "Oh, Mamma, see that poor woman ! Can't we sell some of our eggs and buy her a blanket ?"

Next we went to Pisani village. Most of the people were at Simalanga village drinking beer. So only a few children received clothing. In this village there was one woman who had leprosy in her right eye which caused it to protrude nearly three inches. Little Frankie's father also lives there, and his features are almost entirely

destroyed by leprosy. Another young mother has elephantiasis in both breasts, which causes them to be very abnormal—hanging down far below her waist. Her husband could speak English so kindly acted as guide to the next village.

The following day Elaine, Gladys and the children took dresses to these women. The next Sunday the children took blankets to the three lepers and to a blind woman and a leprous man in Mujala village. Our children were so happy to be able to give blankets. It was the first time they really had something of their very own to give to the Lord. Soon they will have plenty of fruit, the Lord willing, which they have planted to give to those in need. If only we can inspire their hearts to realize that "It is more blessed to give than to receive," they will be of use to the Lord. So few have grasped that lesson of our Lord.

Last Thursday Orville and his family were going to Kabanga Mission to the Educational meeting. They were also taking Samuel to see his village and his folks. The girls packed my suitcase and said I was going along. They said it would be a good vacation for me. We also felt it was wise to keep close tab on Samuel as sometimes the kinfolks will take away their children and you can't find them anywhere.

We reached Brother Short's home around four P.M. Sister Shewmaker and Sister Rowe were there. They showed me all the new buildings they had erected since I was there in 1947. It is evident they have really been working. Friday we all went to Kabanga. We found them just as busy. After a good meeting Friday and Saturday, we left for Manjwato village, where Samuel's people live. We got there about seven-thirty in the evening. It is a very prosperous village—thirty houses, all relatives. Samuel's grandfather has five wives, and his uncles, have two. There is no school and no church, and there has been only two Christians in the village. Samuel's mother was one. This village is typical of hundreds of villages in Africa—without

God and without hope beyond this life. We hope that someday our children's hearts may be inspired to go back to their own people and lead them to Christ. We also pray God may inspire hearts back home to give their lives to bring Christ to the perishing souls everywhere. Please pray the Lord of the harvest.

July 23, 1953

This has indeed been a month filled with great joy as the Lord continues to pour out His numerous blessings. Even though we don't know why, He saw best to take dear little Isaiah to heaven on the 2nd. Most of the children are home from the hospital, and tomorrow the rest will be able to come home. On the 20th, God sent us two-day old Levi from around seventy miles north of here. His uncle and aunt brought his clothes—two old dresses torn in pieces, tied in a bundle, and gave them to us with a bottle, an undershirt, and the cloth he was wrapped in. How happy everyone is to have a new little brother—they are eager to teach him about Jesus.

On the 4th we had a short visit from some Americans—Mr. Samuel Locke, a playwright, and Mr. Adrian Williams, a motion picture producer from New York, and Mr. Jergens, freelance photographer from Richmond, South Africa. They are going to the Ngwembe valley to make a film. As they left, our children brought them a box of lemons, oranges, and naartjes which they had picked. We also gave them a tract and pray they will learn the truth. This was the first Church of Christ Mission they had ever seen. They just couldn't understand how the home was carried on with only God's promise to supply every need. We told them God never fails to keep His promises. And this causes us to be happy and to enjoy our work.

Sister Shewmaker gave the children 56 Rhode Island Redsegs to set. Their chickens are doing real well, and they have sold enough eggs to buy six more woolen blankets

for the lepers and the blind. The Lord willing, the children will soon go to the villages again to give the little children some clothes. Just now eleven of our children are in bed with something like the flu. So far the crawlers and the tiny babies have escaped.

In just two days, the Lord willing, Edna, Allan, and Little John Bell will be sailing for Africa ; and in less than a month Lester, Rita, and little Samuel will be sailing. The African Christians are so happy more are coming, for this means more of their people will have a chance to hear the Gospel.

We truly appreciate your goodness in writing to us even when sometimes it is weeks or even months before you get an answer. Even though we don't write as often as we should, you are always in our prayers for God to bless and keep you safe.

In the Master's service,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

August 22, 1953

Greetings in Jesus from us to you !

We are sending you another picture of our little ones. It is just a year ago we sent the last picture. There are still just 47. God took three away this year, and sent three more to replant them. All the little ones are growing fast, both in bodies and in souls. Often we feel our insufficiency in guarding our garden from the obnoxious seeds of the destroyer and in supplying a balanced spiritual diet to keep them fit. The care of food and clothing for our big family requires much time and thought. Without our understanding Father to go to for help and strength, it would be impossible, but "we can do all things through Him who strengtheneth us."

Last Wednesday some friends took Gladys to Bulawayo for a few days. She will attend the meeting of the young people of the church. Friday Brother Shewmaker really brought us a surprise—Allan, Edna, and little John Bell. We had not expected them for several days. They only stopped for a few minutes. They seem like every consecrated Christians.

Thursday Elaine took to her bed with the flu, but she couldn't stay down many days with Gladys gone. One doesn't have time to be sick with forty-seven children. And today here came little 5½ pound, day-old Wilson. Sister Shewmaker sent him down. His mother was a leper. This is the second child we have had whose parents are lepers. Little Frankie died at about three months. Little Wilson doesn't seem too well, either, but we just can't turn them away, for who knows but this one is sent to try our faith in His protecting power. We know His grace is sufficient for us, and should we turn "one of these little ones away", we would be turning Jesus away.

August 27 was our sabbatical year of labors in dark Africa—dark, but real Christians still glow with the love of Christ as they do in any age or land. During these years we have made many mistakes in our efforts to bring souls to Him, which we deeply regret. But we have had many, many blessings too, and for those we raise our voices in thanksgiving.

On September 1, after the washing was finished, BaDavid helped Elaine while I went to pick up Gladys. She had a wonderful trip, and it's wonderful to have her home again! How a mother misses her children. I often wonder if the longing in our Father's heart for His children who leave His sheltering roof is very similar to that of a mother for her children. How His heart must ache when His children never return, for "He would that none should perish." If we could fully realize the tender care our Father has for each of us, we would be more careful not to grieve Him, for His heart is so big and forgiving that even when

we have been a "prodigal" child He is always longing for our return.

In His name,
Augusta Brittell and Family

September 11, 1953

Greetings in His blessed Name,

The wonderful microscope and accessories arrived last Tuesday. Thanks so much to all of you who had a part in providing it. You should have heard the exclamations of delight from the children ! They had been praying for it to come for many days, and were so happy God heard their prayers. On Wednesday many of the workers saw a fly leg, a piece of onion skin, a drop of water, and a drop of blood. As we showed them to the children, Sue asked if we had looked for germs on the pieces of skin Aaron shed after he had scarlet fever. We haven't learned how to stain the slides, but hope to as soon as Ba Richard can come out. Truly God has given us a wonderful blessing by letting Ba Richard be in town and so willing to help us. Whenever there is a spare minute we try to learn more about the use of it and how to check for various diseases. Little Bernice just came home from the hospital again. She is a little over a year and weighs less than ten pounds. We hope to learn how to check if she has T.B., and how to keep a check on Wilson, as his mother has both hands gone from leprosy. You can't imagine how much help this microscope will be. It makes us so rested whenever we get a few spare minutes to go to the microscope room. We hope as the children grow older, many of them will learn how to use it to help others. Daddy just finished a large table for the room, Gladys made a rack for the test tubes, and I am making a little cupboard for the acids and equipment.

Lester and Joye's house is all finished. Daddy even

painted two little beds for Rita and Sammy. A cablegram just came "Sail September 18 from New York. Arrive October 16 at Farrel Lines pier. Also truck." So, the Lord willing, it won't be long until I'll be on my way to meet them. This will be the first time in seven years that I have been south of the border. I am looking forward to seeing the Christians we met coming up country.

October 9—Since beginning this letter I have been to Cape Town to meet the children! How good God has been to send them to us. Pray that we may be diligent in gathering in the sheaves, for "the harvest indeed is plentiful, but the laborers are so few." May we truly appreciate His gift of "Good Tidings" and not withhold it from those for whom He died. Our babies were all very happy and excited to see them—as well as the rest of us. The new washing machine has also come, and is already in use. Thank you!

October 23, 1953

Sunday just called "There's a snake" so everyone came and soon the four-foot snake was lying with a broken back by the boy's verandah. Our children are always alert and watching for their enemy, the snake. If we were always on guard and as ready to call upon our Father when the devil seeks to devour us, He would come just as quickly to our rescue. (1 Peter 5 : 8)

What a happy time for all of us to have Lester and Joye with us again after so many years! How we talk and talk. And then on Sunday afternoon, we heard some of you dear friends' voices on the tape recorder. It seemed just as if you were here in the room. It seemed like a little taste of heaven.

You should see Joye and Lester's house since they moved in. It looks so cozy with all the new curtains and things. Little Rita and Sammy love to come to "Grandpa and Granny 'Tell's'", and so do their folks. And Orville

is so happy to have Lester to help him. They have been working on the tractor engine, fixed the bridge, then they hauled cement blocks from the river, and now are working on the barn. Orville and the boys just finished the new church roof at Musokotwane before the hard rains, so now the mud-brick walls won't wash down.

Yesterday when Augusta had Loretta at the hospital for a malaria check-up, I saw Ba Richard. He gave me a list of stains to have here when he comes out on the 31st. to check all the children for malaria, syphilis, etc.

October 31, 1953

Thanks so much for your letter which came to brighten our day. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." (Proverbs 25 : 25) Letters really make the days seem shorter, and take our minds to happy days gone by. However, we are looking forward to the time when we will all be together with Jesus and never have to part anymore.

Last night a man came saying his wife had lost her baby and was having trouble and would Muluti take her to the hospital? Orville told him if they brought the woman, he would take her to the hospital, so the man walked back seven miles to fix a mat on two poles to form a stretcher, and carried his wife. He arrived here about dark and was very tired. Orville, Augusta and the children took her to the hospital.

Just as the Merritts drove up, last Wednesday to spend the night, two women, a father, and his three-day-old son arrived from a far village. The mother had died on Sunday, just as the women were cutting the navel cord. They didn't know why she died. Josiah weighs seven pounds. He has many little blisters on his body. We will take a specimen and check for syphilis when Ba Richard comes tomorrow.

Little Wilson went to Jesus last Monday. He was such a pretty boy and so good. But we know Jesus knows best, and we know Wilson is safe and will never be sick any more.

In His service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

November 1, 1953

Dear Ones in Christ,

Thanks so much for your letter which came since we posted our last letters. We are inspired by your love and interest in this part of our Father's work.

On September 25 we had our first shower since last April, and we have had two since. It cooled the air a lot, but it is still 100° on the back verandah today and a lot hotter in the sun. On these hot days we never cease to be thankful for the wonderful refrigerator you people sent us. Even so, the milk sometimes sours in the 'frig. Now the rain has brought the grass up which gives us more milk to put into it. So many blessings come our way !

Joye and Lester have already lifted many burdens from our shoulders. We hope Orville and his family can get away for a while soon for a change. They have not been too well of late.

What happy reunions ! Last night Brother and Sister Murphy and Ba Richard spent the night with us. Friday night Brother Short, Sister Reese, Sister Rowe, and Edna and Allan Bell with their son, John, from Kaloma ; and Thursday night Brother Merritt's family from Kabanga ! How we enjoyed singing together. What strength and happiness the reunion of Christians brings to one's heart. With joy and hope we look forward to that great reunion of all the Redeemed.

In Christian love,
Mrs. J.A. Brittell and Family

11

"Bringing in the Sheaves"

January 13, 1954

Greetings through Jesus from Sinda,

What a glorious new year the Lord has sent. "Oh, the blessings of God in Christ Jesus!" Your love is one of those blessings "Far greater than gold, or wealth untold." Until you are removed far from home, friends, loved ones, and the many things you hold dear, you can't fully realize what the blessing of your Love and God's Love means to us. We pray daily that we may live worthily of it all—yet so often we fall short. We fail to be as diligent in our Master's great harvest field, as we should, we fail to write you as often as we should, we fail to have the patience to bear the heartache of the little ones when perhaps twenty-five are encircling our chair—one with a sore toe, one with a sticker, one with his wagon stuck, one who has broken his bottle and cut his hand. We regret these shortcomings and ask your prayers that God may give us strength to be more grateful, more diligent, and more patient in the future.

We enjoy all the visits of the other missionaries. Brother and Sister Shewmaker and Allan Bell were by for a short visit recently. Sister Shewmaker was scheduled to have an operation for gall stones last week. Please pray she may soon be restored to her family. Little John Bell

has whooping cough, but hopes to be well enough to come down for a short visit before his school opens. His parents are keeping the boy boarders this term. In a few months they will have a new addition in their family—another little missionary for Africa !

Lester and Joye are so excited—their things arrived the 5th. Now we're all waiting for the big truck to come. Orville, Augusta, and the girls are still up north where Orville went to see an American doctor, who is giving him injections and pills. Now he is feeling better. We do thank God for sending so many things for the work here through you dear friends. May all things be used to bring glory to His name.

Our children's chickens are doing nicely. Recently they sold enough to buy thirteen more blankets and other things for the lepers and the blind. They do enjoy helping us care for the chickens. We now have about 75 grown chickens, 100 young ones, and 150 baby chicks. Something got into the chicken house not long ago and took around twenty grown chickens including three Rhode Island Red roosters. Around eleven last night Lester and I went out to see what Tiny was barking about. He was near the chicken house. But we didn't see anything. Tiny usually lets us know when anything is around.

God still has not answered our prayer for the new beds. But He did lead us to a man who sells rubberized, washable felt, three inches thick, which will work fine for mattresses. Another man is inquiring if rubber sheeting is available. If it is, we plan to put one thickness of felt (similar to rug matting) around the rubberized felt and then cover it with rubber sheeting, the Lord willing. Then each evening our children will spread a long canvass on the floor and lay their mattresses on it. They will then be getting used to sleeping on the floor like the children in the villages do. They are all very thrilled about the new mattresses and thank God for you dear people who

have made them possible. We have also ordered new mattresses for the smaller ones who will still be in beds,

In His blessed Name.

Mrs. J.A. Brittell and Family

February 8, 1954

We are really enjoying Joye, Lester, and family. He is relieving Orville of so much. He takes over the workboys three-and-a-half days a week, which gives Orville time for correspondence and other things which he needs to catch up on. Orville still has them two days a week, since he teaches this class of boys and uses them on their different projects—gardening, teaching, brickmaking etc. He also teaches a Bible class each school day.

Yesterday the folks opened the barrels they brought over—and what an excitement! The atmosphere was literally filled with love, love, love as we saw the many things loving hands had prepared for the needy over here. Why should not it be full when twentyone barrels of love were turned lose all at once! How very true are Christ's words: "Hereby the world may know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." People over here gasp with astonishment when they see the evidence of your love. It is having its effect, too. We believe God has opened a way which we hope will prove to be a nucleus to a work among the Europeans in Livingstone. A family who visited the orphanage invited us to come to their home and study the Bible. About seven or eight meet each Wednesday evening. We feel God has made this opening because of your love, manifested in works whose light shines forth.

Although our hands are full, we hope to try to go to study with them. Livingstone is 17 miles from the mission and not all paved roads—and 4:30 the next morning comes so soon! Yet, we feel God will give us strength if it is His will that we engage in this study. Please pray for

this work that Satan may not hinder it.

We thank God and you for all you are doing for us here. May He bless you richly in all your undertakings.

In Christian love,
Augusta Brittell and Family

February 10, 1954

Greetings through Jesus !

What wonderful visits we've had with many friends—sixty-four since October, many old and some new. But how sadly we have neglected you dear ones who do so much for us. Gladys and six of the children have been down with malaria. This has taken up all our extra time. Please forgive us. We will try to do better from now on.

Last Saturday was a very unusual day—the first time in over seven years that Daddy, Gladys, Orville, Augusta, George, Eddy, Lola, and I went off the mission together. We went in the big truck. We went to see colored pictures of the Sudan United Mission's Leper Colony. They were very interesting. There were around six hundred being treated. Our little Micah's great-aunt is the leper woman at Kanema who has no hands or feet. Our wood-chopper is a leper and his wife is just starting with leper lesions. She won't go for treatment.

Mr. Norton, who recently learned about our orphanage is fixing up a little engine to use with the "Dark-Field Condenser" on the microscope. Also he knows of a place where wire baskets are made, so we have ordered one to try out. Mr. Whiting is a pipe-bender, and he wants to bend all the pipe for thirty of our children's beds. And Mr. Tow (a Jew) wants to bore all the holes for a rod to go through one end of the bed. We do thank

God for opening a way to get the beds made.

We have had just enough rain for good gardens this year. The corn is now ready to eat, and we have canned many pints of green beans.

I must go to town tonight to study the Bible with the European friends I told you about. We pray God will help us all to become stronger in His word.

In His dear Name,
Augusta B.

March 31, 1954

Greetings in His dear Name,

Well, Orville and Lester and their families are off to Kaloma for the quarterly meeting. This will be Joye's and Lester's first time at the meetings. We well remember the thrill we experienced the first time we met with all the missionaries there nearly eight years ago.

Today is Saturday. Two of the couples who attend the Bible class in town, came with another couple and we studied the Bible for several hours. One of the couple asked if they might come out on Sunday to be baptized. She is the Sunday School superintendent of the Presbyterian church. He is a contractor and builder. They really seem like sincere people.

April 7, 1954

Another week has passed. Another lady who attends our Bible classes asked me to come to her home to teach a women's class each week. The other lady I wrote about did come out last Sunday to be baptized. Twenty-six others came out for the services and spent the day. It was a glorious day for all.

Monday, Orville had a long talk in town with one of the couples who came to the study group on the first Saturday, and showed him the terms of salvation more plainly. This man also preaches. He was on his way to a revival meeting. Mrs. Squire (the first one to be baptized) attended and said he really preached. His theme was "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." As a result, thirteen were baptized.

Truly it seems that Livingstone's "iron is red." Please pray God to give us wisdom and strength to teach these the way more perfectly, As these have no "called out ones" to worship with, at least three plan to worship with us Sunday. Never have I seen people who seem so eager to learn the truth. What the results of these wonderful occasions will be, we leave to our kind Father. He knows the heart of every one in Livingstone. He can over-rule all our mistakes and smooth them out into a finished pattern for His glory, just as He has used the unselfish hearts of you to help make possible this home for our babies. It is He who sends the shadows to make us appreciate the brightness of His face as you and I behold it through the dark shadows which pass between.

April 24, 1954

You will rejoice to know that Stephen and Samuel have decided to become children of God and to spend their lives in His service. Stephen is nine. He came with Miss Wilkerson some years ago, you remember. Samuel is our first baby. He is eight. The Squires and Stephen were baptized down by the river. Then Samuel was baptized later that day. He was too ill with malaria to go to the river in the morning. How happy they are to be in God's family with you dear folks who have so much love for others. Your lives are shining examples to our children. They often pray for you and try to live for Jesus and others so they can meet you in heaven.

Thanks for the blessing of the microscope, we now

have been able to check our children as soon as they become ill. Zillah, Jeremiah, Samuel, Timothy and Sunday have had Malaria.

They are all much better now. Abraham had a bad chest cold. He is also better. Josiah and Micah have gained over a pound since using Nutrine. Micah just had his first birthday and Josiah will be six months old tomorrow—he's our youngest.

God is giving me strength to go to the two Bible classes in town each week. I usually stay all night, as sometimes after class we talk until twelve or one. Then on Thursday I bring out the supplies. Our children's always try to do all they can while I am away. Last week Samuel planned to start the fire in the cook-house at 4 : 30 in the morning. At 2 : 30 Elaine heard a little voice calling, "Is it time to start Mother's fire?" She told him "no", so he quietly went back to bed. Many times during the day the little boys watered the chickens, because they wanted to be sure to be ready when "Mother" came home. We told them that just so we should all be working and watching for Jesus for we never know when He will come. If we watch and work for Him each day, then we will be ready when He comes.

Samuel just came in and said to please tell you there are four new calves. The new barn is so nice to milk in. It is easy to pick off ticks when the cows are locked in the stanchions. Sometimes there are more than two handfull on one cow. These ticks come from the grass.

Gladys is making an aluminum cover for the back of the pick-up so the rain won't come in. She also fixed a little fence around the baby chicks, so the hawks and eagles can't catch them. A big eagle just picked up one of the big chickens.

We certainly appreciate your fellowship and prayers and gifts. And the letters which are such an inspiration.

We pray God to bless you in everything you do for Him and may you have much happiness in your labors.

In His precious name,
Augusta Brittell and Family

May 6, 1954

Greetings through Jesus who died for sinners like me and gave us friends like you,

Today as we opened our thirty-two letters from you dear friends the leaves of memory began to rustle, memories of fellowship, of friendship, of influences and blessings, memories of the separation from you and our loved ones as we stood on the deck of the Madoera and sailed under the Golden Gate bridge, and through the mist of tears, strained our eyes to catch the last glimpse of those fast disappearing specs on the dock—eight years ago by the time this letter reaches you. How wonderfully God has blessed our lives during these years, both with shadow and sunshine. We have had many opportunities to serve our Lord—one especially dear to our heart—the taking of our forty-six little ones from their adverse environment and placing them on a higher plane where they may catch a glimpse of God and His great love. God has let us witness as three of these have been born into His kingdom. And best of all, their little lives are being used for the Lord. Yesterday Brother and Sister Squire brought some folks out who are Christians, and one of them went out to smoke. Samuel was there and said, "Don't you know it is not good for you to smoke? Your body is a temple of God and you shouldn't destroy it." He also said, "Why do you wear that ring?" Then he gave him a tract. The man put his cigarettes back in his pocket and told Samuel he wouldn't smoke. He came into the house and said, "If everyone was as good a witness as Samuel, everyone would soon know about Christ," This man

slipped a ten pound note into my hand when he said good-bye, and said to use it for the children.

Later—Sister Bell had an eight-pound boy on May 7 after two months waiting in the hospital. Both are doing well. Augusta went up to their home today to stay with the boys, so Allan can come to see his new son. Then she and the children, with Lester and Joye and their children plan to spend the rest of the week at the Falls.

Today the mother of BaSitondo (who helps at the orphanage) and another elderly lady (who is a leper) were baptized. We so rejoice to see the African adults come to Christ. Our little handless and footless leprous Christian lady still crawls to church every Sunday. Our children take her home in a cart we found in town to bring sick folks through the forest where cars won't go. It is made of aluminum pipe, mounted on two motorcycle wheels. This helps our children learn the lesson of service our Master taught.

May 9, 1954

Orville and Lester are busy working on Orville's new home. It will be built out of cement blocks. It should not require repairing for many years. And the ants will have a hard time chewing through cement. It will stand just east of our house by the large tree. There is a nice garden spot, and water will be piped from the spring. We do thank God for the blessings He provides each day.

Brother and Sister Murphy will be back in Africa in July. And the Shorts are in America now. The Shorts were among the very first missionaries to open up Sinda years ago. It is interesting to hear them tell about going into town in an ox cart. They even made their ox-cart trips as far as Kabanga—fifty miles. They and other missionaries surely did a lot to make Sinda so home-like. The citrus trees are still bearing. How refreshing the oranges are on a hot day.

Our children are getting excited for school to open again. Margaret, Ruth, Sue, and Samuel will be going in July. Joye goes in the mornings, and Margie and Stephen and the four beginners in the afternoons. Our little ones surely will miss them. Our older girls take turns each week being "mamma" to three of their younger brothers and sisters. Each week they have different children to care for. They change their clothes, get them ready for bed, and into bed. How they love to help each other.

July 26, 1954

It has been said that "No news is good news," Well, that is certainly true this time. For it has been too long since we talked with you, but we have been exceptionally busy. We want you to share this good news. First, God has now given us fifty-one little souls—each of these makes added responsibility. Four more of our older children have started school. That means that we have to see that seven children are ready for school each morning. (Joy's first class is at 6:45 A.M.) The other children go at 1 P.M. and finish at 4:45. This also means that the older children's work must be taken up by the four-to-seven year olds or by us. Materials have had to be hauled seventeen miles, almost every day, for the new buildings. Orville's house will be 30' x 100'. It will include a living room, dinning room, four bedrooms (one for guests), kitchen, pantry, sewing room, bath, office, room for doctoring, small study room for George and Eddy, large study room for the compound boys, sleeping quarters for African strangers, and an office for typing, sorting envelopes, folding letters, etc. It really will be nice. You will rejoice with us that George and Eddy were baptized Sunday. God is happy when little ones give their lives to Him.

More good news! Faith in Africa? Yes, there are those who have such faith that they put many of us to shame. Too many of us are like the eagle who was attracted by a dead lamb on a floating cake of ice far above the Falls of the great Niagara River. The eagle was aware

of the danger ahead and purposed to rise above it when his appetite was satisfied. But, he was so intent upon satisfying his desire, he failed to notice the freezing mist that was steadily fastening him to his cherished treasure. When nearing the falls, the eagle in frantic fright strove to loosen himself from his earthly ties, but alas, he was bound ; and with a piercing shriek of agonizing terror, he plunged into the merciless abyss. What if the coming of our Lord shall find us, because of our lack of faith in His promises, so bound to earthly things that we will, like the eagle, be unable to break the shackles and rise to meet the bridegroom. Oh, what a weeping and wailing !

This is how it all came about—several months ago two Sunday School teachers in Livingstone heard about our orphanage and visited us, bringing toys and sweets and things to our children. They invited us to attend a Bible class in one of their homes in town, as we have told you before. After two of the class had come to our home and were baptized, I met Mrs. Chrissop. She works as a Chemist. We passed a few words and I gave her a tract. She was truly convicted and was seeking to do God's will. They came out Easter Sunday with a truck full of folks, and she was baptized. They have come to Sinde almost every Sunday since to study God's Word. You may say, "Well, that's nothing uncommon. Thousands of people have been baptized." But have thousands followed their Christian example ? They have said with Paul, "I have been crucified with Christ ; and it is no more I that live, but Christ liveth in me; and that life that I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." Mr. Chrissop laid his cigarette on the ash tray and said, "There, Devil, you can have them." He did the same with the glass. He showed me his hand—I thought he had arthritis because of the bent and twisted joints—but he said, "No, I broke my fingers hitting boys—that was before I was a Christian. These hands musn't do that now." Mrs. Chrissop came to me recently and said, "Mamma, (that's what they all call me), I need some help, One Sunday, all the while I

was teaching the children's class, one little girl looked at my pearls. After class she said, 'Oh, how pretty your pearls are.' Now I feel I am causing these little ones to stumble. Mamma, I want to sell my jewelry and evening dresses, and buy Bibles to adorn the souls of these poor Africans. Do you think you could sell them for me?"

When she brought them out, I was amazed. There were diamond rings, rubies, pearls, broaches, earrings, bracelets, and seven evening dresses, (one cost fifteen pounds). She said, "Now these are the Lord's. I have no more use for them." Then she quoted in substance Galatians 2:20. A few Sundays ago they told us they had prayed fervently to God and that they now felt that their jobs were not where God wanted them to be. They were willing to give up their jobs (about 100 pounds per month) and come help us with the work at Sinde. They would be willing to live in a trailer house in order to be able to teach others Christ's love—trusting Him for their all. So, God willing, they will be out to help us soon. We have for them a little three-room cottage, almost roof level. Our hearts are overflowing with thanksgiving for so many blessings, and especially for so great a faith as these newly converted ones have. Already they have won one soul to Christ. Please pray with us that their faith may not waver and that God will supply their every need. Let us not be like the eagle, but let us look up and rise on the wings of faith to the call of our Lord.

July 29, 1954

Thanks to our loving Father who spared all our children who had the smallpox. Seems there has been little time for anything but caring for them. A few are home from the hospital, but several are still there. One of our new little babies, little Nelle, has been in the hospital ever since she came to us. Our other new ones—Priscilla, Milcah, Magdalena, and Drusilla (all tiny babies) also keep us "hopping." Wish you could see all our children,

thirteen of the middle-sized ones are in the basket beds. We are waiting for some more underfelt so we can finish the other mattresses. Thanks to all you dear ones who have made these beds possible.

Joye, Lester and the children are staying at Orville's place in town until after the new one arrives. Sunday the Lord sent a man here to see Lester about a car. I went into town early Monday morning to tell them about it. There were just a few things wrong with it, which Lester could fix, so they bought it. Tuesday Lester learned at noon that cement would be in town that afternoon, so he rode his bicycle clear out here to tell us. He was so tired he could hardly stand up. Gladys was taking the big truck with some boys to work on the telephone poles, so she went in to get the cement—forty bags of it. Now there will be enough to finish Rena and Jack's house, for which we thank God. As Rena says, "There is so much to be done for the Lord and time is so short. Please pray we may all be busy leading souls to Christ by our words and lives."

Thank you so much for the tractor. The Lord is always faithful to supply every need. We do appreciate all your gifts for us and our children. May the peace of God be with you in all you do for Him.

In His wonderful name,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

September 15, 1954

Can it be true, or are we just dreaming? Yes, it's true!! The wonderful tractor is here and works like a top! I sat at the wheel this morning and drove that brand new Fordson Master Diesel Tractor (first brand new vehicle I ever drove). How the scene has changed from a 1919 "Titan" tractor, with bolts sawed off for the roller

bearings in the front wheel, to a new 1954 Diesel ! How can we ever thank God and you for this great blessing to our babies !

Gladys, Augusta, Lola, and Loretta just had a peek at the tractor before they went to Bulawayo for a week. Gladys helped at the Young People's Encampment and enjoyed every minute. Thirty-one attended. They had Bible classes and singing besides recreation each day. One night they heard a leopard attack a baby baboon and carry it off into the forest.

We have already put our new tractor to work. We have leveled a play ground for the school and a yard at Chrissop's new cottage. They plan to be at Sinde October 1, D.V.

When Orville drove up with the new tractor on the truck, our children ran out and clapped their hands, shouting, "Thank God for the new tractor !"

God also let us have 100 bags of cement for the blocks for the other new house and to finish Orville's house.

Still more good news—another lady from our Wednesday afternoon Bible class in Livingstone was baptized here Sunday. We hope her husband will follow soon. We need your prayers.

The picture of the tractor isn't printed yet. Will be in Lester's letter. We'll try to send a picture of our 51 little ones which the tractor helps to feed in our next letter.

In Christian love and appreciation,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

September 18, 1954

Today we converted the tiny babies' room into an isolation ward. Eight of our younger children have measles. Joel is in the hospital with measles and malaria. Most of our older children have had measles, for which we are thankful. I haven't been too well since I had the flu with two set-backs. And now I have a pain in my side. Please pray that we may all be completely well soon. Little Milcah is now seven pounds. She will soon be four months old. Daddy is feeling fine. He is busy painting the windows in Rena and Jack's house. Orville and Jack have just one more floor to lay, three ceilings to put in, the window panes to add, and some painting to do, and the house will be ready for them to move in by the first of October. The Chrissops are getting very eager to move in.

God has put some clouds in the sky to remind us He will be sending rain at the right time. Next week, before the rains, if possible, Orville hopes to get the rest of the walls of his new house up and the roof on, the Lord willing.

May each of us ever be busy winning souls to Christ is our prayer.

In His wonderful service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

September 20, 1954

Your gift came just as we needed new zeal. God will bless you for sharing with others. Many have been blessed by your love and interest. You can't realize what it means, looking from that side.

We are all still busy getting the Chrissops' house finished and Orville's house repaired. Next will be the new

house for the Bells, the Lord willing, and in the meantime, get the crops in as soon as the rains come.

The Lord has sent us little Dorica, another little, eternal soul to train for Him. Whenever we have needed added strength or means for a need, He has added the strength for each task and the means for each need. How wonderful to have a Father whom you can trust to care for your every need and to supply food and clothing. What more could one wish for ?

The villagers were very happy when Lester and Jack killed a huge lion which had been destroying their cattle. He was strong but their weapons were stronger. But there is still a terror going about through the villages "seeking whom he may devour." We also have the sword to destroy him—the "Sword of the Spirit." Who will come over and use this weapon 'ere he makes his kill ? There are thousands who can neither read nor hear this message of love because someone has failed their Lord in carrying out His dying wish. Is that somebody I ? Pray God to send forth more workers into the harvest field—the whole world.

Thank God for friends like you. May He bless you richly.

In His great service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

October 12, 1954

Greetings through the love of our Lord,

Another year has passed since we sent the last picture of our children to you. We are enclosing the new pictures with the names of all the children. This time God has taken three and sent us five new ones to replace them.

Our little garden is steadily enlarging, and our little plants are beginning to blossom. Some are already bearing fruit which shows the power of God's Word—even in the heart of a child. We know you will rejoice with us that four more of our children have put on Christ. With these seven babes in Christ comes added responsibilities to lead and guide their tender feet in the straight way. Working together with God, we are not only trying to provide for these tender plants a home atmosphere and a balanced spiritual diet which will produce a higher type of plant morally and socially, but also to fill each of their tender hearts with a desire to serve their fellowman through unselfish love, "that they may be ready unto every good work." Although many times when burdens are heaviest and Satan tries to discourage us as he did Job, we feel we have failed in our great task. Still we press on fully confident that by your love and prayers and God's great grace, we "shall be able to do all things through Him that strengtheneth us." And we know that someday we, with you, will rejoice together as we lay down our trophies at our Savior's feet. Oh, what a glorious day that will be ! God has blessed us so graciously by giving us true friends like you who made possible this garden for our tender plants. And we have confidence that you will continue to bear us up at the throne of Grace.

God has opened the way for more Bible study here on Thursday evenings. All who can, come out from town to study the Book of Acts. One of Billy Graham's workers came too. May God's word fall into receptive hearts and bring much glory to Him. And may we always set a good example.

Oh, that my tongue might so possess
The accent of His tenderness,
That every word I breathed should bless !

For those who mourn, a word of cheer ;
A word of hope, for those who fear ;
And love to all men, far and near.

Oh, that it might be said of me,
"Surely thy speech betrayeth thee
As a friend of Christ of Galilee."

Thomas R. Robinson

October 14, 1954

How the Lord has blessed us ! For six years we prayed that our Father would send someone here to share the work with us. Now He has answered our prayers in sending us Rena and Jack. They have given up all former ties, and their well-paid jobs to come here to work for the Lord only. They inspire all they meet to be more like the Master by their words and lives.

This year, the Lord willing, with the new tractor you provided, the crops will be planted just after the first rains. Already the tractor has done many jobs of hauling, which leaves the truck free for other jobs.

Our children are all over the measles and can be out again. They all enjoy helping each other learn songs and Scripture verses. This Sunday Augusta and Rena are going with the older school girls to Mujala village to distribute food to the poor sick elderly people, some of whom are lepers. They will walk both ways, so the younger children will have to wait until I go sometime with the car. The younger ones will help with the babies while the older ones are gone. Wish you could see all of them. They grow dearer to our hearts each day. Pray with us that we may train them always to be faithful in all they do and always to be busy telling others of the Savior.

Just a year has passed since Joye and Lester and family arrived here. How we do enjoy having them nearby to share our joys as new opportunities arise to serve the Lord. Let us all remember that

"To talk with God no breath is lost ;
Talk on !
To walk with God no strength is lost ;
Walk on !
To toil with God no time is lost ;
Toil on !
Little is much if God is in it ;
Man's busiest day not worth
God's minute.
Much is little everywhere
If God the business doth not share.
So work with God, then nothing's lost ;
Who works with Him doth best and most.

In our Master's service,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

December 30, 1954

Greetings in His dear Name,

Two months have slipped by since we sent you the picture of our little ones. Since then many blessings have come to Sinda. Two elderly men and several young people have been baptized. We have enjoyed having our children in our home while they were waiting to get moved into their new house. We also enjoyed visits from many of the missionaries. These visits always strengthen us so much.

Now a word about that wonderful barn God has given us through you. Wish you could compare the two scenes—carrying all the feed, etc. 400 yards in a wheelbarrow, the cows and milkers wading knee-deep in the mire, trying to keep the milk clean while the rain is pouring down on the cows and washing the filth from the cows, the cows throwing their heads and wasting their feed—with bringing feed from an adjoining feed room and placing it into a 36' cement manger with ten lovely stanchions, milking in the

dry, and then turning the hose on and with a few strokes of the stable broom, the cement floor and drain are clean and fresh. Thank God and you dear friends for this better sanitation of the milk supply for our babies. This will insure less sickness.

Little Levi passed away in the hospital last week to be with the angels. His mother was a leper, and he never seemed to gain.

The Assembly of God people started worshipping in town two weeks ago. They are distributing tracts by the thousand. They have meetings twice a week. We have talked with the preacher several times. He also teaches that immersion is essential for salvation—in fact he has distributed many tracts we have given him. He asked for a thousand on “Baptism.” Wonder if God does not feel that the church has lost an opportunity to enter an open door? Let us pray He may not entirely close it to His followers.

Another thing of deep concern to us is the need of a Christian doctor here or near here. All the nurses in the African hospital are nuns. They are not too happy that the church provided an orphanage to care for the motherless Africans before they did. They are now planning to open one about three hundred miles north of Sinde. Not long ago an African mother died in the hospital—died soon after her baby was born. The father signed papers for us to bring him to our orphanage. We asked about the baby’s coming twice, and they said he wasn’t ready. The next time we went, they had taken him to a Catholic home and we never did get him. When our oldest orphan was in the hospital recently she was reading her Bible when a nun came by. The nun told her if she didn’t quit reading it, she would tear it up. Joy told her if she did tear it up, she still had the words in her heart. Joy knows more than two hundred verses for memory. If we had a clinic here where our children as well as the many villagers around could come to, it would eliminate much of this.

We know God is able to raise up one from among us who really has a love for souls and humanity. Any other kind would be useless here, for certainly there would be no fame or money, and as little manifestation of gratitude, perhaps, as the ten lepers manifested toward Jesus. Yet, as was His work, this is a work that needs to be done. Who will say, "Here am I, Lord?" "The harvest indeed is plenteous but the laborers are few. Pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more reapers.

In His service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

12

What Would You Do ?

January 9, 1955

New Year's Greetings because of our Savior's love,

Thanks so much for your letter—and that at Yule time which is always such a busy time in the U.S. It makes us so happy to know that you are interested enough in this part of our Lord's great work to pause to write to us. Your interest always gives us renewed faith and strength.

Three precious new plants have been added to our duties—Diana, Drusilla, and Uziah. Our 53 children are growing up so fast that we often wonder if we are helping their spiritual lives to grow in proportion to their physical growth. It will only be through the strength of our Lord if we do—and then to Him be the glory. It does our hearts good to hear even the little ones singing, "Let's Talk about Jesus More and More."

God seems to be working through the Bible Studies in Livingstone, and here. Mr. Matthews was baptized today. A few weeks ago he told me after class that he was not satisfied with his Christian life. He was a Seventh-Day Adventist. I gave him a tract to study. Our hearts are very happy for this soul and we are sure the angels in heaven rejoice with us. He has an eleven-year-old boy whom we hope to get in the Christian school at Nam-wianga, the Lord willing. Oh, how white the harvest !

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Noble—another couple we hope to guide to fuller truth—spent the week-end with us, also Leonard, and two boys in their late teens, and the McGregor family. This brings our visitor's list well over the 400 mark for the past six months. You may ask why we have so much company. We feel sure that God gives us these opportunities to present His truth, and He has surely blessed our efforts. He sends us people to teach from every walk of life, and from various countries. Pray we may never miss an opportunity to hold up Christ.

Jack and Rena Grissop are back from their visit to Cape Town since December 4. We are glad to have them back. They had a wonderful visit but are glad to be home again.

We have had plenty of rain lately. The river we cross to get to town was 300 yards wide. One Wednesday night Gladys and I had to leave our car on the other side and wade hip-deep (at eleven-thirty at night.) We wouldn't have minded so much, but the crocodiles come up the river in high water. But God protected us. The following Wednesday we had to sleep (?) in the car until the river went down a bit, which was 4 : 45 A.M. Faithful Elaine was home with all the babies. Our older children were thrilled to get to help her with the five-o' clock feeding. Orville's taking our children's evening devotions and Elaine's willingness to do her share and more, make possible our opportunities to have these Bible studies in Livingstone. Their share will be great in the reward. Gladys goes with me because they don't like to have me go alone, especially since there are lions around and our car is so old that it could break down. It is a 1939. But God has so abundantly blessed us—we've had only two flat tires in the eight years, and we're still using two of the tires we brought over. What a wonderful Father !

There's so many things I'd like to write, but it's already 2 : 30 A.M. so I had better get some sleep before 4 : 30 when I have to get up.

May God richly bless you and keep you in His service this new year. Our babies send their love. They thank God for you so often in their prayers.

In His service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

February 19, 1955

Greetings in Jesus' Name,

The Lord has already filled this new year with blessings. We are all well and busily engaged in caring for our big family. Orville's and Lester's families and Gladys went to Namwianga to attend the missionary gathering. Rena and Jack spent a week-end there, too, and really enjoyed all the work being accomplished. We have also had several visitors here again during the past months. We so enjoy this Christian fellowship.

Gladys spent ten days in Bulawayo for a check-up on her amoebic dysentery. She was given two medications to take home. She must report again in July. On the Wednesday Gladys was gone, I went to Bible class alone. Coming home, our Chevy stopped this side of the big kabondo. I took the torch and tried to find the reason. No success. So I climbed back in. I rolled up the windows to keep the mosquitoes out, and tried to sleep. The next morning, as I was walking home, I found two lions' prints about fifty yards from my car, right down the center of the road. I arrived home about nine, rather tired. Lester took the tractor and soon had the car home.

One night not long ago, just as it was getting dark, Samuel started to climb into bed. There was a big cobra crawling over the box he steps on. Soon Lester spotted and shot it in the tool box. The next night, Steven took the candle into the cook-eat house, and there was a cobra crawling across the papers. Stephen turned so quickly, the

candle blew out. Soon Gladys, lying on the floor, shot the cobra as it crawled under the cupboard. The next day we killed a snake just behind the cook-eat house. This week the people from a village eight miles away, came asking for someone to shoot the lions troubling them. So you see, there are many enemies at large trying to destroy the African ; but none so deadly as he who would destroy both the body and the soul ! Can't you hear them calling you to come over to help destroy this terrible enemy ?

We are often faced with difficult problems which call for great faith and great strength to answer. What would you do ?—You go to the village to Sunday services. There are two or three leprous Christians in the congregation. They pass you the wine. You know that the wine which was left from the week before was poured back into the bottle, and this wine touched everyone's lips as they drank from the one cup. Should you drink it ? What would you do ?

Monday, a dear leprous Christian who had walked some five miles to be at our Bible study, came by the store on our way home and bought two packages and twenty-five pounds of meal. She tied the packages in a large kerchief she had been wearing. Then she lifted the meal up on her head with her fingerless hands, and fumbled to try to pick up her other bundles. Shall I walk by her side empty-handed while she bears her burdens—and then expect her to believe what I teach when I tell her that Christ taught us to bear one another's burdens ? What would you do ?

BaDavid, a very faithful Christian, who goes about preaching (he is the brother of BaJanet, the children's favorite leper), sits at our house after church with his song book between the bleeding stubs of hands, patiently trying to put it into his pocket. Shall I take it and put it in his pocket ? What would you do ?

BaJanet has crawled two miles to church over rocky

roads, and our children ask to take her home in a cart which we bought to use for sick folks to be brought from the villages. To get in she must crawl over the push bar where their little hands must go. Shall we tell them they may take her, or shall we let her crawl back ? What would you do ?

Sick people come who have tuberculosis, syphilis, bilhazia, itch, etc. They want to go to town. They will have to sit in the truck where we haul all of our, and our children's food. Shall we take them, or let them walk seventeen miles ? What would you do ?

A stranger comes by. You ask him in to spend the night. He leaves the next morning—but he leaves something behind. Your children or you begin to get sick. You have infected bumps and can't sleep at night. The doctor says, "It looks like you have come in contact with 'tampins', or "Those bumps look like bed-bug or lice bites." Should we take the next stranger in? What would you do ?

These are only a few of the problems we must leave in God's hands.

In the Master's Name,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

March to August, 1955

Greetings in Jesus' Name,

You have been so good to bear with us during these busy months while we thought of and prayed for you often, but failed to get off a letter. God has blessed us abundantly in every way, and we know this was because of your prayers and fellowship.

In *March*—Augusta and the children went to Sister

Scott's in Cape Town. Silas was in the hospital for a T.B. check-up. He was negative.

In *April*—Little Allon came to us, but he soon entered the hospital for T.B. treatment. Micah is also being treated for T.B. Magdalene, Uzziah, and Sue have been in the hospital for a few days. Orville went by train to Cape Town to help build a church house and some rooms on Sister Scott's house. I celebrated my 61st birthday in good health.

In *May*—Gladys, Joye, and Ricky went to Pretoria for medical check-ups. They stayed with Joye's aunt and had a very enjoyable time. They were taken to Kruger Game Reserve and saw many lions, elephants, etc. Allan Bell brought tiny David Lee to us one Sunday evening, and then drove back to Namwianga in time for school the next morning. Several of the children have been in the hospital again for various things. Lester celebrated his 31st birthday. There is talk of a big development in the Ngwembe valley which will necessitate moving many villages. Many of these people have never heard the gospel. Who will come and take the gospel to them? Little Nelle and Dorica died in the hospital with T.B. All our children go outdoors each day now, and are much healthier. Magdalena just came back from the hospital. Her arms always stay slightly bent. Beulah had severe twitching in her head and arm muscles. So she is in the hospital. The rest are well. Joye had eleven teeth extracted and may need an operation. In April I had an x'ray and will have two more when the specialist comes down. My amoebic dysentery keeps me tired much of the time. The doctor says I must not drive over these rough roads, so now someone takes me to Bible class.

In *June*—Little David Lee arrived. He is still in the hospital. He and his mother were brought to us with the navel cord still attached. We rushed them to the hospital, but it was too late for the mother. We are looking forward with pleasure to having the Bells move in here.

Allan will teach here this year. So will Orville. He is coming back from Cape Town this month. God sent Mr. Stevens, a converted Jew and Mr. Walsh, a missionary to the lepers in the Congo for fourteen years, to our home last week. To hear of the hardships and persecutions they endured makes our path seem much smoother. We celebrated our 39th wedding anniversary, and Lester and Joye, their 8th. Dear little Uziah suddenly died with cerebral malaria

In *July*—Two more Africans have been baptized. Lester and the boys have nearly completed the 64-foot compound, besides the addition to Bell's house. Two more little ones—Uriah and Naarah have come to bless our home. God almost miraculously made it possible for us to sell our '39 Chevy pick-up (the one the Shewmakers brought over when they first came to Africa) for about \$ 420.00 and let us bargain for a used 1958 Ford V8 pick-up. How or why He is so good to us such weak, sinful ones is accounted for only by His wonderful grace. I went back for another check-up and no amoebae were found. I am feeling much better most of the time. School has begun with eight more of our children attending the mission school in the afternoon. Each morning for an hour Edna teaches these eight, besides John, Rita, Dorcas, Danny, Judah, and Mareco. They all enjoy school so much. Joye's aunt and family from Pretoria spent ten days here. They taught our children more gospel songs, which the children at school are now learning. Edna and Allan treated our eight older girls with an afternoon at the Falls. It was a wonderful day, for most of them had never seen the Falls or monkeys so close. The monkeys came and snatched some of their food away.

In *August*—The road-manager came and went over a "might-be" road which would be three miles less of sand going into town. Please pray this will be made, if it is the Lord's will. The Bible classes are still going strong in Livingstone. There seems to be an ever-ripe field there. We have had two offers for a church-site—each two acres

and just five blocks from the post office. One is from the town council with conditions that a "Youth Center" be built in connection with other buildings—£ 5000 value within two years. The other two acres is "Free Hold" which means no taxes. This is from a private individual. It has an exceptionally well-built house with a verandah 14' × 70' and living room 18' × 30', besides out-buildings. One acre is free to build a church and other buildings. There are gorgeous trees—some a hundred years old—a thing so welcome in Africa's sun. His price is £ 7000. He wants £ 2500 down and the rest in installments.

If only someone could come and take advantage of this over-ripe harvest before Satan tramples the precious grain to the earth. If you can't come, pray that God will send someone. If a work similar to that of Central Street church in Nashville, which seems to have reached so many, could be started here, eternity alone would be able to measure the results of souls from Africa that will be up there, because of someone putting God to the test and seeing Him keep His promise. There'll be no failure on His part, even though this opportunity is lost. It will be a lack of faith on the part of His children—His children who have been enticed by Satan's snare into believing that money can do more than God will do through prayer. Not because we deserve it but because He is a loving, merciful Father, holding all good gifts, and has promised to give us all things if we ask Him (not man) in faith, nothing doubting. "Oh, how unsearchable are His ways, past finding out!" How can He be so good to us, so weak and sinful? How His love and goodness should prompt us to put forth every bit of energy in our weak, mortal bodies to do His wish. What a joy to know that we are counted worthy of the privilege of serving so great a King! And oh, "that blessed peace that passeth understanding" that is ours by the knowledge that we are co-workers and fellow-heirs with this great King!

"Anything!" O wondrous thought!
Truth Divine indeed!

"Anything !" God will supply,
In our hour of need.

"Anything !" What love He bears
Those by whom He's known !

"Anything !" in His dear Name,
He will grant His own.

"Anything !" O teach Thou us,
E'er on Thee to wait,
To appropriate, believe
This Thy promise great.

Frances Ure

May God bless each of you in all you do for Him.

In His wonderful service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

August 10, 1955

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

Is it true ? How can it be ! How can the Lord be so good to us as to give us friends like this. This was my first thought as I walked across the street from the cafe where I had been sitting studying for my Ladies Bible class, to the Post Office and found your letter telling about your "love gifts" and the gifts of many other dear saints to pay for the wonderful Ford V 8 pick-up. And all this when we have never even asked for money for a car ! I just couldn't keep from weeping for joy as I cried out, "Oh, Father, how can you be so good to us who fail you so

often?" How can we ever show you our gratitude for such love? Our prayer is that our service for His great cause will suffice.

In humble thankfulness of heart,
Augusta B.

August 19, 1955

Dear Co-workers in Christ,

What a blessing to have the wonderful truck to use each day in the Master's service. Every time we go to town there are many Africans gathered around the door hoping to get a ride. Usually the sick, the lepers, and the women get on first. Then if there's any extra room the men climb on. Many of these are not Christians—we are hoping to get a Tonga tract printed to give to all those who can read. Since it is now compulsory for the children to go to school more are able to read to their parents. Our children are learning Tonga, too, now that they are going to the Mission school. So they will be able to tell their people about the Savior both in English and in Tonga.

August 25, 1955— Again your unselfishness has blessed many here, not only materially but spiritually. Like as the ripples of a tiny pebble dropped into the mighty ocean goes on and on until it reaches the distant shore, so the blessings of a single unselfish act for Christ will go on and on until it reaches the other shore. And as each ripple reflects the glorious light of the sun, just so these little acts of love reflect the glory of the Beloved Son. And the one rendering the act is from day to day "transformed into the same image."

Since I began this letter you have reflected Christ to two groups from Livingstone. They were amazed. You are

reflecting Christ not only to Northern Rhodesia and Africa, but to the whole world. He will bless you.

With thankful hearts,
Mrs. J.A. Brittell and Family

October 1, 1955

Greetings in His dear Name,

Lester has their new home mostly up to the top of the casings. Allan and Edna are really busy people and wonderful Christians. They have been such a help to all of us here. He teaches from seven in the morning until five P.M., except on two afternoons. Edna teaches four preschoolers and eight first graders in her home. Then the eight first graders and the seven older ones go to the school here at the mission. Edna also teaches our family's little children in some classes, besides caring for her family of two babies and a husband.

Orville is still held up in Cape Town. We had hoped he would be here long before this. He so wants to get home and we so need him. Our little spring almost refuses to furnish water for our 57 children besides 19 Europeans.

Our pictures are being developed. It will soon be time again to send you our yearly picture of our little ones, whom you have helped so faithfully.

October 9—It is so good to hear from you through letters, gifts, and to receive so many blessings from our heavenly Father because of your prayers. Yes, He is daily blessing the work in Africa. We pray He will daily bless you likewise.

Orville was sick soon after he returned to Cape Town. Please pray that he will soon be able to return to us. The

Lord let him find several things for the work here. Augusta is busy with her sewing classes twice a week. Her girls are doing very nice work.

Stephen, Samuel, Allan, Edna and her family recently went with me to spend a day at Namwianga Mission. Then we went on to Samuel's village to visit his relatives. They gave him five pigeons and little white chicken which they hope will soon supply some more meat for the orphans.

Lester, Joye and the children started on a three-day trip to the Wankie Game Reserve. Their car broke down forty miles past Livingstone, Gladys took our truck and pulled them home. We hope they have better success next time.

Shewmakers spent two nights here recently. He is feeling much better. Brother and Sister Hobby and Anita have been in the hospital for amoebic dysentery. Sister Scott is recovering from a heart attack which she had in September. Brother Pierce is slowly recovering from his heart attack following an operation. The Lord blessed them with a good well, just when water is so scarce.

Yours in His Wonderful service,

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

October 12, 1955

Dearly Beloved Friends of our Lord,

Another year has passed since the little ones came to see you by means of the pictures. This time they are sitting in front of the new Ford pick-up. This time God has taken two of our babies, but has sent us eight other tender plants.

The plants in our garden are growing rapidly in body and mind. Fourteen are now in school. Our responsibilities

increase as we guard these plants from the obnoxious weeds which are so prevalent here. We rejoice as we see the faith of our children growing stronger too. When our herdsman died, leaving a sickly and seven children, our children if they might clothe the family, since God had blessed them with clothes. Each older child picked out some of their own clothing and furnished two changes for each one in the family. Samuel had one orange denim suit which he treasured. He took it out and said, "There's my beloved suit. We must give God the best!" Pray we may plant the principle of sharing in their tender hearts—a thing so needed in Africa.

You will be happy to know that the government officials came from Livingstone and were pleased with our orphanage. They said their Government could build a L5000 orphanage, but they can't find help who will take an interest in the children.

They recommended as urgent needs for the home—

1. More dormitory space and more dining room space. Gladys sleeps with nineteen girls in one small room, and I sleep with eleven boys in another. And it does get hot in Africa!

2. Imperative—water and more water! Sometimes there is a whole day that we are without water. We have just a small spring for supply. Imagine what that means with our large family!

3. Another bathroom for the girls and little ones. The present bathroom is at the far side of the boys quarters, and one of our boys is already eleven years old.

4. Cross-ventilation. Lester and Daddy have fixed one window, which pattern we feel will solve that problem.

Dear ones, the Home which you have given to these children through God's help is definitely a light through

all this Province for His cause, the Church. Mr. Godfrey said, "You are doing a wonderful work through your God and friends, and we want to be able to point the government of North Rhodesia to this home as a model institution. There is no reason why there should not be 500 orphans here. This is the only institution of this nature, and there are plenty of orphans."

By God's grace, nine years of sacrifice on your part and ours have brought the Home up to this standard. Only a few years ago we cared for sixteen babies in our own house. Now we have two dormitories and a small dining-room. And we know He will give us everything we need to care for these little ones. Please join with us in prayer for them.

In His happy service,
Mother Brittell and Family

October 20, 1955

Dear Friends in Christ,

Here it is nearly another year gone—one year nearer eternity which makes us know that we should strive that much harder to train these little ones for the Lord. As we all realize, the adults as well as the children *read* Christ in our lives much more than they do from the Book. That is why living the Christian life is such a great calling. It doesn't matter how small the job, or how great, we can always do it as unto the Lord. How wonderful it is to have a loving Savior who forgives our mistakes.

We are made very happy when we see the spirit of love, of giving, and of sharing taking root in the lives of our little ones. It takes much prayer and understanding on the part of all of us with so many little lives to direct toward the Great Creator.

God has surely blessed us abundantly this year with everything needful for His work. He often sends visitors from different parts of the world to whom we may witness. Several doctors have helped our sick children so much. The Nutrine registered nurse provides formulas for our babies. The tractor makes it possible to put in more crops. The Pick-up makes many trips to town—to take the sick and to bring supplies. This week the government Engineer suggested a site for a well which could easily be joined to the pipe line of the present well which is six-hundred yards from the house.

Dr. DeKock, who hopes to have his clinic in the African compound completed by November 1, will check our children. He is interested in the African.

God has taken little Clodia and sent us Eli and Trula. Most of our children are in good health, except Beulah and Allon who are still in the hospital with T.B. Milcah, Diana and Gerald are walking ! This leaves only the nine smaller ones still to learn. You will be glad to know that Lois, who is now six, has finally learned to eat insima with a spoon. Sometimes she says a few words, then she is silent for days. Already our next year's preschoolers are asking, "How many years till we can go to Ba Edna's school ?" We do thank God for blessing us with these precious children to train for Him. Our prayer is that they may always "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness" and that they may win souls for the Master. Our children pray with us each day that God will bless you abundantly and guide you to the heavenly home at last.

In His glorious service,
Mother Brittell and Family

13

A Cry From Africa

January 31, 1956

New Year's Greetings through our blessed Savior,

"The gospel in the regions beyond you." 2 Corinthians
10; 16

"Why didn't you tell us sooner,"
The words came sad and low ;
"O ye who knew the gospel truths,"
Why didn't you let us know ?
The Savior died for all the world,
He died to save from woe,
But we never heard the story ;
Why didn't you let us know ?

You have had the gospel message,
You have known a Savior's love ;
Your dear ones passed from Christain homes
To the blessed land above.
Why did you let our fathers die
And into silence go
With no thought of Christ to comfort ?
Why didn't you let us know ?

We appeal to you, O Christians,
In lands beyond the sea !
Why didn't you tell us sooner,

Christ died for you and me.
Nineteen hundred years have passed
Since disciples were told to go
To the farthest parts of earth and teach ;
Why didn't you let us know ?

You say you are Christ's disciples,
That you try His work to do;
And yet His very last command
Is disobeyed by you.
'Tis indeed a wonderful story !
He loved the whole world so
That He came and died to save us,
But you didn't let us know !

O souls redeemed by Jesus,
Think what your Lord hath done !
He came to earth and suffered,
And died for everyone.
He expected you to tell it
As on your way you go ;
But you kept the message from us !
Why didn't you let us know ?

Hear this pathetic cry of ours,
O dwellers in Christian lands !
For Africa stands before you,
With pleading, outstretched hands.
You may not be able to come yourself,
But some in your stead can go.
Will you not send us teachers ?
Will you not let us know ?

Missionary Gems

Truly this has been a year of blessings. The Lord has added several to His church. Our many missionaries are well, for the most part, and busy working for the Lord. Most of our children are well and gaining. Another worker, Brother Jesse Brown, has arrived at Namwianga

and is busy in the work. And you will be interested to know that the complete Tonga Bible is supposed to be printed this year. Have we all used our blessing of having God's Word all these years by sending the Bible forth to all the world? May we all be busy in His great Harvest Field.

Today a blind man was baptized. He was led to Christ by leprous BaJanet, the Christian who has no hands nor feet, but who crawls to services on Sunday over rough roads. BaPaul, another Christian who helps us in the orphanage, reads the Bible each evening to those in the village and teaches them how to pray.

A trained nurse from Ireland plans to be here about February 12 to help us with our health problems. Her husband has been studying with us each Wednesday, between the time of our Ladies Bible class and the night meetings. He plans to come out to be baptized. Three others have asked to study next Wednesday at the same time. Pray that God's Word may find root in their hearts that the harvest may be bountiful.

In His happy service.

Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

May 12, 1956

Greetings in His precious Name !

How much your love has meant to us in this hour of trial which has been very dark. You have truly been "ministering angels" to us and ours. On May 2, when Gladys and I returned from our Bible class meeting, at 11 P.M., we found Elaine very sick. She had a terrible diarrhea and was vomiting blood. She had gone to bed about 8 : 30, apparently O.K., but soon took sick. I called the doctor. He said she must have gotten hold of

some poison. We were to glve her luminal, which we didn't have, and bring her in to the hospital the next morning. The Pathologist comes on duty at eight. But she got so very bad by 4 A.M.—her vision was double and she had very bad cramps in her legs which gave her terrible pain—that we bundled her up and took her in. Lester went ahead with her in his car, and I followed in our car. His car is enclosed. The Sister gave her an injection which relieved the cramps and allowed her to rest a bit before the doctor came.

We have so much to be thankful for ! God heard all our prayers—prayers went up from the least to the greatest, some of the tiny ones didn't speak very plainly. Still God heard and answered ! Elaine is home again and is still improving, though not well. We are greatful for the strength God has given us to carry on without her.

Lester and the boys are working hard on the new babies' unit. Orville is home again after being gone for sixteen days. And BaRonnie has come to relieve me of the mending during these trying days, How much gratitude we owe to our dear Father and you for all these blessings. Pray we may live closer to Him because of your love.

In our Great Physician's Name,
Augusta B.

June 1-30, 1956

Greetings in His blessed Name !

Good news ! The Government Geophicist has just left. He pointed out three possible points for a bore hole. The cost for the machine will be L15 for transportation, mantling and dismantling ; 22/6 per foot up to 100 feet, and 25/- per foot above that. Since we are a mission, they will

refund 75% if the well doesn't produce more than 25 gallons per hour. We furnish the wood, water, etc. for drilling, also casing, pump engine or windmill. We are all so thrilled at the prospect of more water! Just picture the scene—we have been without water for two days, except what is carried by bucket. It was impossible to care for all the water-needs for our sixty-one children. You can imagine what the health officer saw on one of his visits. \$1155.00 has already been given for the well. The drilling will come to around \$800.00. The rest can be used for the casings and pipes. The water will have to be piped to all the houses. We are so thankful to God for the dear Christians who are supplying "living water", both spiritual and physical, to all our orphans and five European families. God will surely bless you.

We are eagerly awaiting the completion of at least a part of the new unit so that we may bring the new babies from the hospital. We are now required to take all the new babies to the hospital for a two-weeks check-up before bringing them into our Home. Our present unit is full to capacity—fifty-eight. We also have four in our house and one in the hospital. We believe God will, as He always has done, make a way so we will never have to turn an orphan babe away from our door.

Herbie and Rene Wilson have moved into town so he can be near his work. He often stays at his work until 10 P.M. and leaves here in the morning at 6:45. This was more than he could take. We feel it is in the Lord's hands. He plans to start a Bible class in the African compound. He will also have evening Bible classes and our Ladies group in their home. Please pray that this may be the nucleus for our long prayed-for church in Livingstone. The wilsons are fine people—eager to learn. He said today that no one had ever pointed out to him the New Testament church in the Bible until I met him in the cafe. We used to spend hours studying the Bible. There are so many souls who need to be pointed to the Way.

June 28—On the 12th of last month our first orphan, Samuel David, had his 10th birthday.

Half the year has flown, and how few times we have written you dear ones! How we have enjoyed all your letters which have been such an inspiration to us.

Our new unit, which was begun in January, is progressing nicely. The Provincial Medical Officer and the Health Officer are very pleased with it. They have helped much to get the plans made to meet the requirements. God has blessed us with more babies, whom we will try to train to be workers for Him among their own people. Felix and Susanna and Jane are all under a year. Nimrod was only one day old, but he died in the hospital. Then came James and Naomi. Naomi is six months old and weighs only ten pounds. At present we have three tiny babies in our house, and three more will come from the hospital next week.

God sent some carpenters who are working on beds for the older boys and girls. Now we will use the basket beds for the smaller children. We wish you could see their sweet smiles as we tuck them in at night. Usually some of them remind us of the good ladies who made their pretty blankets. The flannel and crepe blankets just fit their little beds and keep them so warm. The Lord saw the cold weather coming, so He touched your hearts, and lo, here came a dozen lovely washable covers. Our children often thank our heavenly Father for you dear ones far away who show them what Christianity really is.

In February Brother Wilson and his wife, the trained nurse, and their three children moved to the mission while waiting for their turn to get a railway house in Livingstone. They are leaving us this week. We surely will miss them. Herbie taught the children so many lovely choruses and gave them such fine lessons with the felt-o-graph. And Rene has been such a great help with the sick on the mission and from the villages. She saved us many trips

to the hospital. And if someone did have to go, Herbie took them in on his way to work. We pray God will bless his work in Livingstone.

In April, little Ruth Bell arrived (by cesarean which saved her life), just a few minutes after her mother reached the hospital. One evening recently, Dr. deKock came out and set up an infusion for our little Eli who had severe gastro-enteritis. Today he is much improved and is able to laugh and play. We pray he will grow up to be a worker for the Lord—we know God had a purpose in sparing his life. The children have been helping Allan Bell with his garage, brooder room, wash-house and incubator room. He is going to teach them how to raise turkeys. They all love with Muluti Allan for he always helps them to be better children for the Lord.

In May the Lord wonderfully brought Elaine through a serious attack of acute gastro-enteritis. While in the hospital, she reviewed her nursing course and is now ready to take the final examination. This course surely has been helpful in caring for the children.

Allan is now teaching our children half days. They do so enjoy his teaching. They are becoming well mannered. Even after the mission school starts again in July, Allan plans to have some classes with our children. Four more of our children will begin school this year.

Last Sunday I took several of the children with me to visit Samuel's village again. All the other children tried so hard to have everything cleaned and in order when we returned. They said they wanted to be ready for me to come at any time "just like Jesus might come any time and we must be ready when He comes." They do enjoy singing, "Say, Will You Be Ready When Jesus Comes?"

John and Bessie Hardin were here for a few days. They showed their colored slides. And one night all the workers met together and had a song-fest. Then a few days later we played the recording Leslie made of you

dear ones at home singing. It seemed for the moment as if we were with you again.

We celebrated our fortieth wedding anniversary on the 25th. God has surely blessed us these many years ! We often talk of you dear ones and would so enjoy a chat with all of you. The days here are so full that night comes long before we can get the letters we write in our minds put on paper. In heaven there'll be no need for letters.

Please pray with us that more workers will soon heed the Savior's voice and come and take the Gospel to the lost people of the Gwembe Valley who are being moved because of the big Kariba Dam. Many have never seen a white man, nor ever heard of Christ. May God touch some of your hearts is our earnest prayer. Now is the time. Next year may be too late for many of these lost people. Who will share the Good News with them?

Not as we Take, but as we Give ;
Not as we Talk, but as we Live ;
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.
Because we trust in Christ, our Lord,
And do His will, found in His word.

Selected.

Yours, in His wonderful service,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

July 6, 1956

Dear Co-workers in Christ,

Many thanks for your continued interest in the Lord's work here. Today is our Timothy's eighth birthday. May he grow up to be a worker like his namesake in the

Bible. John makes a birthday card, and Edna makes a hanky for each child's birthday with their name, age, and birthdate embroidered on it.

Orville butchers a pig quite often, which supplies all of us with plenty of meat. We even have some to give to others. Orville also keeps everyone supplied with vegetables, in addition to his full day's program. Just now he is working to get the well-site started. May God supply water !

Gladys and Lester have been busy putting up the nineteen rafters and the two ceilings in the new unit. This week they will lay the floors.

August 11, 1956

The light of your love, so akin to our Lord's, is shining on our pathway each day. Today, by God's grace, the second floor is being laid in the Infant Unit. This morning all the sand was used up, and no boys around to haul more. So Elaine and the children took over Gladys' babies, and Gladys hooked the trailer to the tractor and hauled in two loads of sand from the sand-bank. And Orville went to the river with the truck. Meanwhile Allan was teaching the pre-school youngsters. Daddy was putting in windows, Edna was teaching Lola and Eddie, Joye was teaching Rita, Augusta was in bed, sick, BaSitonda, BaPaul, and BaTicky were helping with the cleaning, washing bottles, folding clothes. etc., BaRonnie was mending clothes, and the five older orphans with Eddie did the milking. You see, there are plenty of jobs for everyone—and to spare ! Oh what a blessing the power drill and the generator have been ! Gladys bored 780 holes for bolts in the rafters and nail-holes in the sheeting this week. (This wood is impossible unless you bore a hole.) It won't be long before we will be able to move the four little ones from our house to the new Unit, the Lord willing, along with little Georga who came to us at 9 : 30 last night, dangling in a suitcase from

the handlebars of her father's bicycle. They rode for forty miles over bush road. Allan took her to the hospital this morning for the required two weeks observation. Another precious soul to train for His service.

As we see these lovely buildings grow from day to day through the Father's and your love, we by faith see the spiritual structure being erected from these little living stones who for a short while will occupy these buildings, but whose abiding mansions our Lord has gone to prepare. Pray God to help us shape each stone perfectly, so that we all may behold the glory they will render to Him throughout the ages. With this our goal, burdens become easy, trials become a joy, and disappointments, stepping-stones towards our goal. We know the Lord is leading and will make a way for us.

Edna and Allan may go back to Namvianga to help in the European school. The Government Education system is trying to eliminate all European teachers from the sixth grade down—the most impressive years of a pupil's life. Pray that God may over-rule it all for His glory.

August 13—Just at dinner time today little day-old Elizabeth arrived in a suitcase. As soon as her papers are filled in, I will drive her in to the hospital.

May God's richest blessings ever rest upon you.

In His wonderful service,
Mrs. J.A. Brittell and Family

August 27, 1956

Dear Co-workers in Jesus !

It was through the goodness of God that ten years ago today we arrived in Livingstone for the night, and

went on to our destination the next day. During all these years God has showered blessings upon us—far more than we deserved—and we so often fail to accomplish what we should. Still, with Paul, “we press on toward the goal of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” (Philippians 2). There are several villages around Sindé, which offers many opportunities to preach the gospel. Chief Musokotwane’s village is only four miles from here. He is very helpful, especially in matters concerning the orphans.

God lets the nights be cool enough so one can sleep and awake refreshed and strengthened to use another day in His service.

A few of the Children are sick. They were all vaccinated for small pox as there was a case reported in a nearby village. BaDavid who used to work here has been training as an orderly and he came to do the vaccinating.

All the school children seem to be doing well in their lessons. They are learning Tonga and enjoy speaking it. Now that we have finished the nurse’s course, we will try to find more time to study Tonga, too. The children should be able to help us. When we can speak Tonga, we will be able to visit with the mothers and advise them. And they will be able to teach us many valuable things and show us their method of doing things. Then we will get closer to them. It is a joy to be in the villages with the women.

August 30, 1956, We are still waiting for work to begin on our well. We have sent L50 to the Government Driller as a deposit, but have heard nothing from him. It may take two years. Some of the missionaries are afraid the borehole will not be too satisfactory. Dr. deKock just had one sunk on his farm and he is very disappointed in it. It is quite deep, but furnishes barely enough water for the household use. Lack of water is

one of Africa's great drawbacks to progress.

This week Leonard was down and he and Lester went to see the man in town who could dig for the well instead of drill. He thought he could begin work within the next ten days. Please pray that God will let them strike a good stream. He can make all things possible.

In His happy service,

Augusta B.

October 2, 1956

Dearly Beloved Friends of our Lord,

It is time again to send you our yearly picture of our big family. There are 63 on the picture this time. Our garden is steadily enlarging. When our last place was filled in the old unit, God provided us with a new one. When finished, this should be adequate for many years to come.

We thank you for your part in these blessings. Please continue to pray that we may give the proper diet to each little plant so that it may produce a plant which will blossom up there to glorify our Father who has entrusted these precious plants to our care. We know we are weak and often fail to be a perfect teacher by our example, but we try to point them to Jesus, the Perfect One. Pray that God may overrule all our mistakes so they may never cause one of these little ones to stumble.

There are no idle words where children are,
Things spoken in their hearing carry far,
Producing fruit of evil or of good
To our great future human brotherhood.

The word dropped lightly from our careless lips
Into the fertile child-mind seeps and drips
And intertwines with thought and impulse so
It may decide the path some souls shall go.

So speak not thoughtlessly when they are by :
Your words fall not on sterile soil nor dry ;
Thoughts sown in plastic minds are carried far,
There are no idle words where children are.

Selected.

In His blessed service,
Mrs. J.A. Brittell and Family

October 11, 1956

Dear Co-workers in the Lord.

Greetings in His blessed Name ! How much we have enjoyed your letters and all you do for us in the work of the Lord here. May He ever bless you and give you many stars in your crown.

Work on our new unit is still progressing. Everything takes time in Africa.

Yesterday we were saddened to hear of the death of Iris and Ken Elder's baby boy, Dow. They just returned to Africa last month and went to Kabanga mission. Little Dow came to the hospital Sunday evening with gastro-enteritis and never recovered. He was such a beautiful child. He looked like an angel from heaven. Please pray with us that God will bless their home with another child. Little Dow is buried beside his Grandmother Merritt behind the church at Namwianga Mission. Orville, Augusta, and Joye went to the funeral in Leonard's car. They were going to stay over night, but Augusta developed a severe

pain in her side, so they drove her into Livingstone. It was a good thing they had Leonard's car, for last evening as we were taking baby Priscilla to the hospital our car broke down. Lester had to come with the big truck. They just called from Livingstone and said Augusta's attack was not acute. They are bringing her back in Leonard's car.

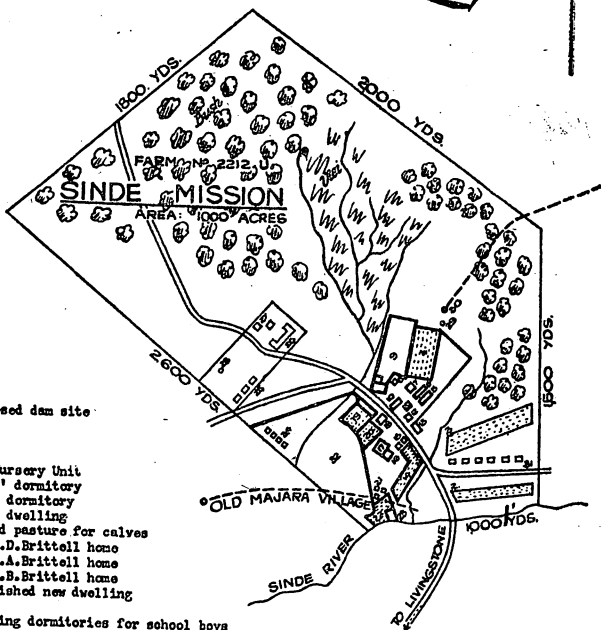
Someone has been setting fires around the mission. Yesterday it burned about two miles of tall grass and trees, then it jumped over the river and road. Lester happened to see it and beat it out with his hat and feet. About five this morning someone set fire just the other side of the Kraal. Lester and Orville and I went over to put it out.

We are enclosing a detailed map of our Sinde mission with all its property and buildings. This should help you make a mental picture of how we are situated. This has been a long-range program, conceived and brought into being at great cost and sacrifice, with but one object in mind, namely, the training of capable workers for the Lord here in Africa who are filled with a burden for souls and who will be willing to sacrifice for the extension of the Lord's kingdom here in Africa.

The progress of the work has been made at great cost and under great difficulties. Obstacles have beset the work from the very beginning which would have over-whelmed us if it had not been for the sustaining hand of Him who promised, "Lo, I am with you always."

Sacrifice has always characterized the work here, and we feel it must be one of the vital ingredients of the program for the future. Only then will the Home be able to turn out Christians who are willing to turn their backs on 20th century materialism and the glitter of a better standard of living "for self alone", and who will tread the lonely village paths to the villages where millions still sit in darkness and night, bound by the chains of ignorance, superstition and witchcraft—without Christ and without

SINDE MISSION



LEGEND:

1. Proposed dam site
2. Field
3. Field
4. Field
5. New Nursery Unit
6. Girls' dormitory
7. Boys' dormitory
8. Small dwelling
9. Fenced pasture for calves
10. The O.D. Brittell home
11. The J.A. Brittell home
12. The L.B. Brittell home
13. Unfinished new dwelling
14. Field
15. Boarding dormitories for school boys
16. Graveyard
17. Church house
18. Barn
19. Field
20. Field
21. Present teachers' houses
22. Napier Fodder plot for milk cattle
23. Garden
24. Housing for workmen
25. Proposed site of new teachers' houses
26. New school (nearing completion)
27. New dormitories (under construction)
28. School well
29. New well
30. Old well
31. Proposed site of Christian Co-operative Community
32. Fenced pasture for milk cattle

PROPERTY STATUS:

Sinde Mission is 1,000 acres in extent, owned by the church and legally held by a board of trustees. It was purchased for the church by Geo. M. Scott in 1929-30 (?) for \$500. It is Freehold (tax-free) property.

The orphanage work was begun at Sindo at the request of the group in N.R. because had we gone to a new location to have begun the work, Sindo would have been without staff.

pain in her side, so they drove her into Livingstone. It was a good thing they had Leonard's car, for last evening as we were taking baby Priscilla to the hospital our car broke down. Lester had to come with the big truck. They just called from Livingstone and said Augusta's attack was not acute. They are bringing her back in Leonard's car.

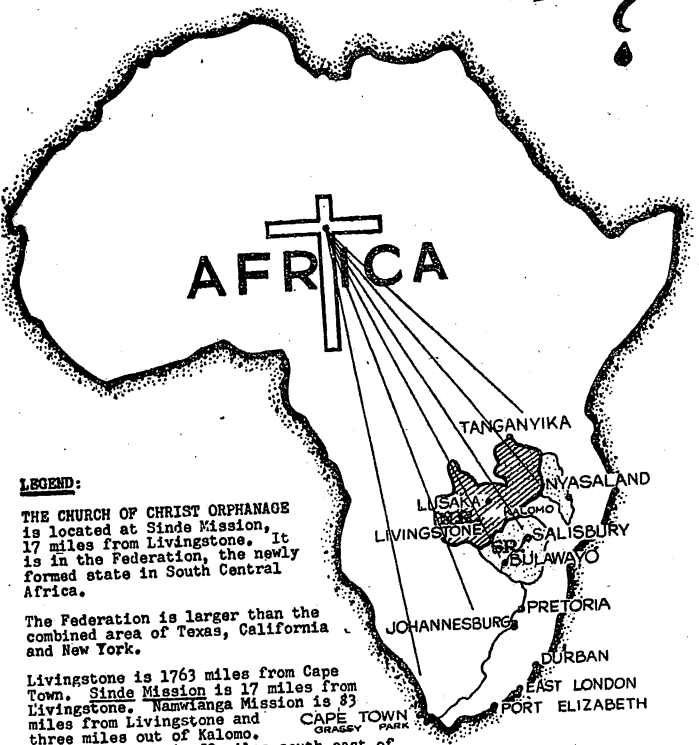
Someone has been setting fires around the mission. Yesterday it burned about two miles of tall grass and trees, then it jumped over the river and road. Lester happened to see it and beat it out with his hat and feet. About five this morning someone set fire just the other side of the Kraal. Lester and Orville and I went over to put it out.

We are enclosing a detailed map of our Sinde mission with all its property and buildings. This should help you make a mental picture of how we are situated. This has been a long-range program, conceived and brought into being at great cost and sacrifice, with but one object in mind, namely, the training of capable workers for the Lord here in Africa who are filled with a burden for souls and who will be willing to sacrifice for the extension of the Lord's kingdom here in Africa.

The progress of the work has been made at great cost and under great difficulties. Obstacles have beset the work from the very beginning which would have overwhelmed us if it had not been for the sustaining hand of Him who promised, "Lo, I am with you always."

Sacrifice has always characterized the work here, and we feel it must be one of the vital ingredients of the program for the future. Only then will the Home be able to turn out Christians who are willing to turn their backs on 20th century materialism and the glitter of a better standard of living "for self alone", and who will tread the lonely village paths to the villages where millions still sit in darkness and night, bound by the chains of ignorance, superstition and witchcraft—without Christ and without

Where?



LEGEND:

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ORPHANAGE is located at Sinde Mission, 17 miles from Livingstone. It is in the Federation, the newly formed state in South Central Africa.

The Federation is larger than the combined area of Texas, California and New York.

Livingstone is 1763 miles from Cape Town. Sinde Mission is 17 miles from Livingstone. Namwianga Mission is 83 miles from Livingstone and three miles out of Kalomo. Kabanga Mission is 50 miles south-east of Kalomo. Lusaka is 300 miles north of Livingstone. Bulawayo is 300 miles south of Livingstone.

Northern Rhodesia has a population of 50,000 Europeans, 1,980,000 Africans, 3,500 Asians and 1,300 mixed races.

Work of the Church of Christ was opened in N. Rhodesia in 1911 by Bro. John Sherriff when he sent a native teacher Peter Masiya to begin work at Mukuni Village. Present day activities include an African and European educational program, evangelization, printing, orphanage work, limited medical work and located church work.



hope. We are sure that you will rejoice with us in "what God hath done" and in the growth of the work so far. But the victory is far from won. Please continue to pray with us that the future may mark still "greater things for God."

In His blessed service,

Augusta B.

November, 1956

Dear Friends through our Lord,

Greetings in the name of Jesus ! Our souls have been refreshed and our courage renewed by your unselfish love. So many tokens of our Father's leading have come our way. At the last three Sunday services, at which Daddy, Orville, and Brother Kamboli preached, there were seventeen baptisms and fifteen confessions of wrong. Seven of our orphans have become Christians, and several more are asking if they may. We want to be sure they understand the sacredness of the new relationship to Christ when they become His child, yet, we certainly do not want to discourage them in that most important step. We have 45 in Bible study from the orphanage each Lord's day, and 54 each morning and 22 each evening in our daily devotional study. It is very difficult to adjust your lesson to the different ages, but they love to sing together.

The last two Sundays there were 112 in Augusta's and my class. Augusta interprets for me and helps with the songs. But we decided it best to divide the class. She will take the older girls and women who understand Tonga, since she can teach in Tonga. And I will take the lower class. This presents another problem—an interpreter. But Joy, Steven, and Samuel all interpret quite well, so they will stay with me.

Sunday morning is a very busy time at the orphanage. First, we let our boys who do the sweeping and cleaning have free-time on Sunday. And for some reason it seems that the 9000 square feet of floor just doesn't stay clean for 48 hours with 63 children playing on it. But with Orville's and the older children's help, we usually get it presentable. But cleaning the floor is not the only job. 63 children must have their milk twice and one meal of Insima (or porridge) before they go, and 45 children washed and dressed. Sometimes before the last one is ready the first one needs to be dressed again. But this job is greatly simplified by each older child selecting a smaller one to whom he or she is "Mamma." Of course, sometimes we have to suggest that they turn the little trousers or dress around, front for back—but still the job is done, and at the same time our children are learning the principle of serving others.

Gladys and some of the others from here have been trying to meet with Brother Gray in Livingstone each week, and others try to go to some of the villages to speak. Elaine takes care of the tiny ones while I go with the other children to Bible class and church. Then she goes with the older children to night service. But this doesn't begin to take care of all the work that should be done around Sinde. Won't you come out to help us ?

Our weather is daily getting dryer and hotter, and our water in the present well is getting lower and lower—and three more babies are waiting in the hospital to come here. The Government well-digger is down between 20 and 25 feet in the new well. There is about a hundred of gallons of water coming in daily. He says this is a good sign for a good well. Pray that God's hand will be outstretched so we may get *more* water. Pray, Pray, Pray !

In His blessed service,
Mrs. J. A. Brittell and Family

Still November 1956

Later News :

Yesterday, the proprietor (a Catholic) of a cafe came to our table and asked why we were so happy. We told him it was the love of God and Jesus. He asked if we really believed there is a God. He said, "Ah, money is my God." I said, "That's why you aren't happy." He talked for about an hour, when we had to leave for Bible study. He said he wanted to talk some more at another time. He is a Greek, a new-comer, and has a host of friends. Pray that we may show him the true light, and that he may be led to Christ.

This has been a wonderful Lord's day. An elderly widow, with whom we had been working, came and wanted to be baptized. Orville talked with her for several hours, then he, Brother Hobe and the older orphans went with us to the river where she was baptized. Our little Charles was baptized too. Our hearts rejoice when we see souls added to the church.

The Health Officer was down to see how we were coming with the well. He was pleased with our progress. They have to bail out about 300 gallons of water each morning now. Please pray with us in this great need.

Augusta and Orville are going to Bulawayo Monday, the Lord willing, where Orville is to consult a specialist. He has not been a bit well since he went to Cape Town last year. The children will stay with Lester's and us. Pray that the doctor may find the cause of his ill health. It has taken a lot of persuasion from all of us to get him to consent to go. There is so much work to be done here, and he feels he is shirking his duty. Herbie and Rene were very pleased that he decided to go. They spent the week-end here. We always enjoy their visits, especially studying God's word together.

In the service of our King

Augusta B.

P.S. God has surely heard our united prayers far beyond our human expectations ! For the past two years we have planned and tried to get a bored well here, but God says, "No, I have something far better for you!" He let us get a Government digger and today, November 10, after going through twenty feet of rock besides the top soil, the water really poured in—twenty feet of water! The water stands within four feet of the top of the well. On Monday, the Lord willing, Leonard is having them dig on the school well while they are waiting for the water to be pumped out of our well, so they can blast some more. We really went to strike the bottom while we are on the job. Please join us in thanksgiving to God for His abundant loving kindness.

December 23, 1956

Greetings and Best Wishes for the New year

In the Name of Him who brings forth every New year !

Our hearts are saddened at this moment because we have just returned from the funeral of the little two-weeks old baby boy of BaRonnie, our seamster. We sorrow because of the fear and superstition of BaRonnie's mother-in-law and many others. They live in constant fear of displeasing the witch doctor, which they think means sure death, an unprepared death into the unknown, undesired eternity. O, if their fear were only of displeasing the great Soul Doctor, which would mean sure Life, a prepared life into that promised mansion He has gone to prepare. What a revolution there would be in dark Africa!

As we count the wonderful blessings of 1956, it makes us know that His loving hand has guided us and will guide us through the New year. These blessings include the coming of the Wilsons, the beginning of the church assembling in Livingstone, the new Unit to make room for more babies, the new well which insures the Home

from being closed for lack of water, the improvement of Orville's health, the beginning of the new Fifth and Sixth Standard school at Sinde, the gift of five more little souls to train for our Father's service, the gift of so many new friends whose love and prayers have often lifted us out of the shadow into His glorious light. With thankfulness in our hearts for these blessings and with our trust in Him and you dear friends, we launch forth into 1957 !

We covet your continued intercessory prayers. God bless you!

The weary ones had rest, the sad had joy that day; I wondered "how"

A ploughman, singing at his work, had prayed "Lord, help them now"

Away in foreign lands they wondered "how" their single word had power,

At home the Christians, two or three, had met to pray an hour!

Yes, we are always wondering, wondering, "how,"

Because we do not see some one,

unknown perhaps, and far away, on bended knee.

Missionary Gem

Yours in His happy service,
Mrs. J.A.Brittell and Family

14

"Lord, Let Me Stay"

January 14, 1957

Greetings in Jesus our blessed Redeemer !

A new year has come bringing many opportunities to serve the Lord and to praise Him for His great gift of Christ who brings "Life" and an "eternal home with God" for those who remain working and faithful to the end.

You will be happy to know that the church in Livingstone is working hard to win more souls to Christ. Tonight Herbie and Rene are having a friend in to study more about Him. It seems as if the young Christians there are doing as the early Christians did—"they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word." May we all be more zealous in the Lord's vineyard.

The Lord has sent us dear, wee, tiny Moses, tiny Peter, and bigger Edward. Please pray for the Lord's blessing on these little ones, too. It is such a joy to be with them and to help guide their minds to the gracious heavenly Father who supplies every need just at the right time.

When I look at all these babies, I wonder what will happen to them when they are no longer under the shelter of our Home. My thoughts run something like this :

Our Baby

A little soul from heaven is sent,
A mother's heart to cheer,
But when death's angel calls for her,
They bring the baby here.

We hear the saddened voice outside,
Say, "Odi?"—(May I come in ?)
"I brought my child to give to you,
His mother's dead (because of sin.)

We lift the cloth from off his face—
Stiff with the filth and dirt,
And raise him gently to our breast,
Thank God for a new birth !

His little eyes with matter filled,
His body alive with lice,
Two strings of beads around his waist,
His clothing to suffice.

A coca cola bottle filled
With dingy, clabbered milk,
His father meekly hands to us
For baby's growth and health.

Into the bubbling bath he goes,
Upon the scales he's placed.
What kind of food does this child need ?
A problem with which we're faced.

The days and weeks and months fly by,
He's growing up so fast !
But our concern for this our child—
"Will he reach heaven at last ?"

No more a baby, but a youth,
So full of strength and life,
But still so unprepared is he
To cope with Satan's strife.

Transition days our babe has met,
With all its mysteries,
How much he needs our guiding hand,
To guide through dangerous seas,

"Where can I find a help-mete fair ?
Christ's army are so few,
Oh, is it Christ's, our Captain's fault,
Or, brother, is it you ?"

"Our Captain left His home on high,
And died to set us free.
"Go teach all nations" was His wish,
"And, lo, I'll be with thee."

"I am blessed with friends and home,
Where Christ's great love is known,
But in the hearts of thousands here
The seed was never sown."

Where shall we choose his help-mete fair,
From Satan's mighty host ?—
Or, will you come and bring the light
To others who are lost ?

Augusta Puett Brittell

March 6, 1957

Dear Friends of God and Orphans,

Our thanksgivings rise to His throne continually for this that He through you has given us this Haven where a few of these precious sheaves may be protected from Satan's blight. How we need your prayers for strength and wisdom from Him to protect these plants from that

plight by impregnating them with the living Word of God.

We are very happy to find Brother and Sister Rawson who have moved here from Umtali. We called on them and they promised to come to church. Also Sister Sheaffer who has promised to come. She attended church when she lived in Bulawayo. There are so many opportunities here, when we're in town, to tell others of The Way. Yet, with the arrival of our quadruplets (one born December 23, two born December 25, and one, December 27) I should stay home and help more. Please pray God will direct.

Yesterday God let the Government send out a huge "earth remover" to make a road through the mission and thirty miles back into the bush, which will help so much in sowing the seed of the Kingdom. Please pray it may lead us to many sheaves for the Harvest.

March 7, 1957

God has again supplied all our needs. The work on the new unit is steadily going towards the finish line. They are now working on the floors, the septic tank, and the bathrooms. The boys also have irrigation holes dug and piping laid to each tree in the orchard, which, the Lord willing, will help supply more fruit during the dry season. While digging the holes, several graves were found. The Museum officials came and took some pots and a pipe. The boys said one of the graves was a woman's because the head was buried eastward.

God has sent plenty of rain. Yesterday at four, the storm began. Soon the Sinde River overflowed. Orville and Gladys and I had to wait on the other side until Lester backed the tractor across and brought us safely home. The corn and beans look good. While plowing Lester shot a six-foot python! A boy skinned it for the meat. And Orville caught a hooded cobra—the first seen herein ten years.

June 16, 1957

We can always feel when you are praying for us ! We appreciate your love and prayers so much. The Lord answered your prayers and restored Gladys, Augusta, and George to good health again. And our 70 children are all getting along well. The tiny ones are gradually gaining. God touched the hearts of the owners of a store in town which burned. They brought the orphans many, many boxes of canned vegetable, soups, and baby food, besides many boxes of soap powder which is a great saving on the orphanage upkeep.

We will send this letter off now. God bless you !

In His great service,
Mrs. J.A. Brittell and Family

August 4, 1957

Greetings in the Name of our Lord,

When this date rolls around each year, we cannot help but look back to that all-important day—eleven years ago now—when our eyes with compassion first caught a glimpse of this over-ripe, unharvested field. With each passing day our hearts have been drawn closer to this unfortunate people as our knowledge of their condition increased. And each day our appreciation has increased toward all of you who by God's grace have helped in so many ways to relieve this condition. Instead of two little baskets beside our bed as a home for little Samuel and Sarah Sue, our first orphans, we now have four dormitories housing seventy little ones, besides the many other buildings. All these buildings are missionary property, owned by the Church of Christ.

But even more important than all the buildings and

the well and the automotive equipment, is the opportunity you have provided for us to bring the Gospel to hundreds of hungry souls. God bless you all for this.

What a pitiful sight we witnessed last week when BaDavid came with his poor, leprous hands (just stubbs) terribly burned and infected. What an odor came from the pus when Gladys cut away the dead skin ! We doctor-ed him the best we could, gave him the necessities and took him to the train to go for treatment. His heavenly smile repaid us for all our effort. He is a brother of BaJanet, the leper of whom the children are so fond. She still crawls to church on her knees whenever she can, and then asks forgiveness for not coming more regularly. Their parents both had leprosy too. BaDavid is home now. He is pronounced non-infectious and holds services in their and other villages where there are Christians.

Sunday when our older children went to take BaJanet some food, we found a new leper who had been brought to the village on a bicycle. Such a pitiful sight ! There she lay, on an old skin for a bed, and two tow sacks for covering. A cicle of a small poles driven into the ground, about four feet high, with a bit of tall grass tied around the outside, but no roof, and a grass mat for a door was all the protection she had from the intrusion of snakes, lions, hyenas, wild dogs, leopards, jackals, and other plentiful wild life. Her poor, crippled hands would be helpless as protection. The children said, "Oh, Mamma, can't we make her a bed ?"

So we went home and gathered materials. The next day Mr. Hockley (who is doing some carpenter work for us at the present time) helped the boys make two beds, while we made two mattresses, Pillows, pillow cases, sheets and quilts (BaRonnie helped us). We put them all on the pick-up and started for the village. About a half-mile from the village the car stopped. The boys and BaPaul took the beds, and the older girls took

the mattresses and other things, and started on while I fixed the car. The rough road had loosened the battery cable. The car started, when about ten feet, and the right rear wheel slipped off into a sand pit. I walked on and overtook the children in the village. We set up one bed for the new leper, and one for BaJanet. Tears of gratitude were sparkling on their disfigured cheeks as they softly clapped their would-be hands and said, "Twalumba loko!" (thank you very much.) And perhaps there was a tear of pity on our cheeks as we thought of how often our Master touched the poor lepers and healed them. Oh, how afflicted these poor people are, both in body and soul. Pray God for more laborers.

To see this spark of our Master's love (though small) in the hearts of these little souls He has given us, give us great joy and hope and courage to press on through His strength until you join us in our praise to Him in that perfect Home. God bless you !

Lord, Let Me Stay !

Lord, let me stay ! I love it.
 This land where I toil and pray
 Though I love the sight of my native land,
 And the loved ones far away—
 Thank God for that dear home country
 With a Bible in every hand.
 But let me lead from this land of sin
 Some soul to that better land.

No longer young—I know it—
 And withered, and worn, and gray,
 I bear in my body the marks that tell
 Of many a toil-filled day.
 But it isn't long till my life shall end
 Nor long till my latest sun ;
 Oh, let me work in the Master's field
 Till His task for me is done.

Here are my little children,
And this is my place to fill,
To spend the rest of my life and strength
In teaching them His will.
Lord, let me stay ! Tis nothing
To suffer and to spend !
For You have always kept Your Word—
“Lo,.....always.....unto the end.”

Augusta Puett Brittell

October 11, 1957

Greetings through Jesus, our Master !

Through the grace of God sixty of our children and I have recovered from the flu, and the tiny babies have recovered from the small-pox, whooping cough, and gastro-enteritis. Most of the babies are quite well now, except little ten-month-old Edward who just completed treatment for syphilis. Please pray for him.

We are grateful for the continued strength of our men-folks, so that the work on the new buildings can progress. We are also grateful that there is time left over to go bring the Gospel into the villages. How we long for more workers so that Orville could spend more of his time in the villages. He and Augusta both know the language so well and enjoy working with the people. There is so much to be done everywhere. I think all missionaries have the “vision” that some day more will heed the Master’s call. Then more missionaries will be relieved to go to the villages teaching and preaching, having classes with the women and children, doctoring the sick, helping the lepers, the blind, and the lame with their crops and their houses. And, with more workers, there would always be someone to take-over for those home on furlough. We just hope you will all keep this in mind as you go to God in prayer.

Please pray too, that the Lord will somehow, supply means to complete a clinic on the foundation already laid here and will send workers to run it. While treating physical ailments one has a great opportunity to also help the patient spiritually.

The African schools will be out in November in time to make the gardens. Rains have come early, cooling the hot day and making everything so fresh and green. One hot afternoon Gladys and the forty-six older children went to the river to catch fish. While wading, little Aaron said, "Look, there's a snake taking a bath." Gladys quickly killed the four-and-a-half foot python with a little wire-spear the boys had made on the end of a stick. Two more pythons were killed near the work-boys' houses. Guess there must be a nest somewhere nearby.

"All through this day, dear Lord, help me to touch as many lives as possible for Thee. And each life I touch, do Thou by The Holy Spirit quicken ; whether through the words I speak, the prayers I breathe, or the life I live. In the name of Jesus. Amen."

Yours in His wonderful service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

October 23, 1957

Our Dear Faithful Friends,

"Since we visited you last year with our picture, God has sent us fourteen new little ones, and has taken none away. Here we are—all seventy-one of us ! Uriah, Ruben, Philip, and Andrew are not on the picture.

We thank God for our new brothers and sisters and so many new friends who have joined you in providing us a garden in which we have food for both our bodies and

our souls, and living water, so we may grow up and bear "fruits of righteousness" for our Master. May we keep our hearts' garden full of good thoughts and deeds so old Satan' tares can't find a place to grow. May God bless you. Bana Boonse."

I will add a few words to the children's letter. Fourteen more costly plants, transplanted from the wilds into our garden, bring added responsibility, especially since some are very delicate and will need much special care, lest they wither and die. Some of our older plants are blossoming and bearing fruit. Some of the fruit is good, but some does not come up to the Husbandman's standards, which means more pruning and more Life-Giving fertilizer, more prayer, more study, and more concentration to determine the cause of the lack of growth. If one soul is worth more than the whole world, how about our grand total of seventy-seven souls! Seventy-seven little mouths to feed, bodies to bathe, hairs to comb and cut, noses to wipe, clothes and diapers to change, bed to make, washing to do—is a big job, but it is nothing in comparison to the gigantic task of feeding all these little minds and souls so that they may grow into healthy Christians. Please pray for us in this huge task, and pray that God will help us to live so as to show our appreciation for all His blessings until we meet in that land that is free from heartaches, where there will be no "fatherless", but we'll all be His children." God hasten that day!

In His service,
The J.A. Brittell Family

P.S. Please pray, if it be God's will, He will supply the means for Orville and Augusta to go south for a three-months' rest to improve their health.

A.B.

November, 28 1957

Greetings through Jesus our Redeemer !

Thanks to each of you who have blessed the Lord's work in Africa by your many letters, prayers, gifts, and your faithfulness in supplying so many blessings for us and our children. Several have written asking when the children's birthdays are, who names the children and how they come to us. We usually give the baby an added Bible name. News in Africa travels quickly from one village to another, and Africans visiting the orphanage usually let those around their village about the Home. Then, when a mother dies, here comes the baby to us. Just today a very dear old man from Barotsland, while visiting in a nearby village, came to have his eyes treated. However, they were needing medical attention, so we took him to the hospital to have the cataracts removed. Now he is able to see and will soon return to his village, carrying word of our orphanage. Please pray with us that he will open his spiritual eyes to the true light of the Gospel. Below are the names and birthdates of our children, with the date they came into the Orphanage.**

The Lord has provided a disc in exchange for the big truck, so now it will be possible to put in some Crops this year. The older boys help with the milking and take quite an interest in the cows and calves. They share some of the milk with Pina and Bula, twin-brothers of our little Wilson, and Siamweza who live at the compound.

You will rejoice to know the Lord answered our prayers and provided a way for Augusta and Orville to go down to Durban for several months. This is the first rest they have had in sixteen years. We know the Lord will bless them with renewed strength and health. Their children are in Eureka school at Namwianga Mission and will soon be home for the holidays.

At a meeting of the Water Board we and others were

told that unless we put in weirs (dams in the river to stop and raise the water) this year, we will not be allowed to pump from the river as of June, 1958. The Water-Development Draftsman estimated the cost of our weir at about \$ 2000.00. The Government will pay one-third of the cost of the weir. We are contracting another company for prices for building the weir. If this happens, it will mean very little vegetables for the orphanage and mission, which will mean an unbalanced diet and an increase in expenses. Please *pray, pray, pray* that God will over-rule. We know He is able and will do what is best for His cause.

In Christain love and hope,
The J.A. Brittell Family

December 30, 1957

Greetings in His precious Name !

To you who have been such a strength to us through all our petty trials and hardships (not worthy to be compared with the joy that awaits the faithful) the best of New Year's wishes !

We wish you were near enough to enjoy seeing the fruits of your love, but we know the Lord will grant you your reward. God has blessed us with plenty of feed and a good herdsboy, which has kept up our milk supply for our children. (The village cattle are so poor, their bones almost rattle.) At present we are getting about ten gallons of milk a day. We have to buy powdered milk for only about two dozen of the smaller babies. Powdered milk costs about ten dollars for one five-gallon tin, which lasts only about a week.

Wish you could see the low hills now. They are dressed in their best. Africa is such a wonderful place to

live and work for the Master. If only more workers would come ! A registered nurse is thinking of coming. Brother Hockley, who has been a missionary in Africa since 1924 heard of the work here and came out to see if he could stay in the little guest house and rest a while. We tried to show him where we thought he had failed to live upto all that Christ desires. He was baptized and plans to make this his home as soon as he finishes a job he started for the Reformed Baptist Mission—the group with which he was working.

Owing to the growth of our work, we are re-arranging our program and method of handling funds. After this, when you send money, will you please designate the phase of work you wish to help with your gift ? The special categories are :

Orphanage

Mission and Work

Use as you see fit

Personal gift for.....

Any special allocation.....

Here is a list of the Present Staff of the Mission :

Orville D. Brittell

Bible Training Program,
Evangelistic Work,
Oversight of Orphanage,
Building, Farming, etc.

Mrs. O. D. (Augusta Jr.) Brittell

Homekeeper,
Schooling of children,
Bible and Sewing classes,
Correspondence, etc.

Lester B. Brittell
Evangelistic Work,
Principal of day school,
Supervisor of Boarding School,
Builder, etc.

Mrs. L. B. (Joye) Brittell
Homekeeper,
Schooling of children,
Assisting with Bible and Sewing classes,
Correspondence, etc.

J. A. Brittell
Evangelistic Work,
Painting, General Repair and Maintenance of
Orphanage,
Laundry, etc.

Mrs. J. A. (Augusta Sr.) Brittell
Matron of Orphanage,
House Mother for boys,
Orphans' devotional periods
Bible classes, Ladies' Bible
Class in town, correspondence, etc.

Miss Elaine Brittell
House mother for the babies,
Dietician,
Secretarial Work,
Laundry, etc.

Miss Gladys Brittell
House mother for girls and small boys,
Laundry, Buying. Doctoring, etc.

We are so happy we traded the old 1948 truck, which Orville brought over in 1951, for a new off-set-lift disc. With it we got all our crops in before the heavy rains. We had scarcely any rain since April 30, but on December 8

it really poured until the thirsty land said "Enough", and filled old Sinda River to the brim. The rains also make Sinda unpredictable. One Wednesday Joye and the children, Gladys and I went across in the car about 10:30 in the morning. When we came back at 4:30 in the afternoon, we had to wade across. It was nearly waist-deep and muddy. God closed the mouths of the crocodiles. We had to walk home barefooted. Joye stayed on the other side with the children until Lester could come for her, with the tractor and trailer. They had to leave the car until the next morning,

God has blessed all of us with good health and strength to carry on. Yes, we've been busy—cutting hair, picking out stickers, doctoring sores and cuts, getting sand out of eyes, and listening to the wants of so many children is almost a full-time job without the constant routine attached to rearing children. But when we love someone or some cause, service is changed to pleasure and sacrifice to joy, for the reward of our service is our goal. God will surely give you a great reward for your part in saving souls in Africa.

We have received the following statement from the Acting Director of Welfare and Probation Service ; "Both the Health Authorities and this Department recognize the substantial improvements which have been effected in the last two years, but until your accommodations have been increased, particularly in regard to kitchen and dining facilities—your maximum intake must be eighty children. As Orphanages exist at Maramba and Kasisi, no motherless African children in need of care, need want for care." Must we turn the 81st baby over to these Catholic Homes ? Please pray with us.

We shall soon have turned the last leaf of 1957, the book will be closed and laid on eternity's table—to be opened in that great day. My book ? Does it balance, or have I been weighed in the balance and found wanting ?

15

Give up ?

Give up, when Satan casts his dart ?

Retreat from Christ's front line ?

When He so nobly bore His part,

And gave His life for mine ?

Give up, if some whom we love best

Dare not to share our load ?

When Christ the One who loves us best,

Alone, climbed Calvary's road ?

Give up, when God's but fleeting clouds

Prevent His face to see ?

When Christ in anguish cried, "My God,

Why hast Thou forsaken me ?"

Lord, help me keep my eyes on Him,

Renew my strength each day ;

That I may help some one who's lost,

To find the Blood-bought Way.

Augusta Puett Brittell

March 19, 1958

Greetings to you in His blessed Name !

Forty-one years ago today I held our first little one

close to my breast and prayed God to give her a passion for lost souls. The same prayer ascended as God added to our family. He has answered that prayer to a great degree four of our five living children are with us in this work. and we pray the fifth will soon join us. But that is but half the picture. Your love, prayers, and interest in saving souls have made possible the harvest garnered from this dark land of fear and superstition. May God richly bless you for your great part, and may we some day rejoice together as we lay the sheaves at His feet.

The wife of the Provincial Commissioner and a friend from England are coming to visit our home. We hope to win them for Christ. So many need Chirst.

Gladys is going to take joye to Mamwianga tomorrow to show the folks their new baby—two-weeks old Linda Faye.

Orville and Augusta are leaving Cope Town Friday, via Johannesburg, Pretoria Bulawayo and home. They have had a wonderful vacation and have gained both in weight and health.

We need your prayers.

In His service,

Augusta Brittell and Family

P.S. March 25, 1958: Last Friday two boys brought word there are twins waiting for us at Mazabuka hospital. Since we have 79 children, we have to wait for the Official's reply to see we can take them. Please pray the Lord will over-rule for the best. Little Daniel, who had cerebral malaria which stimulated poliomyelitis, seems to be improving. He can now use his arms and legs quite a bit. Previously he had treatment for congenital syphilis. Since he hasn't gained properly, we plan to try him on "Cow and Gate" powdered milk. Please pray far him. The rest of

our children are quite well most of the time, except for malaria now and then, since the rains brought so many mosquitoes. We adults have escaped it through God's goodness.

It won't be long till Orville and Augusta will be home again. We surely have missed their sunny smiles.

In closing I'll leave this thought with you by J. Ingelow: "I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do, with cheerful heart, the work that God appoints. I will trust in Him that He can hold His own; and I will take His will, above the work He sendeth me, to be my chiefest good"

Love,

A.B.

June 19, 1958

Dear Friends

Greetings through our dear Savior's name, who has answered prayers and has never failed to send every needful thing just when needed. To the Lord who has given us friends like you and manifold blessings, we give all honor and glory.

In February the Lord sent us Lydia (five weeks old) and Rachel (two-and-a-half-weeks old). Yesterday she died in the hospital. In March He sent us Sarah (eight months) in May, Philemon—a twin (two months) and Theressa (five months) Sarah has been in the hospital for several weeks because of her chest. At present Eli is also there with swollen neck glands and fever. Please pray they will all soon be well.

Lester and Joye are looking forward to being in the

States by Thanksgiving, the Lord willing. If the Lord sees best, Elaine will go to Cape Town with them and stay a few weeks. Augusta and Orville will help while she's gone. At present Augusta is at Namwianga Mission helping in the boys' hostel as Rene and Jack Chrissop are down south where she is getting medical care. The Lord willing, Daddy and Gladys and I will also get a few weeks' rest.

If the Lord tarries, on the 25th of this month we will celebrate our 42nd wedding anniversary. We thank God for keeping us safe these many years.

We are happy here at Sinde amidst many blessings. Eight new souls have been added to our Lord's body. Missionaries from other missions have visited us and encouraged us by news of the good work they are doing. Friends from California have refreshed us by their visit. Lester and the school boys have completed the new school building and two compounds for boarding boys. Orville and another bricklayer have completed the concrete block tower for the water tanks (2500 gallons each), and the tanks and windmill are ordered. This will reduce the cost of pumping. Five hundred dollars has been received for the dam or weir, and the Government has surveyed the site and drawn up the plan. when this dam is completed, it will mean that we will be able to irrigate 26 acres of our land. The new kitchen and the extension of the dining hall are ready for the roof other bricklayers are working on the new house we began two years ago. For all these blessings we are thankful to God and you dear friends.

Twelve years ago today we received word that our boat would sail from San Francisco. It took a lot of courage to keep a brave front as one by one our dear friends did us good-bye. and as we lost sight of our loved ones as we sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge knowing as did Paul at Ephesus that we would never again see many of those dear faces. But we took courage as we looked forward to meeting our loved ones in Africa, and to begin our great work of rescuing lost souls, especially these little unfor-

fortunate babes. Although the Devil has strewn many thorns along our pathway, our loving Father has with each thorn applied His healing balm and given us strength and courage to press on toward the goal He set before us. Sometimes the Devil whispers through some one, "What is the use of your wearing your life out with those little black folk? You'll never make anything out of them" Then our Father whispers back, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it." and "My word will not return unto Me void" Or sometimes we hear, Why don't you get African women to take care of those children and you take it easier?" Then our Father whispers, "Let the women be keepers at home and train their children." Why should we place this responsibility which we have taken, upon some one who can't even read God's Word, and then expect our children to be devoted Christians? How can one impart to a child that which he does not possess ? So with your Prayers, which have borne us up through all these years. we shall press on through His great love and strength.

Yours in His wonderful service,

The J.A. Brittells

August 1, 1958

Dearly Beloved—Greetings in His Name.

The past hour has been filled with moments of excitement and suspense. News was brought to the mission that a lion had killed and eaten a man (African), leaving only his head and bones. Previous reports had come last week of two lions sleeping in our work-boys' garden—about two miles away. The police from Livingstone came about fifteen minutes ago and BaSitondo (our boy who has worked for us ten years) went with him to try to find the man. Just now the Game Warden went taking BaRice to find and kill the two lions. There was soon a crowd—each with his

exciting story. Of course, the excitement ran high among our children whose eager ears caught every word.

Amidst all this excitement I thought of the deep concern for, and effort put forth to save a physical body. Yet, for centuries, that "Roaring lion" has been going to and fro among not only this benighted race but throughout the whole world "seeking whom he may devour", and yet how few Christian "policemen" and "soul-disease crew" go forth armed with spiritual weapons to destroy this "Lion" and to rescue the mutilated souls which he has mauled and torn. Why do we place so much value on the physical which will soon return to dust, and have so little concern for the soul which God values more than the whole world? Perhaps it is because we live by sight and not by faith. Lord open our eyes that we may see the value of a soul.

Orville and Brother Hobby have taken some of the work-boys and ten of our older boys and have gone to the villages to preach. Several have been baptized. How we need more workers to follow up this kind of work! Pray that the "Destroying Lion" will not overtake these new-born infants who are in such need of constant feeding of spiritual milk. It is just impossible for the few of us to administer the proper food to this multitude of "babes in Christ" as it would be for a few mothers to feed all the hundreds of undernourished children here and elsewhere. No wonder Christ said, "Pray ye that the Lord will send forth more laborers into the field." The need is even greater now than when He uttered that command. Was He talking to only a few or to everyone? Who will pray? Yes, and who will come? Each day Christ is broadcasting from heaven's control station—"Go ye into all the world!" Each day the picture flashes across everyone's mental T.V.—"As lost sheep without a shepherd, scattered. As helpless souls fleeing from a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Can we consciously turn this radio off? The harvest will be devoured. O God, revive our zeal and our compassion for lost souls that our harvest will not be only leaves! We

so need your prayers!

Last Saturday morning all the older children walked with me to Mujala village to help the women clear a place for a church house, which the villagers are making. What a happy time everyone had clearing the site and making the bricks. We pray the building will be finished before the rains come. As there are several lepers in Mujala, this new church will save them a long, painful walk on Sundays. Perhaps in the evening someone will read from God's Word to them.

You will be glad to know Rena and Jack Crissop are back at Namvianga Mission, busy as ever. And that Brother Hobby has translated into Citonga the tract 'The Way to Heaven.' We do pray God's blessing on all who read it. Have you heard that Paul Hobby is planning, the Lord willing, to begin his medical studies next year. Only God knows what a great influence Christian a doctor can be, helping those who are ill both physically and spiritually.

How happy our children were just now as a thirteen-year-old boy from our Christian school brought BaJanet fourteen miles on his bicycle. Dear BaJanet—no hands, no feet, and now not able to dig her garden this year as she has lost the sight in her right eye, and her left eye is very poor! As she told of kind friends who planted her garden for her and planted peanuts, she wiped a tear from her weak eye. She told us her mother is very hot in her body—perhaps malaria—she helps prepare BaJanet's food. Please pray for the many poor suffering lepers. Think what heaven will mean to them! May we all so live that we may meet BaJanet in heaven.

Lester and Orville and all the available boys are off to try to stop the large grass fire that is sweeping across the countryside,

Our children all send their love and ask you to pray

that more workers will soon come as Lester's family will be leaving for the States in October, the Lord willing.

Yours in His wonderful, happy service.

The J.A. Brittells

October 1, 1958

Greetings through our Savior,

Here comes this year's picture of our growing family. God has taken three tender plants from our garden this year, but has sent us six more. Our garden of little plants keeps on enlarging, and each tender plant is growing. Satan's tares are also growing around each plant. What great care we must use in removing the tares so as not to injure the little plants, and to supply the proper spiritual food for each plant so it will thrive well. Sometimes we feel discouraged, but their eagerness to go with us to the villages to teach others and to share with others the things God through you dear friends has given them, renews our courage. They are very interested in helping the Christians in Mujala village (this is where we have Bible study every Monday afternoon) to build their little church house. Last Monday, after class, we discussed the building of the church. All the members of the class are eager to help. BaJim, a man of the village, said he would put up the walls if he would first work a few days to get some money to pay a debt. All the class said they wished to share with BaJim's family what they have while he builds the church. So next Monday each will bring a few peanuts, or meal, or millet, or milo maise, or an egg, or money. On our way home the children each said what they wanted to give—some had a few pennies their friends had given them or that they get for pulling their own teeth, and some wanted to give clothes. It is things like this that help us realize the power of God's Word on the hearts of men, especially youth. Please pray that we may always

teach the right word and may have faith in His power; and also that these few Christians may get their church house soon.

In His service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

P.S. Twenty-eight of our older children are in school this year. Six more will go next July. The teachers have taught the children so many nice songs, and now even the three and four-year-olds are going about singing them. How important it is to fill children's minds with spiritual songs so they can praise the Lord. May they always take the gospel to lost souls through their words, songs and daily example.

We have added little Asa to our fast-growing family. He's three months old. Little Lydia is home from the hospital. She was there two months. She is nine months old and still does not weigh eight pounds. Since we put her on Red Label Nutrine she has gained seven ounces in two weeks. Please pray she may continue to gain and grow up to be a great worker in the Lord's Vineyard. She is such a sweet baby. Little Philemon was $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds at $4\frac{1}{2}$ months when he cut his first tooth!

May God's peace abide with you as you serve Him.

A.B.

December 1, 1958

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

Thanks so much for your faithful prayers, love, and interest in saving souls and in helping to provide a refuge for our little ones. Pray that we may be faithful in feeding the souls and bodies of God's creatures here in Africa,

and that more workers may come to help. Pray also that God may spare the rest of our children who have whooping-cough. There are thirty of them this time. God took little Philip. He got so bad that he could keep nothing down. We took him to the hospital where he lived only ten days. We know God did what is best, and someday we'll understand.

God has sent the refreshing rains upon the thirsty ground. The Africans rejoice for some are very hungry. Their crops failed last year because of too much rain.

Rejoice with us that God has let the Government build a sixty-foot cement bridge across the Sinde River, which means no more wading the river to get home ! Last year I really had a time of it one day. We had had hard rains for several months, the food supply was getting very low, we didn't have a telephone, and the car had been left on the other side of the river three miles up the dirt road from December to February. So I began to make preparations to try to get to town the next day. Everyone had written down all the needed supplies. Early the next morning I left with my boots, raincoat, and canvass to cover the supplies. It was still raining almost all day, every day. I started out in a two-wheeled cart pulled by oxen. I went two miles through the vlei where the water often came up to the poles on the bottom of the cart. Sometimes I had to get out and help push the cart out of the mud. Finally we reached our car and got it started. We went as far as the first river, but had to sit there two hours waiting for the water to recede so we could cross. I used the time writing letters. After putting some rocks and bushes in the bottom of the river, we finally made it across and up the other side which was very sandy. We arrived in town about the time the stores close for noon—from 12:30 until 2. I dried out my clothes the best I could, then wiped the mud off. When the stores opened, I had to wade across the streets from one store to the other getting the supplies. I dashed from store to store as fast as I could until they closed at 5. Then began the long journey

home again. God let the river be down so I could cross it, but coming along the sandy road the car finally got stuck, and there I had to sit. It was quite a feat trying to keep the mosquitoes out of the car, enough air in, and to keep warm all during the long night. It gets a damp cold when the rains come and it seems to go right through you. You get chilled to the bone. The next morning, as soon as it began to get light, we decided to walk on to the mission, as the car wasn't too far from where we would have to leave it. Coming along the road, we found footprints of a lion. We walked much faster from then on. The rain had let up a bit, but the Sinde River was still swollen over its banks. So we had to try to make them hear or see us across the river at the Mission. It wasn't long before some of the children discovered me, and many people came down to help me across. We had to wait until the water went down far enough so the boys could wade across holding a rope. Even then the water was waist deep and swift. I was shorter than the boys, so they all waited with me until the water went down some more. Finally, holding the supplies above the water, the boys helped me across. They had to hold on to me to keep me from going down stream with the current. What a wet, bedraggled, and tired appearance we put in at the Mission that morning ! But how happy we were to have accomplished our task !

We have asked the Government to lay a six-inch iron pipe in the cement so we will be able to block the two big tiles and direct the water for irrigation—we have the tiles for leading the water to the gardens. The new bridge is five feet high.

Our hearts were truly made to rejoice tonight when Marie came and asked to become a child of the Lord. As we held the lamp to show the way into the "watery grave" as Orville baptized her, it brought rewarding tears to our eyes. One sometimes wonders what kind of soil the "Word of Life" we are planting falls into, but when we see, one by one, our little plants established in God's Great Gar-

den, it gives us new hope and courage to press on. Marie is the youngest of the twenty of the orphans who have given their tender hearts to God during the twelve years we have been sowing the seed. Marie is just nine years old.

God has given us another great blessing this year. Through the love and kindness of some friend, our Orphanage was brought to the Christian Children's Fund, Incorporated. They sent some investigators to us the early part of the year. Evidently, what they saw pleased them, for now we are affiliated with their organization. They put up our children for a "Sponsor Adoption" plan. Kind friends in America, who read the organization's notices in their magazines, write in to "adopt" a child. Then we send a picture of one of our children with his or her history as far as we know it. This sponsor then sends the organization ten dollars a month, four dollars of which comes to us for the child's support. The sponsors also write to the children and send them gifts or money for their birthdays. This is a great help to us, and the children are thrilled with their new "Mammas or "Aunties", as they usually call them.

Most of our eighty children have a "Sponsor", all except our few mentally retarded babies who would not be able to respond to the love of a sponsor. This means many more letters to write, but it brings such joy to the children that it is well worth the time. The children keep at us if they think we are writing to their "Auntie". Just the other day five-year-old Micah kept running in every few minutes to see if we were writing to his "Auntie." When we asked him what he wanted to say to her, he dictated :

"My dear new Mamma,

I wish you would come to see me. You would like to see the big, tall Falls. The water is very tall and talks very loudly. There is a big Baboon there who has a tiny

baby. She tells her baby to be good, and if he doesn't, she spansks him hard, and he cries just like we do when Mamma spansks us. There are hundreds of Baboons. Thank you so much for the nice books, balloons, and my card which came today. I think of you when I see them.

With love,
Micah

Greetings from all of us here in the Home. May we one day be all together in that home which awaits the faithful.

In His great service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

16

All In A Day's Work

February 2, 1959

Greetings in Jesus !

Days and weeks have passed and still no time for a letter to you. It seems as if the days become more full as time goes on. There is never a dull moment in the Home. Elaine and I get up at four each morning. We start the fires (three of them) for the little ones, and pour the milk for seventy-nine children. At 4:45 Gladys and the older children get up. The older girls help the three of us feed the babies. The older boys tidy up their rooms and bring the food (previously cooked down at our home) to the dining hall for the older children. Then Elaine takes the blankets from the babies' beds to the wash house. She hangs out the dry ones to air. Then she goes on to our house to cook porridge for those not old enough to eat insima. Gladys cooks the insima for the forty-six older ones, and dishes up their breakfast, while I give milk to the fifty older ones (three boys wash the cups), and have our devotional period.

When the story-time is over, four boys carry four gallons of boiling water to the dining hall to wash and scald their dishes. This is very dangerous and will not be necessary when the new kitchen is finished. These forty-six older children line up and each washes himself before he enters the dining hall and takes his place. Gladys super-

vises them during the eating and the washing of the dishes. When the meal is finished, each child washes and scalds his own dishes, two children dry them and put them away, two others clean the tables and benches, and two sweep the floor. During the early morning work, Daddy starts the fire in our house to cook the porridge, and the one outside to heat the wash water. He then bakes corn bread for the forty-six older ones (46 pieces about 3" $\times$ 4").

From the dining hall the older girls take the soiled linen to the wash house and sort it. They put away the clean clothes from the day before, tidy up their rooms, and help get up the older babies in the nursery. Twelve of the older ones who go to school in the morning get washed and ready, and are off to school by 7 A.M.

The afternoon school boys go about 600 yards to start the engine to pump water. Some of the boys go to help with the milking, some to work in the garden, some to help wash, and some to do other jobs during the day. The younger ones also help with these jobs.

At 7 A.M. Elaine or Gladys (they alternate) starts the wash, which is no small job. We have as high as between 300 and 400 diapers, and other baby things in proportion. When Daddy finishes the corn bread, he helps wring the clothes from the rinse water. During the time the one girl is washing, the other one goes up to help Joye (our oldest orphan) and the younger girls to feed the babies—some milk, some porridge. Then all who are not working go outside to play in the sunshine.

At 10 A.M. all the children have milk again. The school children come at recess for their milk. Then all those who are not in school take a rest until 12 noon. They are supposed to sleep. Most of them do. When nap-time is over and the bell rings, what a scramble!

During this time, I sort, mark, and assign clothes, collect those needing mending (plenty of them), make mat-

tresses from worn-out blankets, cut quilt blocks from scraps sent us, cut out new garments, cut hair (the Government requires short hair for sanitation reasons), prune or plant trees, work in the garden, pick out "stickers" (and there are plenty to pick), kiss and tie up sore fingers and stubbed toes, listen to and judge dozens of petty court cases, repair toys, assign special work jobs to the five "Orphanage Work Boys", answer the numerous calls and wants at the door—such as calls for hammers, nails, wire, pliers, wrenches, dip for cows, tincans, buckets, shovels, rakes, hoes, string, and car pump. I also answer the calls from the villagers selling their wares—from one egg to a monkey or a chita (something like a young lion), asking for a ride to town (there are often from ten to twenty waiting to go), doctoring the sick or taking the very sick into town, entertaining company, writing letters, thanking donors, making children's beds from boxes and crates, repairing screens, and other similar jobs.

At 12 noon the 46 older children repeat the morning routine in the dining hall. At 12:20—1:00 the younger children and babies eat again, with the older children helping Gladys and Elaine. At 4 P.M. everyone gets milk again with insima or porridge. Then the 28 younger ones are put to bed. At 5:30 the older ones come for Bible Story time again. We also sing, and how they love to sing. After the story they get some type of food—meat, boiled egg, tomato, munguu, etc. We cannot give the older children three regular meals a day because in this area the African eats only two meals a day. But we try to give them extra things so they will stay healthy.

When this is finished, Orville plays with the older children for a half hour, while I see to it that the 26 middle-sized children are in bed. After play, Gladys sees to it that her 19 older girls get to bed, and I help my 12 older boys get ready for bed.

After the children are in bed, I prepare my lessons for the children and for the Ladies' Bible Class in the village,

have my devotional period, and then write letters until I fall asleep. I sleep with 22 boys in the boys' dormitory. I am usually awakened several times during the night by someone falling out of bed, having a nightmare, or singing a solo. One morning when I awoke a little fellow was lying asleep on the rug next to my bed. He had come during the night with a little trouble but didn't want to disturb my sleep, so he lay down as close as he could get and went back to sleep.

At 9 P.M. Gladys and the older girls feed the bottle babies, and see to covering the 38 small ones, and listen to their troubles, as well as those of her 19 older girls. She sleeps with the older girls. Elaine sleeps with the babies.

Daddy keeps all the rooms painted, broken panes of glass replaced, helps paint and puts window panes in the new buildings, dusts the church and takes care of the collections and the church books, besides all the odd-jobs which arise in a place like this—besides his evangelistic work.

Then there are our faithful Orphanage Workers which we hire. BaSitondo has been with us nine years, BaPaul, four, BaRonnie, four, BaRobert, six months, and BaDickson, one month. They play a very big part in the Orphanage work. They boil all the milk and the milking vessels, keep gallons of boiled water ready for use, shift 250 pounds of meal a week, take care of the laundry and the garden, keep the floors mopped and the windows washed, do the mending, sew new clothes, bring in the wood for the fires, and a host of other things too numerous to mention.

Orville has the overseeing of the farm work and the building of new units. He does the buying and the selling and the paying of the work boys. He hears all the tales of woe of the villagers, fixing their guns, plows, bicycles, cars, motor-bikes, etc. He also does a great deal of evangelistic work here and in the villages. He can talk, sing, pray, yes and even think in the native tongue, so he is the logi-

cal one to do the evangelistic work in the villages.

Augusta Jr., Orvilles wife, cares for her family with the help of faithful BaAllison who has been with them nearly fifteen years. He also helps her with the gardens. Augusta helps with sewing classes and Bible classes at school, doctors those who come to their door. All of their children are now at boarding school in Namwianga.

Lester is Orville's right-hand man. He has been a great help to Orville these last years. Joy, his wife, cares for her family with the help of faithful BaDickson who has been with them most of the time since they came over. Just now Joy is kept busy with Linda Faye who is not yet a year old. We think she is such a sweet baby. Rita is in boarding school too. Lester also looks after the boarding boys and is manager of the day school. He and his school boys just finished building a lovely four-room Block school unit. He also repairs cars and machinery.

The children all have regular duties and various games. Each older child is "Mamma" to a younger child to help him over the hard places of his job,

I have told you when we eat, but I did not tell you what we eat. The older ones' diet consists of beans, thick corn-meal mush (insima) which is cooked for several hours with plenty of fat, different kinds of greens like you have in the U.S., and many native kinds that grow here—cooked with meat, peanut butter, tomatoes, and onions or munguu. They also have sweet potatoes, corn bread, buns once a week, roasted peanuts every day, pumpkin, squash, and fruits grown on the Mission—paw paws, mangoes, pomagranates, and four kinds of citrus fruits.

Twenty of the children go to school. We have some equipment for those not in school, such as blocks, counting rings, black-boards books for small children. I did teach the pre-school children in our language before we had so many babies, which helped a great deal. For the

first three years in school they are taught in the Tonga language, so the children do not get much out of it, except to learn the language. This is one of the great needs of the Home—someone to teach the children while their minds are so plastic. Many of the teachers have no education beyond the sixth grade. Our children speak and know only English until they go to school. It will be a great help for our children when they get in the upper grades, since they think in English. Most of the natives never learn to think in English. This makes them poor interpreters. Our three oldest children can interpret for me in my village Bible classes better than many villagers who have passed the eighth grade, because they think in English, which is a much broader language.

Since we take all our children as babies we are not troubled with emotional problems. The children cling to us even when their relatives come to see them. They are usually very happy and are usually singing—of course they have their little spats and quarrels as they do in any family.

We try to show them God in everything—even in their being black. We never notice the color of their skin, they are just like our own children to us. And the only time they notice it is when we are asked not to bring them inside a European restaurant in Livingstone. We try to teach them that we want to please God in everything we do, rather than to please men. We also try to teach them to deny self so they may help others. At present they are clothing three other orphans who are not in the Home and two lepers. They also bring them much food. They often come from school and say, "Mamma, can't I take a dress, or a shirt, or a pair of trousers, to this or that poor girl or boy?" We always let them take one of their own garments so they may learn that to give means self-denial.

We do not observe Christmas as is often done in the States with Santa Claus and all the rest. The African says the European condemns him for worshipping his ancestors,

yet they worship Santa Claus and Father Christmas. We sing "Happy Birthday" to each one on his birthday and let him prepare some little "special" for the group.

There are no Europeans near Sinde. The missionaries, children are taught by correspondence or sent to boarding school which is very expensive. We hear that Livingstone is planning to open a new Teacher-Training School for African Teachers this year. We also hear they have not found all the teachers they need—if some Christian could get in there, he would have the opportunity to teach the proper truths to those future teachers of our African Christians' children. Pray about it. African schools are provided with African Christian teachers. The Government doesn't approve of Europeans doing much teaching in their schools. They will allow Bible classes. We have about 170 pupils here in the Sinde school.

So far we have had no children leave the Home. Our oldest child is 17 and the next is 14. But we constantly have calls from Europeans asking if we can provide them with someone to care for their children. They say, "We can get plenty of help, but we know that if we get one of your children we can trust our children to them." We feel also that the Africans appreciate the work we are doing or they wouldn't tell so many to come here. Just yesterday the Matron of the hospital (African Hospital—European matron) sent a Nurse down with two children—some 300 miles!

The Government has helped us in many ways, especially with the roads and the new bridge. But we get no financial help from them. If we did, they would send the children back to their villages when they were about seven years old—just when we feel they need the training the most. So we have launched out on the promises of God, and He has never failed us, and we do not fear that He ever will.

I do not feel qualified for this huge task which has some-

how grown to such proportions, but I do love my children and the work that I am in. In fact I love it so much that the best holiday I can have is to be with my babies! While Orville and Augusta were on holidays and gained 17 and 18 pounds, I stayed at home and did extra work and gained 13 pounds. I know I fail so often in training these precious souls as God would have me do, but please pray with me that by His grace they may all become vessels of honor for Him to carry His message of love to lost souls.

With love and prayers,
Augusta Brittell and Family

May 25, 1959

Greetings in Jesus!

Again time has fled by. Please forgive us for being so slow in answering your letters. Many of us have been on the "laid up" list. I am still trying to throw off a chest cold. Please pray that I may soon be well and get over this fever. God has blessed us with early and latter rains for which we are thankful. The children and I have dozens of little trees in tins ready to set out. The white ants ate off my big granadilla. A friend gave me several more to set out.

The children are home from school until July. They enjoy seeing more of their little brothers and sisters. Since there was snow down south and the weather also turned colder up here, the older girls tie the younger children on their backs until the sun warms up the ground. Eight of the younger ones are in the hospital, and eight others came home. They have had enteritis, measles, chicken pox, and respiratory complications. Please pray they may all soon be well again.

Allan and Edna Bell and their four children from

Namwianga Mission left for Canada this month. The Lord willing, they plan to return to Africa next year. Please pray someone will come to take up their work while they are gone. And please pray that He will send a Doctor or a Nurse who can supervise the Clinic as the Government has just passed that there must be a European working in conjunction with the African. And pray that the Leper Colony may materialize, if best.

June 25—Today we celebrated our 43rd wedding anniversary. We do thank God for sparing us all these years to work for Him. We are getting the pasture-land fenced in—then the cattle will be able to graze all the time. The hot water tank has been connected in the Orphanage kitchen. No more carrying of hot water. With more water there are lots of vegetables in the garden and the citrus fruit trees are loaded with large fruit—thanks to you dear ones who made this all possible. May the grace and peace of God be upon you always as you seek to serve Him.

In His wonderful, happy service
The Brittells

July 25, 1959

Dearly Beloved in the Lord—Greetings in His Name !

Again we are made to rejoice because of your love and interest and prayers, which have enabled the work to go forward in this very fertile (but untilld) portion of God's great harvest field—surely you will have souls for the jewels in your crown !

The children are feeling much better again. Orville is in Kaloma visiting his family and attending the quarterly meeting of the missionaries. It is always such a joy to meet with the group, but we couldn't make it this time.

You asked about the riots—if they were effecting the work here. No, God has protected us, even though there have been outbreaks in Livingstone. The Africans seem quite friendly toward the work here at Sinde.

Last week we had a refresher course for African Christians. The first day there were 107 present. Some walked 35 miles and carried their blankets. Many were barefoot and it is winter here now. As I looked over this crowd composed of women with tiny babies, lepers, blind, and crippled—who had sat on these hard planks nailed to posts driven into the dirt floor (no pew cushions) for five hours, and continued to ask questions about the Bible, the thought came to me "Should we be teaching them, or should they perhaps be teaching us?"

We furnished food and sleeping quarters for about forty who came the farthest. The Clymores, Brethren Brown, Bailey and Belcher were here to help with the program. We feel much good was done.

Another incident which took great faith—an African boy who does some preaching found a leper who was very far gone. He was in one of the villages. The young Christian preached to him and the leper wished to be baptized. How was he to get to the river some distance away? The young man took the leper in his arms—unmindful of his oozing sores—and carried him to the river. After baptizing him, he carried him back to his hut and gave him food and water. The next day, when the young Christian came again, he found the leper's soul had fled, only the mutilated frame was left. Is my faith in God's protection as great as that of this young preacher? Do I need to be taught by this young man?

The ladies' class at Mujala village is very encouraging. There are from 50 to 85 who come. This week one of the ladies said she reads Tonga. Most of the women can't read. So I had her read the Tonga as I read the English. She asked to keep the Tonga Testament so she could read

to the other women. Pray that God's Word may cause them to turn to Christ. There are fourteen Christians in the village.

But this is but one of the dozens of villages needing the Lord—such as Livingstone, Gwembe Valley where 90,000 Africans have been evacuated. Catholics have already planted their roots there, but why haven't we who believe we have the truth. We shall have to answer one day to "I was hungry for the gospel and ye gave me no food." Lord, open our eyes !

August 27, 1959

It is just 13 years ago that the Lord brought us safely to Sinde to help in this part of His vineyard with Orville and Augusta. Truly He has blessed us abundantly, spiritually and physically, and we do thank Him for it.

Sunday sixteen young people were baptized into Christ. We pray they may always remain faithful and may win many others to Him.

Last week the Lord sent us tiny Rachel who is twelve days old. Since we have 80 children (two are in Bulawayo) we asked the Provincial Medical Officer for advice. He advised us to take the new baby to the hospital for the usual two-weeks check-up, and also to take Daniel (he's almost two years old) to the hospital for a check-up as he isn't developing properly. Please pray the Lord will work out what is best. Most of our children are in better health now. This year 32 attend school.

In His service,

Augusta Brittell and Family

October 13, 1959

Greetings through our Lord,

It is time to send a picture of our group again. Since our last picture, Joy has married, God has taken one and sent three more. The children all thank you for your love which has brought them so much joy and comfort. Pray that they may bring joy to those whom they meet by telling them of Christ. They say, "Twalumba Loko" (thank you very much) from Bana boonse. (all the children.)

Just thirteen years ago today God transplanted the first tender plant into our garden. One by one He is still adding these tender plants. And with each plant comes the added responsibility of nurturing and developing the God-given attributes so as to make it a glory to God both here and hereafter. God does not ask us to change their color, but to train them for Him and to implant in their hearts a passion for lost souls and to have a brotherly love for all. Daily we realize our insufficiency to cope with this great undertaking. Only through your prayers and the mercy of God can we succeed.

God always sends the sunshine with the shadows. Sunday six more were baptized here at Sinda and today Mr. Clarke, a farmer we met in town a few months ago who has been coming to study Bible with us, was baptized. He wants to try to start a congregation at his home village—about 165 miles away. Pray God will bless his efforts.

Orville and the boys have finished fencing in the Mission. Now they are working on a new little five-room house.

In September we had word that Lester had facial paralysis and was under the doctor's care. Last week we received word that he was completely recovered. The

doctor said it was the quickest recovery he had ever seen—we know that the many prayers of you dear ones made this possible. The Lord willing, Lester, Joy, and the children plan to return to Africa about the middle of next year. And they will bring with them more workers. Please pray the Lord will bring their plans to pass.

We did enjoy having Augusta and the children home last week-end, as it was their boarding school holiday. Schooling is a big problem for them as the fees have gone up to \$ 254.70 per child per year, and this doesn't include uniforms, train fares, etc. Please pray God will supply the needed funds for them to go on to school.

Tiny Dorika—just a month old—has come to us. And Rachel has returned from the hospital. Since Lois and Gerald must receive special care in Bulawayo, we could take these babies. Please pray they will grow up to be workers for God.

November 10, 1959—The rains are later than usual this year, however the ground is not too hard for discing, so Orville is getting several fields ready. We know the Lord will send the rain when it is best.

I spent a week in bed with the "real old fashioned flu." I am up again now but I still feel weak and tired. I lost 14 pounds while in bed! Please pray I may soon regain my strength.

The children are all gaining in weight and all but eleven are walking. They just love to play outside, making roads in the dirt. The older children are looking forward to school holidays the first part of December.

November 12, 1959—The first rains have come. It was the first heavy shower since April. Everything was so dry. Many cattle had starved to death. Orville is plowing now.

The refreshing showers bring new life and hope to both man and beast.

The Christmas spirit is already on the move in the States, I presume. Africans know little of the Christ spirit—it is mostly evil spirits and ancestral worship. How much they need Christ! Pray for more laborers. May God bless you for your part in bringing Christ to this people.

In His wonderful, happy service,
The Brittells

December 23, 1959

Greetings in Christ's dear Name!

Thanks for your kind remembrance. God has bestowed upon our big family so many tokens of love the past few weeks, and has sent many Christians our way, which helps to build us up. But one visitor came this morning whom we were not happy to entertain—a six-foot crocodile came up to the barn where the little children go each day to milk. This is just 300 yards from the small creek where a crocodile bit off the hand from one of Brother Merritt's work girls many years ago. Fortunately, "old Mr. Croc", in his search, fell into the empty silage pit. We called a man from town who came and caught the Croc by tying his mouth shut with a rope. How thankful we are that God spared the children. This is so much like Satan. When we least suspect him, he is very near.

December 24, 1959—As Christ's special day approaches, we do thank Him for all He has given us this past year. May the New Year find many new workers entering the mission fields all over the world where souls are dying without Christ and without hope. We do thank God for sending

His only Son so that men may be saved. May we never fail to give the gospel to all we meet.

“Lead me to some soul today ;
O teach me, Lord, just what to say :
Friends of mine are lost in sin,
And cannot find their way.
Few there are who seem to care,
And few there are who pray :
Melt my heart and fill my life :
Give me one soul today.”

The Lord has blessed us with good rains and the corn is growing nicely. The children have put in a big field of sweet potatoes and popcorn, too. Most of the children are well, except for a few cases of malaria. We took a blood-slide and found many parasites in Johnny's blood. Mareco is fine after his hernia operation.

May God grant you all health and happiness throughout the New Year, and may we all lead many souls from the dangerous enemy who is so near, as was this crocodile, into the safe fold of our Lord.

In His wonderful, happy service,
The Brittells

17

God Answers Our Prayers and Sends Workers

January 6, 1960

Dearly Beloved in the Lord !

New Year's greetings in His Name ! Another leaf has been turned—pure and spotless for each of us to choose what shall enter there—where we shall cast our net.

Early one morning on the shore of the Sea of Galilee our Lord said to Peter and the other disciples, after a laborious night, "Children, have ye aught to eat ?" They answered, "No." Then He said, "Cast your net on the right side." All night long they had cast their net on the wrong side. But when they cast their net on the right side, they again found Christ.

How often we lose sight of our Master and cast our net on the wrong side to find we have caught nothing—nothing eternal and abiding. But when we hear and obey the Master's voice "Come follow Me and I will make you fishers of men", we find He blesses us with a draught of "men", and we can exclaim with overjoyed Peter, "We have found the Lord. The Lord will give the "draught" and provide the food for us to "break our (spiritual) fast."

Let us search our hearts to see if we have lost sight of

our Lord and are fishing for things other than "men." Let us diligently strive throughout the New Year to cast our net on the right side.

We truly appreciate your love and interest that has helped to keep our boat afloat so we can fish. May we rejoice together as we pull our net ashore on Canaan's side and see the bountiful draught through our Master's love and mercy.

May you have a happy, useful New Year working for our Master.

In His Service,
The Brittells

February 3, 1960

Zechariah 10:1 . . . Showers of rain !

Greetings through Jesus !

Showers of rain and showers of blessings God has sent upon us, for which we are truly thankful. Even though this has been an unusually dry year, just when the corn seems ready to curl up from the heat, God sent the rain and now it is already tasseling. George and Eddie cultivated it with the tractor while they were home for holidays and since then the children have helped the boys hoe over the fields. We pray the children will learn to love to work and will be faithful for the Lord.

Our family now numbers 80 again. Little two-week-old Andrew came. He is still in the hospital for his two-week check-up. On the 25th of last month Daddy celebrated his 70th birthday. We do thank God for giving him better health and for giving all of us such a wonderful "Daddy."

On the last day of January eight-year-old Jonathan fell nine feet through the ceiling of the barn to the cement floor. He fractured his jaw and skull, knocked many of his teeth crooked and broke some, and hemorrhaged from his ear. He was rushed to the hospital and last night was reported out of danger. Please pray God will restore him to health again according to His will.

We do appreciate your letters and interest in the work of the Lord in Africa. Daily more are learning of God's saving power, and as they obey, they have hope of eternal life with Jesus. I just read that God has two main purposes for our lives—the first, that we should be holy; the second, that the heathen might know Him through us. We have said, "I fear the climate, I fear for my health, and I cannot learn the language." When we should say, "I fear the heathen are going to hell. I must go to them." How happy those lost in sin are to learn of the Savior. Please pray more workers will come soon and help take the Gospel to those of the Gwembe valley.

February 5, 1960—Today I took seven of the middle-sized boys with me to town to visit Jonathan and to get supplies. Jonathan's jaw was put back in place yesterday, his teeth were straightened, and the broken place in the front of his jaw was set. The x-ray showed a slight concussion. We know God will restore him to health if it is His will.

February 11, 1960—We are so happy to say little Jonathan was much better Sunday. The dentist is making a brace to hold his teeth in place until they grow back, if they will.

Orville took 44 of the older boys and girls and Elaine to Siachabakubi village ten miles away in the big seven-ton truck. God, through you, made possible this truck for the work for a very reasonable price which was passed by the

Vehicle Inspector on Friday. There were 96 present at the meeting—out under a big tree. How great the need of those people for some one to come lead them to Christ. We brought a very sick child from the village back with us to the hospital. We arrived back in time for Bible class at Mujala village. Seven of their young people obeyed their Lord in baptism here at Sinde on the Lord's day.

May God bless you richly.

In Christian love,
Augusta Brittell and Family

March 23, 1960

Greetings in His dear Name !

How we have neglected you ! So many things to do all at once ! Gladys mowing hay and Mubita raking behind the mower, Orville and the boys making insilage, the rest of the work boys, the older children and I topping corn for insilage, Elaine and the girls caring for the little ones, and all the rest of the children who are large enough tramping insilage at spare moments. We hope to get all the insilage in the pits today, the Lord willing. Then we must haul and rick the hay, gather the corn a bit later, get the roof on the new wood and corn shed, build a shed for the farm implements and tools, plaster the six-room new house Lester built, plaster the two compounds on the outside, and finish cross-fencing. Then we will have a breathing spell, and perhaps we won't have to wait so long to write !

We are so thankful to God for so many temporal blessings—the bridge over the Sinde river and the improved road to Livingstone, the new wonderful plow with a turntable, the purchase of an engine and pump very cheap, the promise from the Health Department to spray all private

and school buildings free every six months, the fine crop of corn for our babies and for the widows and lepers whom we feed. Crops are *very* poor in these parts. Pray for the poor who will die of hunger because of famine.

Do it now—the good you can,
True to God and fellow man ;
One more day may be too late,
Never should we hesitate.

If you have a fragrant flower,
Cheer someone this very hour ;
Flowers laid upon a tomb,
Quickly fade and lose their bloom.

If you utter earnest prayer,
For a soul with griefs to bear,
God will help both you and him,
When the way seems rough and dim.

In this world of sin and woe,
We the love of God must show ;
Do it now—if but a smile,
Helping others all the while.

—G. Welker

A salesman came today and gave the children 325 samples of toothpaste and 5 Large bottles of Milk of Magnesia. He said he would be back next month with more things. God does send so many blessings so unexpectedly. Last evening a man came to see about taking three heifers to the Game Park to see if they will cross with the buffalo. Orville has been interested in getting a sturdy animal and he has always wondered about the buffalo.

Tomorrow Joy and Sobe (our married orphan and her husband) are coming for the week-end. It is the first time they have been here since Last March. They live

thirteen miles down in the valley over a very rough road. The Lord willing, Sobe will be transfered to Namwianga or Sinde to teach in July. They are looking for an addition in September.

Thanks to all who have sent so many nice things again for the children. They are all growing so quickly. This year Sue, Margaret, Ruth and Stephen will finish Standard IV (sixth grade). This is as high as the school goes.

Thanks to God for his protection—one evening Samuel stepped outside onto a five-foot cobra! Up the screen door it flew until Gladys and I and the children came with a torch and long pole and stones to kill it. The same day there was a foot-long cobra in the sewing room which we killed with the broom.

Yours in His wonderful service,
The Brittells

May 8, 1960

Greetings in His dear Name !

How our hearts rise in thanks.giving for your prayers and the goodness of God who has inspired new workers to hear the "Macedonian Call." Two families are to sail with Lester in just a few days, the Lord willing. We are Looking forward to a refreshing of spirit and a greater ingathering of souls. Pray for their safe arrival.

We greatly regret the loss of Orville and his family from the work here. They moved to Kaloma (85 miles from here) to put their girls in Bible school. Only God knows the untiring efforts they've put fourth to make the work go here at Sinde. Orvile still, though busy as he is, comes down and helps out on the difficult tasks. Our thanks

and prayers go with them. We look forward to reunion in that better home above with all the redeemed.

While we have slowly been getting additions built and repair work done on the house for the new workers, and the crops harvested, and friends entertained, your letters have been pushed aside, which we sorely regret, but it seems as if 16 to 18 hours a day is about as long as this 66 year-old frame can stand up under-even if *many* jobs needing attention go unfinished. Pray that we may be more efficient in His service.

July 10, 1960—How our hearts are made glad that through God's goodness the travelers arrived safely. They come with so much encouragement from friends in the homeland. They are already busy at the jobs needing attention most. Their freight has also arrived. You dear friends are so kind to all of us that it makes us feel so unworthy.

Our day school for the lower grades opens tomorrow and for the other grades on the 25th. We will have 22 boys and 14 girls in school.

Jack and Rena Chrissop and Herbie and Rene Wilson are here on a long week-end, so we are having a real family reunion. Both families seem like our own children. The Wilsons have moved to Bulawayo to put their second son, Nigel, in a special school as he has great difficulty in hearing. He is progressing nicely.

Two poor, fingerless lepers just came to the door to have their oozing stubb-fingers doctored. Sights like this make us pray harder for a clinic to treat such, and a place developed here where the partly able-bodied ones can have a lively-hood. Pray with us that all may have a passion for the lost. Also pray that the new workers may soon obtain their visas to come.

Yours in His wonderful service,
The Brittells

August 20, 1960

Greetings in Jesus !

We do hope you will excuse our long delay in writing. Everyone has been busy getting the houses fixed up for Sister Carrie Rankin and brother and Sister Rabick and son. They are to arrive tomorrow morning at 7:30, the Lord willing, in Livingstone. Lester went to Bulawayo to meet them. We do thank the Lord for sending more workers and pray many more souls will be saved. May God bless each one of you who have had a part in helping them to come. We just had a letter from a friend in England expressing a desire to come and help in the work. May God open the way for her to come.

If any of you have old Bibles or New Testaments not in use, they certainly could be used over here. In these days of unrest, if one has God's Word with him, he can study and teach others. Many over here have never had a Bible—they learn from hearing others speak about God. Many ask for Bibles or New Testaments, and we sadly tell them we've given out all we have.

All the children are well except Apollos who has a deep burn on his chest and may have to have a skin graft, and Joshua who is in the hospital because he doesn't gain. The school children are learning nicely. Perhaps Standard V will be put in here at Sinde, if the Lord wills. Please pray for a teacher to come teach the missionary children here.

August 22, 1960—Thank God the Rabicks and Sister Carrie Rankin arrived safely today ! They are already busy and seem to be liking Africa. We are so thankful to have more to tell the story of Jesus' love.

We are so glad that two more elderly women came forward for baptism at Mujala Village last Sunday while

Samuel was leading the service. Pray for these babes in Christ and for these little ones for whom you have done so much. May they always have a desire to save souls.

The Christian Church people are planning to move in their workers down in the Kariba valley where we could have been allotted the place had we been on the job. It is now the eleventh hour and we have not entered the field for labor—can we expect the same wage as those who have toiled in the heat of the day ?

The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just when the hands will stop,
At late or early hour.
Now is the only time we own !
Live, love, toil with a will ;
Place no faith in tomorrow
For the hands may then be still.

May we be ready when Jesus calls.

In His loving service,
The Brittells

October 31, 1960

Greetings in Christ to all of you from All the children !

Here is our yearly picture, with the names of all of us. Since you last saw us God took little Daniel to work for Him, and has given us Rachel, Amos and Andrew to make us glad ; and has sent BaCarrie, BaPhil and BaMarilyn to help us. God is so good to give us dear friends like you to love us. Please pray we may always live for Him. For all these blessings we say "Twalumba loko, Leza" (Thank you, God, very much.)

Bana boonse (all the children)

Another year has brought changes again in our little garden. Here and there we can see beautiful buds slowly unfolding, promising a yield of fragrant flowers and a harvest. A few blossoms have reached maturity and the tender plants have gently dropped their seeds into nearby fertile soil (villages) which have sprung up and brought forth fruit (in the village where our older boys go for services three women have heard, received and obeyed the Word and are bearing fruit.) These new plants which grow amongst thorns and thistles of witchcraft and superstition need added strength to survive. Please pray for them. Some weeds and thistles have sprung up for which we must be more diligent in our efforts to keep our garden clean yet not disturb the tiny plants, and also they must be protected from the blight of the threatening storm of unrest and brutality on every side, and be made secure by impregnating them with that "anti-blight" (faith in God and His protecting power that is able to deliver).

Please pray God to give us wisdom for this super-human task. We know that God, who has through your love and prayers brought our little garden to this stage will bring forth a beautiful harvest for Him if we will continue to sow the seed and cultivate and trust Him. May we all rejoice together as we lay the sheaves at His feet.

In His service,

Augusta Brittell and Family

November 26, 1960

Greetings through Christ our Redeemer !

Thanks to each of you who have blessed the children and the spreading of God's Word by your prayers and faithfulness in supplying our needs.

Several of the children have been in the hospital for various reasons, but most of them are home again. Andrew just had bronchial-pneumonia and then broke out with measles—he's better today for which we thank God.

The Lord sent a good rain today so soon the fields will be plowed. What a blessing—rain !

November 29, 1960—There has been an abundance of rain now and just enough clear spells in between to plant the corn and the new grass down by the new well. Everything has taken on new life since the life-giving water has come. It is the same way with a life that has received the life-giving Word of God and has obeyed—new life begins.

Orville and Augusta spent Thursday night with us and helped us get some much-needed jobs done. Joye has been painting in their new house, and Daddy, Phil, and Lester (when it's too rainy to plow) have been putting up the doors and windows. The ceiling is ready to be put on. We do thank God for supplying it.

Orville preached in Livingstone last Sunday morning and taught the Ladies Bible class at Mujala in the afternoon. They were so pleased to see him. They are a faithful group of Christians (mostly women—thirteen.) They made mud blocks for their church house. They have been meeting since April and have given 42% of their offerings to mission work among their people even though they have no seats and only a dirt floor. They are trying hard to raise a little extra corn this year so they may be able to plaster the church and get some seats. Help us to catch the vision of sacrifice that our Lord had !

Yours in His wonderful service,

The Brittells

December 31, 1960

Greetings in Jesus, our Lord !

"Next year, next year," we say,
When come to naught
Our plans and projects gay,
Our bright dreams fraught
With brighter hopes, that shine
On that far rim
Of life's horizon line,
Where dreams lie dim.

And touched with morning dew—
"Next year, next year ;"
And while we plan anew
The days grow sere.
The year flies by, and lo !
We've left behind
The glory and the glow
We hoped to find ;

And raised again the clew
We meant to heed—
The cherished plan to do
Some cherished deed.
"Next year, next year !"
Oh ! why not now,
Delaying soul, this year
Keep word and vow ?

Oh ! why not now and here,
Why not today,
Before another year
Shall run away ?
Keep word and faith, or ere
An hour's delay,
Make good the promise fair,
Today, Today !

Nora Perry

For our many blessings, for our friends and for keeping us safely throughout this past year we give thanks unto our heavenly Father. With the arrival of the new missionaries more has been accomplished for the Lord. Please pray with us that many more will give their lives to God's service in Africa where so many need the gospel.

We do appreciate such a good response in sending Bibles and New Testaments and thank all who had a part in giving God's Word to those who are seeking the truth. May a bountiful harvest be reaped !

Now the children are back in school after their holidays. While they were home they put fertilizer on the corn and God gave the rain so it's growing nicely.

Jesus has called home the dear leprous Christian at Kenema who has suffered so many years.

God gives each spirit, He can take ;
 Each soul is His, asleep—awake.
 Then how can we—poor mortal man,
 Question our God's—the Maker's plan ?
 So now we say, "Thy will be done."
 And praise Thy name—Most Holy One.

Agnes W. Cross

May God's peace abide with all of you throughout the coming year, and may each of you experience His richest blessings in all you do for Him.

Yours in His wonderful service,
 The Brittell Family

"Why Did We Come To Africa?" You Ask ?

New Year's Day, 1961

New Year's Greetings in His Blessed Name !

At twelve o'clock last night the last leaf had been turned in our 1960 term-book, the last problem had been solved, the test papers handed in to the Head Master and graded, and the grades were recorded in the grade book. What was my score ? Did I pass ? That is the question. Here if we fail a grade, we can repeat, but we cannot repeat our lives of 1960.

The Master Teacher has not graded my life by my deeds done nor by what I have spoken in 1960, "though I spoke with the tongues of angels...gave all my goods to feed the poor and my body to be burned..."but by the measure of love and faith towards the One whose offering "perfected for ever them that are sanctified," whether or not Christ has been crowded out of my life, and I have been guided by my own wisdom and wishes in the good works I have offered to Him. Christ doesn't need our good deeds, but He does want hearts that have faith in His Words and are willing to go forth relying on His promises "I will in no wise fail thee" though the path be physically impossible. Without this faith (Hebrews 11) our good deeds profit us nothing, but with it we can do all things "through Him who strengthenth us."

A new 1961 book has been placed in my hands, how shall I use it ? What will my score be when 1962 is here, should our Lord tarry till then? May we see that we refuse not Him that speaketh.

We are enclosing a report of the first ten years of the Orphanage work compiled by Orville. We truly miss his unselfish labors for the work here since he and Augusta moved to Kaloma, to put their girls in school. Their two boys are in school at Lusaka. Everywhere we look we see the results of his careful planning and untiring work. He is making many contacts in the compound at Kaloma. One man was baptized Sunday. He is also studying with some members of the Jehovah's Witnesses group. Augusta teaches and help the girls with their sewing. We hope, by God's grace, to send further reports of our work here from time to time as He gives us strength and opportunity to do so.

Carrie Rankin hasn't been a bit well since her arrival. Brother Clarke lives here and works in town, assisting whenever he can with the work here. A registered nurse is due to arrive next month from England, and Lyle and Thelma Pomeroy will sail from America in May, the Lord willing. We are praying Ethel Lenier will come with them. We thank God that He has heard our prayers for more workers. Pray that with the added staff more may be accomplished for Him.

January 16, 1961—It was such a treat to hear from, you—your prayers, letters, and gifts mean so much to all of us here at Sinde.

Today I went to town with Carrie to get her plane ticket. She has been sick ever since she came and can't get her strength back. She surely does hate to leave. How we all—and especially the children—will miss her cheery smile and the many things she did each day. The

children call her "MaCarrie" and run to her whenever they see her. They all try to hold on to her—she should have a few more hands ! She surely has brought lots of joy to everyone at Sinde !

We just had a letter from Mrs. Tatlock, the nurse from England. An X-ray revealed she has to have surgery on her neck on the 18th, so that will delay her coming when she planned. Please pray she will have a speedy recovery and can soon join us.

Yesterday when we started out for Mujala for Bible class, we had to turn back at the river—it was too high to cross. God has sent lots of rain and the corn is already in tassels. The children are having a time keeping the weeds out—they want to grow even faster than the corn. Guess the weeds are like gossip—it spreads much faster than truth.

May we all "run with patience the race that is set before us, ever looking to Jesus, our Lord..."

Yours in His wonderful service,
The Brittells

January 29, 1961

Greetings in His Name !

Your encouraging letters and fellowship in so many ways has meant more to us than you will ever realize. Again you have enabled us to give Bibles and Song Books to those who are hungry for God's Word but are far from anyone bearing the Good News, and without money to buy. You have also helped to feed and clothe many a leper and orphan, and furnished gas to take the sick and needy to the hospital and various other places, besides helping many of the missionaries in these parts. I am

sure one of your greatest joys will be to meet all those you have so blessed face to face when He calls you. May the circle be unbroken.

We certainly regret that Sister Carrie had to return to the U.S.A. because of ill health. We were certainly lifted up even by her short stay of six months. She was one of the best helpers with the babes we've ever had. The children's loss will be the greatest. They truly loved her and she loved them. But God knows best.

Mrs. Tatlock will be coming out now in February. We are eagerly looking forward to her coming and to the coming of the Pomeroy's in May, the Lord willing. Please pray they may all have a safe arrival.

Said the robin to the sparrow,
"I would really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so?"
Said the sparrow to the robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."

In His service,
The Brittells

February 22, 1961

Greetings in Jesus, our Protector,

We are always so happy to hear from you and do appreciate the great part you have in the Lord's work here. It is a great comfort to know we have a wonderful Father in heaven to keep us safe as the unrest and trouble comes closer to this part of the country. How wonderful to be able to pray for the Lord's protection, and then lie down

to a peaceful night's rest to awaken in the morning with renewed strength to try to serve Him more during the new day. If only there were more all over the world spreading the "Good News of Christ", how much better the whole world would be. Are we Christians doing all we can to hasten His coming ?

We just had word that Mrs. Tatlock will leave March 9 by plane from England and will arrive here on the 10th. Truly she will be a blessing to all who are sick. Please pray she may have a safe journey and enjoy good health here. We are still looking forward to the arrival of Thelma and Lyle Pomeroy in June, as they are sailing May 5, the Lord willing. May others be inspired to come with them, is our daily prayer.

Five souls were added to the Lord's body last Sunday afternoon down by the river as they came up cleansed from their old sins, clean to walk in newness of life in Christ Jesus. May they continue onward and win more souls to Christ.

The Africans are so pleased to get the New testaments and Bibles. We know God's Word will not return unto Him void. We pray God to bless each one who had a part in giving them "words of life eternal."

I want to share this poem I found, with you :

"Said one, 'I planned an ultra-modern home.'

But a Hungarian woman whispered, 'I have no home at all.'

Said another, 'I dreamed of a country place for luxurious week-ends.'

But a refugee child kept saying 'I have no country.'

I decided on a new cupboard right now ;

But a child of Korea cried out 'I have no cup.'

I started to purchase a new kind of washing machine ;

But a Polish woman said softly 'I have nothing to wash.'

I wanted a quick-freezing unit for storing quantities of food ;

But across the water came the cry 'I have no food.'

I ordered a new car for the pleasure of my loved ones ;

But a war-orphan murmured 'I have no loved ones.'

Said some 'We want foam cushions our pews to make soft.

But an African Christian whispers 'I have no seat to sit on.' "

Selected

In His service

The Brittells

March 6, 1961

Greetings in Jesus !

Thank God He is sending us Mrs. Tatlock this Friday. He is not slack concerning His promises. For years we have prayed for Him to send someone to relieve the sick and suffering. We now pray He will give Mrs. Tatlock the strength and health for the great task she has undertaken so that much more will be accomplished for our Master.

We do miss the Angel Family who were transferred to Bulawayo. They have been the backbone of the church in town for the past two-and-a-half years.

All on the mission are well at the moment except Elizabeth and Philip who are in the hospital with malaria.

We want to thank you especially for the money for playground equipment for our children. Eighty children

become like autos without drivers when they have nothing with which to use their pent-up energy. We have a large slide, but want to fix some swings and a scramble bar. You have helped us more than you know by helping to keep the children entertained. It's a real job to find eighty jobs a day.

Why should I give ? What can God need from me,
When His are all the earth and sky and sea ?
What worth to Him my Little all would be ?
He wants me to !

Why should I go ? Archangels He could send
To bear His word to earth's remotest end ;
Yet "go ye !" comes the call to me, His friend.
He wants me to !

Why should I pray ? My feeble voice Him move ?
Bends He a listening ear to me in love ?
Yet when I cry He answers from above.
He wants me to !

"Am with you always;" "All the power;" "Then go !"
His final message. Am I, then, so slow
I shall not do His will ? Enough to know
He wants me to !

Selected

In His Service,
The Brittells

P. S. April 10, 1961—How much joy the children receive from their new sponsors, whom they call "Aunties." When a letter comes, they carry it around with them for days. And if the sponsor sends a picture, they handle it so much that it is soon a rather sorry sight. Today I promised to write to Micah's "Aunties". He kept coming in to see if I were starting that letter. When I asked him what he wanted to buy with the birthday money they had sent, he

said, "I want to buy sweets for all the children". Then he looked down at his T-Shirt, which is gradually growing shorter, or else he is growing taller, and said, with a big smile, "I would like some T-Shirts—see, my little 'mable button' shows !"

Love

A. B.

May 6, 1961

Greetings in Jesus' Name !

Sickness and over-full days have pushed this letter aside far too long. We are sorry but we don't know how to eradicate this problem unless you come help do these necessary daily jobs !

You have wondered, or asked, about the trouble in Africa. There is plenty of trouble, but in spite of the devil's work, the church moves forward. In the past two months at Kaloma jail in the African compound, and in the compound itself, where Orville does house-to-house evangelizing, twenty-two have been baptized. And in Sinde and the near-by villages, where Lester and some of the children go each Sunday, there have been thirty baptized. Please pray for these babes in Christ,

Phil, Marilyn, and Perri Rabick have moved into Livingstone to help out with the church there since Brother Angel and his family were transferred to Bulawayo.

Mrs. Tatlock is busy treating the sick several hours a day. She hasn't been feeling up to par, so she went to the doctor. She has gastric flu. Please pray she will be better soon.

Brother Clarke has moved into Livingstone, too, to be nearer his work on the railroad. We appreciate the many jobs he helped us with.

In the many letters we receive from all of you, two questions are asked over and over again. The one is "Why did you come to Africa?" and the second, "What are the qualifications of a missionary?"

I'll try to answer the first question by telling you a story. Once there was a great king who was personally interested in all his subjects. One day as he and his son were going through his province he found a little homeless lad who was lost. The king asked the lad to come into his nice, warm car, and took him to his mansion, and supplied his needs. Then he told Tom (for that was the lad's name) if he would be faithful, he would care for him and would let him be joint-heir with his own son. Tom went to work with a happy heart, always trying to please his father.

When Tom became a young man, his father bought him a nice car and told him he wished he would always be interested in the people of their province, as he himself was. Tom always tried to live up to this wish.

One evening one of Tom's friends gave a party in honor of Tom's 21st birthday. The countryside road leading to the host's house passed by a sewage farm. As Tom and his friend, Bill, drove by they heard the screams of a child. They saw the child's grip loosen and then they saw him plunge into the contaminated pool of water. Tom was a good swimmer, and in a moment his coat was off and he was over the iron rail and had rescued the child. He wrapped him in his coat and rushed him to the hospital where the good physician soon cleansed him of all the contamination and he was secure in the place of refuge.

As Tom was driving home all wet and cold, Bill asked

him, "Why did you go into that vile pool, ruin your good suit and miss the party to rescue that child?" Tom answered, "My father loved me and saved me when I was lost, and he loves this boy too. I love this child because my father loves him."

This is my answer too—"My Father loved me when I was lost and saved me." He loves these poor children (they are all children even though their hair has grown white) who have lost their hold and have fallen into the contaminated whirlpool of sin and corruption, and His wish is that I love them too. True, not everything connected with rescuing these unfortunates is pleasant, nor was the thorny crown on the piercing nails pleasant to our Lord, yet they were necessary to save my soul—and yours—so why shouldn't I be willing to endure the small inconveniences of life to rescue those He loves?

Now the second question—"What qualifications should a missionary have?" In my judgement, he must be one who appreciates what his Lord (his Good Samaritan) has done for him to the extent that he will "go and do likewise." Also he should be willing to work with his hands as did Paul. He *must* have these two qualifications or he will fail, regardless of all the training along other lines, or regardless of the support. As illustrated by one of our African teachers in his sermon, "Because a child is born in a garage, we cannot say he is a motor car; neither can we say that because a man is sent to a mission field, he automatically becomes a missionary."

May we all live that selfless life till He comes.

In His Service,
Augusta Brittell

June 20, 1961

Greetings through Jesus, our Lord !

The days and weeks have flown by, and still we haven't written. Any way, we have thought about you and prayed for you and thanked God for giving us friends who remember His work here in Africa. God has also answered many prayers by sending Thelma and Lyle Pomeroy to help in the work here. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at six Lyle has Bible classes for the children and anyone else who wants to come. On Wednesdays at seven he has a Bible study group. On Thursdays he goes with Lester to the different villages for Bible classes, and on Sundays they go with Lester to conduct services at several villages. Mable Tatlock goes with them on Sundays and treats the sick. How it rejoices our hearts to see more villages visited each week and more lost souls brought to Christ. Lester's landrover has proved its worth again and again in helping to save souls, just as Orville's has. Many, many thanks to each of you who had a part in making these possible.

We thank God for my recovery in April. I had the flu, an enlarged spleen, and a blood clot in my leg. Recently my legs have been very painful, but they are improving. Please pray for a complete recovery if it is His will.

Daddy and I have been making new beds for the children. The Lord let us find some good mattresses. They are made at a factory in town and should be here by next week. Then the children will really sleep warm. We also found some army blankets. They should last a long time, and they are so warm. This season seems colder than usual.

Lester and Lyle have been fixing the Clinic room with shelves and cement floor, down at Mabel's. It will really be nice—so light and airy. Mabel hopes to begin a class

in First Aide one evening a week for the older girls. It will be very useful.

While relaxing a few moments, I found the following thought and it caused me to examine my life to see where my goal is—for God or self?

"The emotion of hunger is not wrong, neither is it a part of guilt to be thirsty. But when a person has as the main ambition of his life the satisfaction of his hunger or thirst, and this controls his every waking moment and dominates his life, even the good that should exist becomes the measure of his destruction."

How easy it is to fill our days with things we want to do, unless we keep close to God and seek to do His will. Please pray that we all may live closer to heavenly Father and always be shining examples for Him.

On the 25th we will have been married 45 years. Some people thought we were too old to come to Africa in 1946, but God has spared us these many years and used us to lead many souls to Christ during our 15 years in Africa. We pray God will spare us for many more years in His service here. "The Lord will give strength unto His people", Psalm 29;11. "Fear thou not' for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Isaiah 41:10.

July 30, 1961—Since this letter is still not in the post, we will add to it. We truly appreciate your faithfulness, even when we cannot find time to be faithful. To know you dear ones bearing us up to the throne of mercy helps so much. The plight of these people, both physical and spiritual, is deplorable. At this season many are without food, clothes, or cover to keep them warm as they lie on the ground to sleep. The blind, the lepers, and the helpless come to our door daily for help. We encourage and

direct the children in sharing with them. They are giving two or three hundred pounds of meal to these unfortunate ones each week. They also share their clothing and have bought twenty blankets for them this month. (This is the cold whether season here.)

The children are getting old enough to be quite responsible and helpful. We try to encourage and train them so that if we were compelled to leave the country, they would be able to take over and carry on. Elaine has helped the older girls in making some of their own clothes and also some for the boys. The boys do the milking and many other jobs. Samuel drives the tractor. He and the younger boys have hauled lots of firewood, posts for the fences (we are enlarging the orchard), rock and dirt for the foundation for the Clinic Room. (It is completed now, and Daddy and Lyle are painting it.) Samuel has also bored most of the holes, with the electric drill you dear ones gave us, for the eleven swings for the tiny tots. We have tried everywhere we knew to find playground equipment for the oldren children, but to no avail. Last week when I was in town I called on a family who have studied Bible with us many times. She directed me to an engineer who she thought might do it. I went right over, and he promised to make twenty-four swings for the middle-sized children and for the larger ones. Lester took the pipe in the next day. We also want to get basket-ball and net-ball equipment as soon as possible. We have the ground ready. The discipline of the children has always been made more difficult because of lack of wholesome ways of spending their surplus energy. It's like having eighty high-speed cars cranked up readily to go, and only two or three drivers. May God bless you for your great part in the work and may He soon send more chauffers for our eighty-plus (three at the compound) cars so they may not swerve from the narrow path and be wrecked.

When the Milan Cathedral was finished, in the vast throngs of people assembled to witness the dedication, a little girl cried out in childish glee, as she pointed to the

great building, "I helped build that !" "What," exclaimed one of the guards, standing nearby in brilliant uniform, "Show me what you did." The little girl answered, "I carried the dinner pail for my father while he worked up yonder." Her part, though humble, helped to complete the plans of the architect. In relating this story, Bishop Leonard made this comment, "Our part in life may seem small, but it should bulk large in our thoughts when we remember that it is helping to complete the plan of the Divine Architect."

Though the small part of each one of us here, from the smallest to the greatest, may seem very insignificant, may these efforts, together with your part, and with God's blessings, build an eternal edifice on solid rock which will bring glory to God.

In His service,
The Brittells

September 27, 1961

Dearly Beloved : Greetings in His Name !

Thank you once again for your encouraging letters. They help so much, especially when a few days seemed so dark, and especially when we don't answer back for so long. It seems as the children grow older it takes more time to train them in the way of the Lord.

The Lord undertook and brought Daddy safely through his hernia operation, and now he is home again and busy as ever. Lyle isn't supposed to do any heavy lifting for about six months, so he is busy at the Orphanage making cupboard doors and helping Lester with many other jobs. Thelma is teaching Rita, Sammy and Ricky in the nice school room Lester and Lyle fixed. The children are doing very well in their lessons.

My legs still bother me some, but I manage to keep busy every day. Soon we will be planting avacado trees, as the rains seem to be coming early this year.

Gladys married Brother Clarke, who has a farm at Pemba—about 120 miles from here. They are at present living in Livingstone where he has a job on the Railroad. Joye is kept busy with their large family—Carol and Mary (Two month old twins) joined their family in July. We do admire Joye and Lester for taking these and Joe into their home to train them in the way of the Lord. Still they never complain. And the Lord cares for their family of nine !

Mabel is busy with the Clinic. She just obtained the serum and is giving our children shots for Diptheria, whooping cough and tetanus. Forty-two of our children are in school this year. Some go only half days. Seven have finished and are helping here at the mission. They certainly are a great help. The four older girls go to sewing classes with the school girls. Just now they are knitting. Some have already made dresses and panties for their little sisters and brothers. The three older boys are busy with the tractor, and grader. A piece broke off the grader and hit Dorcas and broke her foot. She will have to be in a cast for a month, but she gets around and can go to school.

Lester and Lyle have been going to the villages two or three evenings a week to preach and show pictures. Souls are being won to Christ.

This month we've had lovely visits from friends from Florida and from California. And next month we are looking for more visitors from the U.S.A. What a treat it is to see someone from home !

So many have asked questions about the different phases of our work and about the children, so I shall try to give you a few facts.

Our children all speak English in the Orphanage. Then when they start school—the boys at eight years and the girls at seven years—everything is taught in "Tonga", the dialect spoken here. This makes it difficult for them the first few years, but their English is a great advantage to them in the higher grades. The English spoken by their teachers is not pure English which makes it difficult for them to understand. It is quite a task to get forty-two children off to school each day. To keep up their uniforms, to cut their hair, to wrap up stubbed toes, and to pick out slivers is no small item. The school is on the mission grounds, about one mile from the Orphanage, but the Government provides the teachers. We have no choice in the matter. About twenty of our children will be finished with the school this year. Standard IV is about the same as Grade 6 in the States. Pray that God will send someone to teach these children beyond this level.

The older girls help the younger ones and help with the babies. They are learning to sew on the machines now. They like hand work. They also do most of the cooking for all eighty. We give the children a diet which they would have if they lived in the village, plus milk, fruit, eggs, etc. The boys have a big vegetable garden which they water and care for. We also have large trees on the grounds bearing mangoes, pawpaws, guavas, lemons, grapefruit, oranges, nartjes, pomegranates, avacados, grenadellas, mulberries, and bananas. We have planted some young trees of leeches, mangoes, guaves, avacados and lemons. We have white leghorn chickens, twelve milk cows and six heifer calves. The boys milk, feed the calves and see to the spraying of the cattle. Good cows would die from ticks if they were not treated regularly twice a week. We cut wild hay with the tractor and mower you good people gave us. This feeds the cows through the dry season. We have had no rain since April 20 and we may not have any for another month or two. Many village cows starve to death during this season.

The Government has put a "tar-mac" road for five-

and-a-half miles from the mission, and has built a bridge over the Sinde river in the last few years. These have been a real blessing. During the rainy season the Sinde River often comes up in the short time it takes us to shop in town. Then we have to wait for hours to cross.

There are many wild animals here, especially near the Zambesi river and Victoria Falls and in the Game Reserves. There are elephants, hippos, lions, hyenas, leopards, giraffes, zebras, hartebeests, waterbucks, elands, buffaloes, duikers, wildebeests, etc. Often when you try to drive through a Game Reserve you have to wait until a herd of elephants gets out of the way—not so funny !

The people here are very poor, very illiterate, and there are many lepers, blind, and crippled. They are crippled both in body and soul. The children are doing what they can, but they need someone to help them bring Christ to these people. Christ is still pleading "Go into all the world" and His promise is still there "Lo, I'll be with you." Do you hear Him ? Please pray for more workers to come.

In His Service,
The Brittells

October 25, 1961

Greetings in Jesus from All of Us !

Here we are again with our pictures for you. God has been so good to keep everyone of us since we last sent you our picture. He has taken BaCarrie away from us. She had to go back to the U.S. because of her health, and the Rabicks moved to Livingstone to work with the church there, and Gladys was married on August 14. But He has sent BaThelma and Balyle Pomeroy to help us and Ba Mabel Tatlock and many other new friends to love and

help us. And He has given us so many other blessings, so we say "Twalumba loko, Leza" (Thank you very much, God.) Please pray that our lives may always please Him.

With love,
Bana boonse (all the children)

Another year has again brought changes in our little garden. More buds are unfolding their hidden beauty. Some unpromising plants have taken on new life. Each day's maturity calls for stronger plant food, and as the threatening winds of political unrest, blight of heathen customs, and catholicism close in around our garden, we reach our hand up to God for wisdom in selecting the proper food each plant needs to make him stronger and able to withstand these blasting winds and blight, and bring forth a beautiful harvest for the master husbandman. We know He is able if we do our part.

Please accept our thanks for your great part in bringing our little garden thus far. Please pray God that we together with these little plants may join you in laying on abundant harvest at His feet.

'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power :
That which was sown on earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

—Bonar

In His Service,
The Brittells

October 31, 1961

Greetings in Jesus our Lord !

What great trials and sorrows our dear leprous friend, BaDavid, went through as he carried the Gospel to lost

souls, before the Lord called him home last week. Many souls have found the Lord because he pressed on toward the mark of the high calling in Christ Jesus, even when it meant many miles of walking when his poor feet were so tired. Now he is happy and freed from pain and sorrow. The children do miss him so much. May all of us be busy for the Lord as he was till the Lord calls us home. Ba David's love for lost souls, his kindness and cheerful smile will always be an inspiration to me. I wish you could have known him.

We think of you often and always remember you in prayer, but don't get around to writing as often as we'd like to. Thank you for being so patient with us. Thirty-nine of the children have just had mumps. As they were getting better, twenty-three more came down with it. So everyone has been extra busy.

On September 24 a big grass fire swept across the mission and Daddy's arms were badly burned. They must still be dressed every day. He misses so much getting outside and working around, but he must wait until his arms are all healed.

Lester and Joye plan to visit their twins' relatives in their home village. Orville is having many Bible study groups each week in Kaloma and in the school at Nam-wianga. Brother Merritt has been in the hospital. He is improving, for which we thank God. Truly he has given his life in the service of God, and is a wonderful example.

May the peace of God and His blessings be upon you as you serve Him in your daily life. Please pray more workers will come soon.

Yours in his wonderful, happy service
Augusta Brittell and Family

December 3, 1961

Dear loved ones, Greetings in His Name !

Thanks for letting us hear from you—even though we let you down. All your many attentions lift us up and keep us looking up and thinking how sweet it will be to meet you and clasp your hand up there. Seems our days have been very full with the daily duties, besides the burns and the mumps. And then Mabel Tatlock had to fly to England to see a specialist about a growth on her neck which has flared up in the past few weeks. She has done a wonderful work in the past eight-and-a-half months in establishing the Clinic and treating hundreds of patients. She has taken that work from our shoulders, and now we must resume it. Pray for her recovery and safe return, if it be the Lord's will. If not, pray God to open someone's heart to come take up the Clinical work.

So many blessings continue to come our way that it seems to push aside the weariness of our bodies and give us zest. Not long ago we received a telegram from Frank Blackwell of the Pacific Grove congregation, saying, "Washing machine and type-writer are being shipped pre-paid." These blessings become even more sacred when we know that it was our dear friends—Frank's parents and sisters who played such a big part in these gifts to the Home. How we wish Frank and Marie had come along with the machine ! There's so much to do for the Lord in Africa.

Another blessing which came this year and helps fill such a deep need is the playground equipment. The man from Bulawayo brought out the swings today. You should have seen the children's faces and heard their rejoicing !

Another blessing—a policeman who was visiting in our home (a former electrician) came out and helped Lester find the trouble with the lighting plant. Lester got the

part and installed it yesterday. We hope it will continue to work. It will be so nice to see to read and write and work at night.

We are thankful that Daddy's burns are nearly healed after nine weeks of suffering. And Rita and Dorcas' broken legs are both better. Elizabeth fell out of the window and broke her collar bone, but she wasn't asleep, nor did we have Paul here to make her well.

May we all rejoice together up there.

In His service,
The Brittells

19

Closed Doors for New Babies

January 31, 1962

Dearly Beloved—Greetings !

The last leaf has dropped, one by one new leaves are shooting forth in our life of 1962. No more shall we play a part in 1961. No more can we rectify our mistakes and re-do them in 1961. No more can we work the works of righteousness or speak a kind word instead of a hard one when someone has misused us. We can only look to our words and deeds each day in 1962 and try to cheerfully take up our cross, denying ourselves as we follow Him who reviled not again.

Your love, prayers, letters, and fellowship have made it easier for us to make the grade, though it has been very steep at times and the clouds have hung very low. But you dear friends have broken through the clouds and lifted our load and let God's light break through.

Word has come from Mabel Tatlock that she is to go in for an operation on February 9, the Lord willing. Orville and Lester have taken several of the boys and have gone on a village trip recently. At one service there were 88 present and not one was a Christian. Oh, how we need more workers ! What will we answer the Master when He asks, "Why did you hire dozens of preachers to preach to us at home who have Bibles and can read,

and yet let these poor, illiterate souls never hear the Words of life ? Why did you spend thousands of dollars for a place to meet, and leave these faithful but poverty-stricken souls to meet for worship out in the cold and rain under a tree, or in a pole-and-mud house with a grass roof and dirt floor ? Why did you have pew cushions while these have no seats to put cushions on ? Why did you buy new clothes, when you had good clothes, just because the fashions changed, when many of these poor Christians haven't enough clothes to cover their nakedness ? Why did you buy a new car so often when these poor souls often don't even have a bicycle, but have to walk for miles to get to church, or they (the lepers) have to crawl because they have no feet to walk on ? Why did you spend what I gave you for luxuries, when these poor brothers have not the bare necessities of life ? And on—and on—and on. These questions deeply concern me.

Last week our boy Titus and a school boy found a naked, dead man near the road not far from the mission. Authorities feel he had wandered away from the village and had become too hungry. His leg bones and finger bones were away from the body, although his torso and face were not eaten. Was he ready to go ? If not, who is to blame ?

Lord, open our eyes to the over-ripe fields. Please pray for more workers to come soon.

In His service,
The Brittells

March, 1962

Dearly Beloved in Christ,

We do thank you for your letter of encouragement

which is among the many blessings God has sent us. The wonderful rains have turned the barren fields into verdant pastures, which has saved the lives of thousands of cattle, which means food for the masses in Africa. But the greatest blessing is that seven more of our children were baptized. This makes thirty of our children whom you have helped to lead to Christ by your love and prayers. Word came from Mabel Tatlock on March 14 that she was moved from the hospital to a rest home in Sussex, England, and that she was making good progress. Continue to pray for her. She has passed through a big ordeal safely by God's help. Pray that she may return to the work she loves, if best.—Another blessing—Daddy has recovered from his burns.

An African, who was catching witch doctors came by on the 24th and talked to the children. Samuel asked him how he could tell a witch doctor. He said he was once caught by one and was ready to be put into the pot to be cooked, when he escaped. He said he knows them. He came to one of our work boys and said, "A certain man was killed in your village ; another person was killed, another left the village, and the chief's kapaso was sent away—some of your people are witch doctors." Our work boy answered, "Yes." The man continued, "If I go there, I'll get them. Do you want me to go ?" Our work boy answered again, "Yes." The man is going to Mujala village, where we have the ladies Bible class, to get the witch doctors there. How great the need for more to come to lift the veil of witch-craft from their eyes, the veil which shuts Christ out. Even greater need for more workers since Daddy has been off duty for so long with his burns, and now I am laid up with a ruptured varicose vein (threatening blood poisoning), leaving a lot of extra work on Elaine. Pray that God may give all the missionaries added strength to reach more souls, and added wisdom to know what to teach so they may help the poor Africans not to be overcome by the threats of the witch doctors, but be true to God. Let us *work* and *pray*.

Only one life, 'twill soon be past ;
Only what's done for Christ will last.

In His blessed service,
The Brittells

June, 1962

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

Months have flown by, each filled to the brim, and your letter has been crowded out. But you are not crowded out of our thoughts and love. Since April when Lester and Joye moved into Livingstone to put their children in school and Maxine, our oldest daughter from California, came to visit us, we have let visiting and other things crowd out letter-writing. But now we are getting over the rush..

What a wonderful surprise for Daddy and me (and all of us)—your sending Maxine over for a visit ! She arrived the evening before my 68th birthday. We were all together for the first time in twenty-five years ! You can imagine how much talking there was that night—and all the days Maxine was here. We decided right from the start to spend all of the rest of our days in the service of the Lord here in Africa, so Maxine's visit was something we always wished for but never hoped to have fulfilled. Thanks again to each of you who had a part in sending her. She has taken many pictures of the many places she has visited here. Now she will be able to explain to you what this part of Africa looks like. She has had some rough rides out into the villages with Lester and Lyle and has seen quite a number of wild animals.

Mabel Tatlock is recovering from her operation and plans, the Lord willing, to return to Africa as soon as her doctor says it is advisable. Please pray she will soon be

completely well and be able to again take up the work she loves. The villagers so often ask when BaMabel is returning—they and we all surely miss her.

Now that the cold weather has come, many of the villagers come for food and clothing. The children love to help them. The villagers often share their food with the children, too. When visitors come, our children have so much fun around the fire in the back yard, cooking insima and cisyu, then they visit for a while as the fire dies down. They are very good about preparing food for any stranger, then speaking to them about the Lord and giving them a tract.

Fifty-six of our children will be in school this year. Some have applied for Standard V at Namwianga Mission, and if they are accepted, they will be leaving next month.

We heard last week that the washing machine the Blackwell families are sending is due to dock in Beria. (In May this lovely typewriter, which I am now using, came to us from the Blackwell girls. Now there shouldn't be any excuse for us not getting off letters more often !) So, the Lord willing, before long we should be able to get the children's clothes out on the lines and dry before the usual rains come later this year.

Our girls are able now to take over for an entire day, if it is necessary. We hope, by God's help, to prepare these children so that should we have to leave the country, they would be able to carry on the work both in the material and spiritual phases. Pray with us to that end.

Lester comes out three days a week to help with the work, and Lyle comes with him on Sundays. Then they visit the villages. There are five villages plus the chief's village, where the former missionaries at Sinde established congregations which have continued until now. There is also one at Mujala village which was started two-and-a-

half years ago. But there are dozens of other villages where no one goes to tell them the way of salvation. Who'll come to take Christ to them? Shall we leave it to others to take them a perverted gospel?

The calls for work in Africa are countless. They need teachers in the Gwembe valley where 156 village children want someone to come down to teach them. There is also a great need for another Orphanage—our limit is eighty. Since this limit was placed on us, we have had to turn away twenty-one motherless children. How God needs someone to open their heart and arms to these little ones! It is not an easy job. It means being on duty twenty four hours a day, 365 days a year, without holidays, for babies just don't stop needing care. But the satisfaction of seeing these little ones develop into useful servants in the Master's vineyard is so rewarding, it far outweighs the cost.

I might suggest some points to consider before undertaking such a task; first of all, one must *love children* and *love* to have them *around all the time*, *love* to train them in the principles of God day and night as you work with them—you can't lock up a child's mind like you would a sugar can and refill it at intervals. You must teach it at all times by precept and example. You must not expect them to be any more perfect than you were as a child. You must be willing to acknowledge your mistakes—and you'll make plenty of them!—even to the smallest child and ask him to forgive you. You must teach them to have compassion for, and to share their own possessions with the more unfortunate ones in the villages. If you have these virtues, you will succeed. The laughter of the little ones will be “medicine to your bones,” and will keep you young and fit, and God will supply all your needs.

Just recently we had to say good-bye to little seven-month old Dougie, a little one who lost his mother several months ago. We were keeping him at the Orphanage during the day, and his father kept him at the compound at

night, on the mission, until his older brother got out of school. Now Dougie has gone back down in the Gwembe valley, two hundred miles from here, to do and to be what? God alone knows. God also knows why His children are doing nothing about it.

Maxine will be with us through the rest of this month. So she could help us celebrate, not only my birthday, but our 46th wedding anniversary, and in a few days Gladys is due to have her first baby. Everyone has been so good and has taken Maxine so many places. Her pictures should be very interesting.

Yours, in His blessed service,
The Brittells

August 4, 1962

Dearly Beloved,

Just sixteen years ago today the Madoera was pulling into the Harbor at Cape Town. In the distance the beautiful Table Mountains spread with her white table cloth of pure white fog, rose to our view as it were a great protector to the city against the destructive waves of the two mighty oceans on either side.

Since that day many mountains have risen before us—apparently unsurmountable. But just as the weary traveler, led by his guide, ascends Table Mountain, just so by following our Guide we have reached the top, and begun to view the fruit of the verdant valley beyond the dream of all our climbing years. And still ahead, other mountains begin to loom up before us which we must surmount. It is God's love, working through you, which has made this climbing possible. It is you, who, through His love, will sustain us as we mount the rising mountains. It is you who will share in the fruit of our material efforts to nur-

ture these tender plants whose souls are valuable.

Man's worth is not demonstrated in his mighty inventions, but in what God has done for him on the Cross. Mere world reforms could not solve the problem of sin. It was so great that it took the suffering and death of the Physician Himself to bring about the remedy. This Great Physician is requesting all of us, His orderlies, to "Go into all the world" and take this remedy to the sinsick souls who are perishing. He's depending on you and me ! Am I administering the remedy ? As the song goes :

"I am satisfied with Jesus,
He has done so much for me.
He has suffered to redeem me,
He has died to set me free.

I can hear the voice of Jesus,
Calling me so pleadingly,
Go and find the lost and straying,
Is He satisfied with me ?

I am satisfied with Jesus,
I am satisfied, I am satisfied.
But the question comes to me,
As I think of Calvary,
Is my Master satisfied with me ?"

May we all so live that He may be satisfied with us when He comes.

In His service
Augusta Brittell and Family

August 27, 1962

Greetings in Jesus !

Just sixteen years ago today the Lord gave us our first view of the glorious Victoria Falls and Livingstone, and a

safe journey out seventeen miles to Sinde Mission where we have enjoyed serving the Lord who has given us so many blessings during these wonderful years filled with more blessings than sorrows. We have had the joy and privilege of working with the many missionaries who are now serving in the other missions around here. We do thank God for sending them to us. We have also had the great blessing of working with these precious little children, helping to train them in the way of the Lord so they may "Go" and take the living water of Life to lost souls.

Orville had his 42nd birthday Saturday. He is still busy each day for the Lord, after having been here for twenty-four years. May he have many more.

Yours in His wonderful service,
The Brittells

October 25, 1962

Greetings in Jesus to our dear Friends,

It is time once again to send you our picture. Here we are—all eighty of us! You have brought all of us much joy and comfort since we last greeted you. We want to try to live so as to show our appreciation for all the blessings we have received from God through you. And we say Twalumba loko, Leza "kuzwa Ban Boonse (Thank you very much God, from all the children.)

Our little garden is full of buds bursting forth into beautiful flowers which we trust will beautify the church of our Lord. Our hearts were made very happy today when Sobe, husband of our oldest orphan, Joy, (he is headmaster of the Kantumbi school) came by and told us of the five he had baptized there this school term. This makes us realize more fully that God's word planted in the heart of a child will not return to Him void, but will

produce precious fruit for the Master's use. That's why it breaks our heart to have turned twenty-seven motherless babies from our door because we have reached our restricted limit of eighty. We do keep seven older orphan boys in the compound and send them to school. Just today we had a call from Kaloma asking us to take tiny twins.

May some hearts be inspired to hear the call of these helpless babes and come start another Orphanage so that more tender buds may unfold and bring beauty and fruit in this neglected portion of His vineyard so infested and blighted with the tares of sin.

During the past year many souls have been buried in baptism and have risen to walk in new life in Christ. During this season water has been so scarce we've often had to walk five miles to the nearest place with enough water to baptize the believer. God has put many clouds in the sky today, so perhaps the rains will come soon. There has been plenty of water in our wells and our boys have watered the orchard once a week, which certainly has saved the fruit trees which are now filled with blossoms and fruit. Just now some of the children have fevers and they do so enjoy cool lemonade during the heat of the day.

You will rejoice to know the Lord gave the Allan Bell's and Betty Bailey a safe journey back to Namwianga mission where they will help while the Alvin Hobbys are in America. The Shewmakers and Merritts plan to go to America in December, the Lord willing. The Ken Elders are due to arrive back in Africa soon, the Lord willing. And so they come and go. May God bless all our labors for Him and give us many joyful days in His service.

Yours in His wonderful happy service,

The Brittells

December 15, 1962

Greetings and best wishes for the coming New Year!

Thanks once again for all the blessings you have shared with us this past year. Many come to the door seeking food and clothing and blankets, and without you dear folks we would not have been able to fill their needs.

The Lord has sent lovely rains and enough sunshine in between so we have been able to get the fields planted. God always provides a way when something breaks. Recently He showed our children how He answers prayer if we ask according to His will. For nearly a month our car was broken down, waiting for a piece of machinery. Lester made many trips out here to work on it. The day before the children were to come home from Namwianga school, the piece came and Lester finished it by six P.M. Daily the children had prayed for the car to get fixed.

We surely will miss Lester and Joye. They are moving to Kaloma to put their three children in school. They will be able to help with the work there while the Shewmakers are in America. We deeply appreciate all Lester's family has done the past years. May God bless them at Namwianga.

Orville, George and Eddy spent a few days with us. They helped catch up on many needful jobs. The new washing machine should be in use by next week. What a blessing that will be!

It is such a joy to see our children growing up as Christian young men and women. Our oldest orphan, Joy, has just spent three weeks with us while waiting for her second child to be born. It was born today — a big girl-Caesarean. Both are doing fine. We are so thankful to God for the fine Christian lives she and her husband are living far away (thirty miles) back in the bush. He is head teacher. He and one of the other teachers carry on the church

work. Joy teaches a children's Sunday School class and a Ladies' Bible class. Besides she and Sobe care for those needing minor medical care. Pray with us that the rest of our children may follow their fine example.

Lester is moving today so the children can go to Bible School. Schooling of missionaries' children is one of the major problems here.

Yesterday we had to turn the 29th child away! Oh, that God may inspire some heart to come start another Orphanage. Some one must answer for the souls of these 29. "In as much as ye did it not..."

We were so glad to receive the nice work books & Bible lessons. The children are already studying them. We also hope to use them in our Bible classes. There were ninety in our ladies' class last Sunday, even in the pouring rain.

Please pray God to give us wisdom to lead these souls in the narrow way.

In his wonderful service,

The Brittells

20

Weighed in God's Balances

January 14, 1963

Dearly Beloved—Greetings in His Name !

The accounts of another year have been balanced, sealed, and handed over to the Great Auditor. Will our books balance when He checks them? Have we worked for the interest of the Great Company, or for our own pleasure and selfish interest?

These books reveal the great sacrifices you have made to make possible the caring-for and giving the "Bread of Life" to these eighty children, together with other orphans, the poor, the lepers, the blind, and the needy. These books will credit you with the love you have shown, the prayers you have offered and the encouragement you have given to help forward the cause of Christ. Without your part the work could not have gone forward as it has.

The boys are taking great interest in the work around the mission. They are always ready to help with anything which needs to be done. And each Sunday morning they go with us to Mujala village to help carry on the services.

The girls are good helpers too. They do not even complain when there are 1200 panes of glass to clean. The children really have little time at home during the school term. Their school starts at 7:30 in the morning and they do not get home until around 6 in the evening.

Orville came down for a few days and helped us so much with so many things. He also went to the villages around here. Now that both Orville and Lester are no longer at Sinde, there is no one to go to the villages.

Please pray that God will send more workers. These new Christians in the villages have such a struggle. The temptations are so great. And pray too that someone may be inspired to come start another Orphanage to care for the little motherless ones we are still turning away from our doors. May we sow while it is day 'ere the night cometh.

The Ken Elders and Brother and Sister Short have arrived back in Africa and are as busy as ever. Helen Claassen and Jessie Brown of Nhowe Mission were married last December and are busy working together for the Lord. On the 25th of this month Daddy will have his 73rd birthday. The children plan to bake him a big cake and some special cisyu with greens and monkey nuts.

May God's peace rest upon you this New Year. Please write again.

Yours in His wonderful service,

The Brittells

February 5, 1963

Greetings in Christ our Savior!

Your letters of encouragement are a blessing to all. Thank you so much for being so faithful.

The big, new washing machine is surely a big blessing. The clothes are so white and clean and usually get dry before the rain comes. The heavy blankets are washed so easily.

The ton of "Multi-Purpose-Food" should be arriving soon. The children really enjoy this food and gain when it is added to their diet. It is a real treat when added to the mincemeat they usually have three times a week. They are also looking forward to making cookies with this special food for a treat for the children at school. Thanks a million for making this lovely food possible.

Yesterday was quite a day here. First, the garden tractor was getting serviced and Micah caught his finger in a crack and smashed the end of it. Then I was helping Daddy fix the blades on the power lawn mower, and accidentally cut off the end of one of my fingers. Then Elaine threw a vertebrae out of place and wasn't able to help with the work. Finally, Joseph developed a swollen knee and couldn't walk very well. But today, thanks to our heavenly Father for answering many prayers, all are better and are able to be about their usual jobs.

Joye, Lester, and Linda stopped by yesterday on their way back home to Kaloma, after being in Livingstone for check ups.

In His great service,

The Brittells

April 10, 1963

Dearly Beloved in the Lord, Greetings!

We truly thank you for your great part in this work. Encouragement is like all to a motor car-it lessens the friction.

Elaine came home Friday. She went into the hospital on February 8 with a very bad case of malaria and jaundice. Her blood count dropped from 91 to 40 and her weight from 126 to 115 in a few days. Last week her blood

was up to 86 and her weight back to normal. Pray that God will give her strength to carry on in the work she loves so much. Thank God for giving us strength to carry on during her absence.

Mabel Tatlock is due to sail soon and should arrive in Cape Town on May 2, the Lord willing, and in Livingstone about May 7 to re-open her clinic. Please pray for her safe journey.

Miss Goldschmidt, the Social Welfare Officer, visited the Home recently and seemed pleased with the many improvements since her last visit. Besides the new wash machine, we also have new tables and benches, a new 15 gallon cooking pot which makes it possible to cook enough for all the children at one time, new water-supply tower and tank and heating system for the laundry, new sorting room for the soiled clothing, new garden tractor, and a complete paint job which really helped the looks of the Home. She was also well pleased with children's dairy herd. These supply a large percent of the needed milk for the children, besides giving the boys responsibility.

The Lord willing, Lester and his family will be moving back to Livingstone later this year. Then Lester will come out several days a week to help with the jobs at the mission. It will be so nice to have them nearer again.

We are all just counting the days until Mabel gets here. The children will have fresh vegetables and fruit on her table, besides some groceries. They already cut the grass and cleaned her yard, and they plan to whitewash the rocks. Mabel does so much for all those who are ill, both physically and spiritually. Thank you for sending the bandages and the gifts for the "Medical Fund" so medicines can be bought as needed.

The little wooden bridge broke, so Orville had to come and clean out a detour through the tall grass before we

could get to town. The detour is passable, but very bumpy —still, we're so thankful for it.

Yours in His glorious service,
The Brittells

May 5, 1963

"The Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad....."

Greetings in Jesus !

What a blessing it is to be a Christian and to be a child of our loving Father who daily keeps us and supplies all our needs and has sent another workers back safely to Sinda ! This morning about 6 : 30 the older boys and I left for Livingstone to meet Mabel Tatlock at the train station. She had a very pleasant voyage from England. Some of our friends who were returning to Africa were on the same ship. We do thank God for bringing her safely back again and for restoring her health. She is so eager to get her Clinic running again. She brought many things with her for the Clinic, and we know the Lord will bless her for doing so much for others. She is always thinking of others before herself. It is so wonderful to have her here again to help carry on the Lord's work ! Many of the children were down at Mabel's home to welcome her with a song. They sang,

"We're H-A-P-P-Y,
And this is the reason why,
BaMabel has come home today,
We're H-A-P-P-Y !"

Friday morning school was out at Namwianga, so I left here around eight. I never got there until eleven. You can imagine how rough the detour is, since it took me

three hours to go eighty miles. We got back around five and were all tired enough to hop right into bed, but it was so exciting for the seven boarders to get home again, that there was talk, talk, talk until nine o'clock. The children are so happy to be home again. Charles wanted to cultivate the orchard as soon as he got up the next morning, but instead he helped me and the children get Mabel's home ready. Mabel is so delighted with her place.

Yours in His service,

The Brittells

June 27, 1963

Dear Co-workers for the Lord,

Already half the year has slipped by bringing and taking with it many joys and sorrows. Many joys have come through your fellowship and encouragement to further the Lord's work in this part of His vineyard, and more souls have been born into the family of God. We are thankful God has spared Daddy and me and has given us 47 years of married life together. We celebrated on the 25th, and the Lord sent a lovely shower that day—very unusual for this time of year.

Lester and Joye are settled in Livingstone and the children are in school. They are enjoying every moment. On Tuesday evenings Lester conducts a Bible class at the school in the Compound. He is having good interest.

Orville is here for a few days. He and Daddy and the boys are fixing the little bridge. It should be fixed by tomorrow, when Lester will be bringing the new teacher and his things. The Lord, willing, there will be two new teacher's houses built this year with cement blocks. They should last for years. School will begin in about two weeks. This year twelve of our children will go to board-

ing school in Namwianga. They will not be home again until December. Pray they will use what they have learned to lead others to Christ.

Last week we witnessed a little girl about 14 years old being beaten by her husband who had paid her parents eighteen pounds and had taken her, even though she wept and pleaded for them not to make her get married. Finally, after more beatings and pleadings, her husband and parents went to a head man and discussed the matter. It was finally decided to give the husband his money back and the girl returned home overjoyed. If only Jesus and His love had filled this man's heart, he wouldn't have treated the girl as he did. I feel so sorry for the young girls over here who are forced to marry against their wishes. Please pray the Gospel will be taken and accepted by more people in dark Africa.

Mabel is working very hard preparing her Clinic for opening, but she is not supposed to open it until August. Those are the Specialist's orders. She is not feeling at all up to par. She has a driver and a nice little car. The driver can also interpret for her. She is so anxious to get into the Clinic work.

Fifty-six of our children will be in school this year. Some will go mornings, some afternoons, and some all day. The little ones at home and those at home part of the day surely are a great help. Samuel is also a wonderful help. He is taking a correspondence course in Mechanics from the London School of Careers. He is a real help in keeping the cars in shape. Yesterday he put new brake bands in the 5-ton truck, fastened the air filters on the Jeep so they won't come off, and put a new valve stem on the tractor tube and repaired it. Today he and the boys are hauling fire-wood from the forest. He does all the driving for me now when I go to town. He has a learner's license.

Pray that the workers may remain on the field, if best.

Yours in His eternal hope,

The Brittells

June 30, 1963

Dearly Beloved in the Lord, Greetings!

Seventeen years ago today God separated us from our home and dear ones to be a light unto this people—who sit in darkness. He has so marvelously sustained us each day we have spent in our efforts to train these souls for His service. The road has not always been smooth, but He has helped us to climb thus far.

We might liken the life of a missionary to that of a “hiker” who sets out to reach the beautiful lake and “Rest Home” at the top of Mt. Estes, Colorado. He finds the lovely beginning—the foothills, dotted with flowers and colorful shrubs and trees, and tiny rivulets leaping over the jagged rocks for down into the Puder river where the trout play “peek-a-boo” around the huge boulders. But as he ascends the path grows steep and rough, he stumbles over a hidden boulder, or slips back. He tries again, for his goal is the top, where awaits the beautiful lake, the hotel, and the rest huts—all planned and built for the peace and contentment of the weary traveler. Here he can view the real beauty that rises about the foothills and the steep, rocky climb.

Just so when one enters a new field of labor, the beginning is beautiful. the foothills are dotted with the love of newly-made friends, rippling by, but so often it loses its ardor as the ascent becomes steeper and the path becomes rougher as the constant demands and responsibilities of the work increase—coupled with the trying climate and inconveniences. Sometimes these become boulders or slippery ground, causing him to stumble or slip back, unless his hope and mind are firmly fixed on his goal—the “end” where there is no more climbing but where he enters that eternal “rest home” which our Lord has gone to prepare.

No, the road has not always been easy. We can say with

Paul, "We have been weighed down exceedingly, beyond our power—that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God... who will also still deliver us ; ye also helping together on our behalf by your supplications." What gratitude we owe to our Father of all mercy and comfort and to you for your help and prayers which has made possible the climb thus far. Pray God that we may continue until we have reached the end and have finished our course. Pray that we may at last sit down with you and all the redeemed on the mountain top beholding that glory throughout the eternal ages.

Souls are being won for the Lord. BaPetrose is working in Katapazi and other villages. Sinde and Mujala congregations are helping with his support. Many have come in Kaloma, and at Sinde, and at Namwianga. But how great is the need for other workers to take the Good News to those who have never heard before the door is closed. The political conditions give no assurance that the door will remain open. Pray !!! Pray !!! Pray !!!

"The road is too rough, dear Lord," I cried,
There are stones that hurt me so."
And He said, "dear child, I understand,
I walked it long ago."

"But there is a cool, green path," I said,
"Let me walk there for a time."
"No, child," He gently answered me,
"The green road does not climb."

"But I wish that there were friends with me
Who could make my way their own."
"Ah, yes," He said, "Gethsemane
Was hard to bear alone !"

And so I climbed the stony path,
Content at last to know,
That where My Master had gone,
I would have to go.

And strangely, then I found new friends ;
The burden then grew less sore,
As I remembered, long ago,
He went that way before !

Selected

Later—

Just two weeks before Mabel was ready to open her Clinic she took very sick and had to fly back to her Specialist in England. How she hated to leave her work she loves so much ! We were all uneasy whether she would make the trip, but a letter came this week saying she arrived but was still condemning herself because she was not able to stay and help, and expressed her great desire that someone might come and take her place in the Clinic,

Though Mabel's stay was short, and we are truly sorry she had to go, yet, as in the first term here, she helped us and the people here in so many ways. As the children say, "We can never forget BaMabel. She was so kind and was always helping others and teaching them about Jesus !" Please pray for her recovery.

In His wonderful service,
The Brittells

August 14, 1963

Greetings in our blessed Savior's name.

"What time I am afraid, I will put my trust in Thee"
Psalm 56:8

"Who so trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." Proverbs 16:20

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" 11 Timothy 1:12

Your letters are so welcome and encouraging. How much your love and prayers inspire us. And your contributions help clothe and feed so many people.

Each day the clouds grow darker over the horizon, but each day God's precious promises say "Fear not" "Lo, I am with you," "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord and are called according to His purpose." Pray that our faith fail not.

All are reasonably well, except Deborah, who is in the hospital with jaundice, Orville and Lester have each taken some of the boys and are out preaching in the different villages. Elaine is teaching the smaller girls to sew, now that the older girls are away in boarding school.

A poor crippled man came by with his six children. He wanted to mend clothes for our children so he could get enough money to buy meal and uniforms for his children. Elaine had some material left from our girls' uniforms, so she made his two girls uniforms (green and white sail cloth.) I wish you could have seen the man's happy face, and also the girls'. One of his girls came out first in her class. But, oh, they are so poor. And his wife is almost blind. How great the need for someone to come work with them.

We still miss Mabel so much. We had word that she still isn't up to par. Please pray the Lord will comfort her during this time. Her joy in life is doing for others and in speaking to those she meets about the Savior.

The children are learning many new songs so they can teach them to the village children. Today they're learning "The Last Mile of the Way." The other night, after we had the Bible Story, singing, and prayer and had tucked

the little ones in and blew out the light, some of the littlest ones were singing, "Jesus, Watch Over Me" until they dropped off to sleep.

A fire swept through the field near the citrus orchard and killed some of the trees and scorched others. Orville and I laid some water pipes so now the orchard can be watered from two wells just as soon as the big pump is fixed. We do thank God for clean water.

Gladys and her family plan, the Lord willing, to come down this week end. Her ten-pound-five ounce son arrived on the ninth of July. He has a good start.

Two poor old leprous Christians walked thirty-five miles to the mission to get some food. The children helped them get settled for sleep and cooked their food for two days. Then we gave them some dresses. They were so happy. Perhaps they will go to the hospital for treatment for leprosy.

The Lord was so good to save the calf-and-cow pasture from the big fire. Now the green grass is springing up. The cows are giving plenty of milk which the children enjoy so much.

May God continue to bless you and keep you in safety.

Yours in His blessed hope,

The Brittells

October 5, 1963

Greetings in Jesus from All of us,

Once again we come with our picture of all the children. God has kept all of us through another year, except

BaMabel who had to fly back to England. She wrote recently that she has improved and is anxious to be back in the work. Many new friends have joined our circle to love us and help us to be better Christians. For all our blessings we say, "Thank you very much, God."

from All the Children

Many changes have come in our little garden during the past year. Some seeds have taken root in boarding school, some in the Gwembe Valley, some are still clinging to the home plant. Each day the Destroyer is diligently sowing his tares. Each day calls for diligent, prayful cultivation. How much we need your prayers that we may guide, train, and cultivate each plant so it may beautify this part of the Master's Vineyard.

The critical conditions are closing in causing emmigration of Europeans to other lands. The future outlook of the African Christian is not bright. Some few isolated villages seem to be less effected by the present conditions. One of these is the Simalundu village. It is about 86 miles down in the Gwembe valley, where headman Simalundu and his four hundred subjects were shifted from the Kariba area where the Dam was built. They are really raw Africans. Orville, BaPetrose, and some of our older boys have been working there for some time. They found them without a school, many without clothes, but worst of all—all of them without Christ. They now have daily classes with 80 children, teaching them to read simple English and Tonga so they may be able to read the Bible. They are also helping them to make clothes for the children. Each morning the headman and from thirty to seventy-five others come for Chapel. The headman seems to be a very sensible and hard-working man.

It seems as if God has opened this door to take Christ to an untouched portion of His great Vineyard. Pray that others may hear the call and reclaim other portions so infested with tares, before the door is closed. The task is

only in its infancy. These children, as well as the many other souls who have been baptized into Christ, need constant guidance till they are grounded in the Christian truth. Pray that we may have faith and not let the discouragements cause us to give up the ship, but may we, through faith in the Great Pilot, stay at the wheel until we safely reach the Harbor.

Yours for the Master,
The Brittells

November 6, 1963

Dear Co-workers in Christ,

Thanks for your encouragement through your prayers and love and fellowship and your remembrance of the Lord's work here. This came just when the way was becoming discouraging. You helped us to recall God's promises to those in the service of the Master, if they will continue faithful to the end. Sometimes the end seems a long time coming, however, we must keep our goal (winning souls for Christ and spreading the Gospel) ever before our eyes and try to be faithful unto the end, and serve Him with a heart filled with the love of God.

We are looking forward to Daddy's coming home from the valley this week, the Lord willing. Orville came up to get him a few weeks ago to show him the new work down there. Every day the children pray for "Daddy to come home safely." They have been so good to help with his work while he has been away.

Flu and colds have been going the rounds here, but we are all finally getting on top again.

The work at Sinde moves on as usual. Our boys go each Sunday afternoon and have the Lord's Supper with

the women at Mujala village. The girls go to help the women. These women have a trying life. Saturday nights the drums beat, and the dancing and the beer-drinking go on all night—within fifty yards of their houses with yelling and quarreling on every hand. Please pray that they may have strength to continue in the Christian way.

Yours in His glorious service,
The Brittells

December 8, 1963

Dearly Beloved in the Lord, Greetings.

We are fast drawing near the deadline of the future of the work in Northern Rhodesia. God is holding the balance in His hand. We Christians are the ones who will tip the scales on to the "be found wanting" side. The interest and love for the souls of this people whom we have presumably come here to save will be the weights which God will place on our side of the scale. If we have given "full measure, running over", good measure will be given to us; but if we have not given that love and interest as Christ showed to all, but used this people for our own selfish interests, we shall be "found wanting."

If we have failed to give food, both spiritual and physical, to these starving ones, God will withhold from us His "good measure." Help us to put away every anxiety and to come to God with prayers and thanksgivings trusting in Him to supply all our needs.

Africa is a great country of opportunities. The greatest is the thousands here whose heart-soil is ready for the Word of God to be sown which will bring forth an abundant harvest for the Master. But, lo, where are those to sow the seed? Pray the Lord of Harvest to send forth laborers.

Samuel and Steven and Silas drove me down to the Valley to get Daddy. We went three hundred miles. It is beautiful in this valley, and there are so many souls waiting for the Gospel of Salvation. Orville is doing a good work down there. But, oh, one man can do so little and there is so much to be done !

After Samuel got the fields ready for planting, the children and I went through the fields planting two kernels and little measure of fertilizer in each hill. Twice a hard rain came and we got soaked, but soon God sent the sunshine and we could finish the planting. Now the corn is up about two inches. The children are hoping to have lots of corn to give to the lepers and the poor ones in the villages.

Our girls have been knitting and making some light patchwork quilts (just a top and a piece of cotton material sewed together so they can be washed and dried quickly.) The girls do love to sew and make things for others.

Lester's old jeep needed so many repairs that he sold it and got a motorcycle.

When I think about the future of our work here, I get very discouraged. But then I call to mind this poem:

I cannot, but God can; oh, balm for all my care !
The burden that I drop His hand will lift and bear.
Though eagle pinions tire, I walk where once I ran,
This is my strength, to know I cannot, but God can.

I know not, but God knows: oh blessed rest from fear!
All my unfolding days to Him are plain and clear.
Each anxious, puzzled "Why"? from doubt or dread
that grows,
Finds answer in this thought: I know not, but He knows.

Annie Flint Johnson

Yours, in His great service,
The Brittells

December 22, 1963

Greetings, dear Friends,

This has been a beautiful Lord's Day. The children went with me to Mujala to have services with the Christians there. I wish you could have seen one dear leprous sister's face light up with joy when I gave her the nice warm sweater one of you dear ones sent. It was the nicest piece of clothing she ever had and she sends her thanks to you. The children are taking more clothing to give to the poor in the villages, along with some of the little Gospels of Mark. Please pray for them in this work.

Orville was down to fix the pump at the back-field-well, so now we have plenty of water again. When the parts come for the big pump down by the bridge, he will come again to fix it. Orville is always doing something for others, bless him.

Lester is in the hospital for a few days for treatment for amoebic dysentery. Today Joye and the children were here for church. Then she filled our table with a lovely chicken dinner. Joye is such a good cook!

The children are home from school for the holidays. They are all enjoying helping with the many daily jobs. Ruth has applied at a nursing school and six others have applied at Namwianga. Steven and some of the older ones are taking typing during the vacation. Some of the younger ones want to learn to type when school begins. We have the "Living Method Typing Course."

We just had word that the new Tonga Bible has all the pages printed, but may not be completed until around March. We just put in another order for thirty more copies. Thanks to you dear ones who sent the funds to purchase them. Pray many will be saved through studying and obeying God's Word.

We do enjoy your letters so much and your love for our children and the Lord's work here in Africa. May the many you have helped on their way to heaven share its glories with you.

The game of life is fun to play;
God makes the rules and you obey.
Play, play well; good team-mates be;
And keep the rules for victory.

from Childhaven News

Wishing you many days filled with joy as you serve the Lord during 1964.

Yours for the Master,
The Brittells

21

Here I Come with My Sheaves, Lord

Dear Lord, when I stand with the reapers,
Before Thee at set of sun—
When the sheaves of the harvest are gathered
And life and its labors are done—
I shall lay at Thy feet these my children.
To my heart and my garments they cling—
I may not go forth with the reapers,
So these are the sheaves that I bring.

A.J. Thompson

January 1, 1964

Dear Beloved Friends—Greetings in His Name!

“There is a time for all things.” Yes, even to die! That time has come for the year 1963. Where there is death, there is also a resurrection. The deeds of this dead year will surely be resurrected—whether they be good or bad. The forces of the unregenerated have waged battle against the Lord’s people. This battle will continue in 1964, if He delays His coming. But we have nothing to fear if we are trusting in Him.

Many hundreds have left Rhodesia because of the

uncertainty of the future. Even some of our much-needed missionaries have left or are going soon. How the work needs not only some to replace them but others to take up new work. Please pray to that end.

We are thankful for the many blessings God gave us during the past year. We are especially grateful for Orville's new work down in Simalundu. Eighty or ninty children are learning to read. Orville has also taken a 17 year-old European boy with him. His sisters just joined the Roman Catholic church and his parents profess nothing. Pray that the Lord will give Orville the patience and wisdom to train him for the Lord's work.

We are thankful too for Lester's blessings. His motorcycle is much less expensive than his jeep was, and the children's school fees have been reduced about two-thirds.

The climax of all our blessings was a visit from the Herbie Wilsons during the holidays. In response to his splendid sermon "Our Freedom in Christ", eight more of our children surrendered their young lives to Christ. This brings the number to forty-five! The next Sunday Orville had 112 listeners at his meeting at Mujala village. This is the largest number we have ever had.

For all these blessings we daily thank our heavenly Father.

In His service,
The Brittells

January 26, 1964

Dear Ones in Christ,

"Be ye also ready ; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Matthew 24 : 44

Christ surely cometh. No one knows when He will take the world by surprise. He will come as a thief, unannounced ; as a snare, which a man sees not till he is taken ; as the lightning, flashing before all eyes in a moment. He will break upon an unthinking world, as in the days of Noah and Lot. Of no day or hour can we say that He will not come. "Be ready each day and hour" is the warning. Wait, watch, be ready to meet Him, whenever He cometh ; work to make others ready.

I may forget Christ now, but a day comes when I shall think only of Him and of what He thinks of me. God mercifully hides the day and the hour. Did I know the end was near, I could not calmly do life's work ; did I know it far off, I might be careless. Now I can go on in my way of duty, perhaps to last for years. Now I may be earnest, for any hour the books may be shut, and my account taken.

Will Christ find me at rest or at work, in joy or in grief, in worship or in mirth ? I know not ; but of one thing I can make sure—that He finds me *ready*. I will watch for Him, and I will watch myself. I will look for His coming, and for ways of doing His work. I will be ready for His use, and fitted to share His glory. I will have my work ever ready for Him to examine and approve. (from "Living Waters").

When this month is finished one-sixth of our 365 jewels which God has given us to use for Him shall have been used.

When one falls heir to an estate he is free to use it as he chooses. If he uses it wisely, instead of diminishing, it increases in value. But if he draws from it daily without returning dividends to the estate, soon it will be reduced to nothing. He will fail to reap the blessing his benefactor intended for him.

Just so with our jewels of 1964 which our Great Bene-

factor has given us to use. We can use each jewel as we choose—either for our own pleasure and fleshly desires, or for the great purpose of our Benefactor—saving souls. The harvest of the one, when the year ends, will be nothing but leaves, while the other will be precious fruit—a heavenly inheritance.

Each day we are all tempted to put the secondary before the primary purpose in life. But by your encouragement, the unfeigned love of our many children, together with the grace of our Great Benefactor, we are inspired to strive each day to add to that eternal inheritance. We try with each of these jewels to return something lasting to the heritage by planting seeds in the hearts of our eighty children and others we meet.

Orville was up from the Valley for a week in the hospital with a severe burn. He was able to go back last week. Five more were baptized. The net work seems to be taking hold. It takes much time and means to establish a new work in Africa, especially where people can neither read nor write nor speak English. Orville has a great advantage in that he can speak the Tonga language so well.

Lester and Joye are buying a place in Livingstone so the church will have a place to meet when the Rabicks go home. It has a large front verandah and a double garage which can be used for a classroom. They can get it for practically the same payments as the rent they are now paying. Both Lester and Joye are still teaching Bible classes each week, and they go to the villages on Sunday. Joye also has a sewing class for the women and girls at the Compound.

All our children are well and are enjoying school. Jonathan is back in school after a third apparently successful operation on his broken jaw. Only eleven of our children are now below school age.

Pray that we may daily strive to utilize the precious shining jewels for His eternal inheritance.

In His great service,
The Brittells

May 25, 1964

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

This month has flown by—a chain of events has filled it full. Mr. Swanipol began Bible study Thursday with us, and has shown pictures twice. Mr. Klemm from Germany and Mr. and Mrs. Wendland from Lusaka visited us and made recordings of the children singing. Mr. Henning of Ludaka, Mr. Bob Chico of California, Betty Bailey of Namwianga, and Bob from Livingstone also visited us. We also had a visit from our Brother Mufuta who is one of the old veterans in the church. Three visits from the police, two traveling salesmen, the orderlies to vaccinate all of us, and yesterday a pair of tiny, tiny twin girls, six days old, then an orphan child and a blind boy came for blankets and clothes. The children hustled around and soon had the twins fitted out with sweaters, booties, sacques, diapers, and blankets; and the little boy and girl with dress and uniform. Sue took scraps from our girls' uniforms and made a very nice one. They also fitted the blind boy out with a warm blanket made out of "blanket ends" which we order by the bale.

But the event which was not so nice was when my vaccination began to get sore. My fever lasted nearly two weeks in spite of the medicine the doctors sent out. But thanks to God, today so far I have had no fever. This has given me a chance to try to catch up on our correspondence.

Elaine has really had her hands full getting all the

children ready and off to their three various schools, besides overseeing all the work and waiting on me. But she has done a fine job — she always does.

Joye and Lester have been down to the Valley to visit Orville and his work. I went down with eleven of our girls and a friend one day to see if we could lend a hand. There is certainly a wonderful opportunity there to teach Christ. There are about four hundred people, destitute but eager to learn. Children up to four years, running around stark naked, and boys from 10 to 14, wish only a four-inch strip of cloth between their legs looped over a string around their waists ; and the women with only a cloth wrapped around their lower parts, a stick the size of a pencil through their nose, copper wire in their ears, around their necks, wrists, ankles, and fingers. They wore red paint made from red clay and old butter, and they smoked pipes from one to three inches long. Have they patterned after some Christians? Only these still have enough modesty not to expose their lower parts as do some Christian women in their brief shorts and swimming suits. Also these adornings cost far less than those of most Christians.

From twenty-five to fifty people come at a time to Orville to have their diseases doctored. Sometimes he goes a hundred miles to take their sick to the hospital. He goes sixty-two miles to get provisions for himself and the villagers. He has to boil all his water for it comes from the public water supply which is used by the elephants, lions, leopards, cattle, goats, and villagers. Sometimes after it is boiled it is thick. In spite of all the drawbacks, the work goes forward. Twenty-seven souls have been baptized since November. Please pray for this work.

May we who remain in North Rhodesia have faith to go on to the end.

Yours in His wonderful service,
The Brittells

August 7, 1964

Dear Friends,

June 27 marked our 18th year from our own native homeland, and the 25th was our 48th wedding anniversary. These years have sped so swiftly that it seems so often we have failed to accomplish many things our hearts long to do for our Master who did so much for us in His short span of three-and-a-half years of service for mankind.

The field has had 1930 more years to ripen since the Master said, "Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields ripe unto harvest." Much fruit has ripened, fallen to the earth and perished unharvested because His laborers have not heeded His last entreaty, "Go." Much more is dropping and will continue to drop (if He delays His coming) unless we bestir ourselves and say, "Here am I, Lord, send me." The opportunities for harvesting are fast closing in. We have waited so long that the enemy has infested the field with tares. His compassion and healing powers are still here as it was for the one who had been waiting 38 years for someone to lead him to the cleansing pool. Hundreds are still waiting to be led to that pool. Will they answer our Master as did that sick man. "Sir, I have no man to put me into the pool." ?

The conditions here are critical and the outlook even darker with eight families and workers having left or getting ready to leave the mission stations. Pray that those who remain may have faith and strength to continue faithful until we reach that "Homeland" from which we'll never go forth or leave for another country.

The work in the Valley is going forward. Dozens are being clothed and given blankets and medicines from your packages. Lester's are continuing their work in the various villages. George, the African preacher, often goes with them. With the leaving of the Phil Rabicks in Livingstone, more of the work there will fall to Lester.

Brother and Sister Pierce and Ed Crooks are over-worked at Lusaka with the Lyons and Bauers gone to Nyasaland. Since beginning this letter the Lyons came by saying they are now looking for a place to work in Northern Rhodesia.

School holidays will soon begin. We look forward to the children's homecoming. Samuel has been working at Swanpoel's Engineering Company for five months. He comes home when he can.

May God bless you for your great part in the work in Africa.

In His great service,
The Brittells

September 7, 1964

"The hand of our God is upon all them that seek Him, for good." Ezra 8 : 22

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

How welcome and helpful your fellowship is to us in the Lord's work where so many are undecided what to do in these days of unrest. We know God will protect His children and will care for them wherever they are.

We deeply appreciate the gifts of Bibles for these poor people. We pray many souls will be won through the study of God's precious Word. We are translating some tracts into Tonga, using mostly the Scriptures so that as one reads he will find the answer in God's Word—the most important book to study and to learn from, but one of the most neglected. Psalm 119 tells of the blessings for those who do study and obey.

The Jesse Browns arrived safely and are working hard to strengthen the Lord's work at Gatooma, S. Rhodesia. The W.T. Browns are at Salisbury, S.R. We do pray they will decide to stay in Africa. They have done so much in helping to establish missions here. We are now enjoying the fruits of their labors.

The children at Simalundu enjoy school. Now many can read and repeat God's Word for which we praise God as He blesses Orville in the work there. Water is very scarce in the valley. Soon, the Lord willing, Orville will have a little purifying set so that whenever he finds water he can soon have clean water for drinking.

Beulah is in the hospital with her ear again, and Orpahnis is in bed with the mumps. The rest of the children are well. Daddy had a crick in his back, which is much better now that Lester gave him an adjustment.

I made several trips into town trying to get a broken piece fixed for our pump. We have been having to draw water from the river where the cows drink and which the people use for all their needs. It makes us appreciate more than ever God's blessing of clean well water.

May God give you strength to work for Him each day and may we together be ready and watching for His coming.

Yours in His wonderful service,
Augusta Brittell and Family

October 26, 1964

Greetings in our Precious Savior's Name!

It is time again to come to you with our picture. Each year we look a little different. Each year we grow a little

bigger. There are still eighty of us. All of us have been blessed through your love and blessings, and we are trying to show our appreciation by going "and doing likewise" to all we meet. Our hearts say, "Twalumba loko, Leza abantu boonse, kuzwa ban boonse" (Thank you very much, God and all people, from all the children)

Our garden is sending forth flowers in other fields now. Bessie married Aaron, a school teacher, and they are busy leading souls to Christ. Eight more of our buds have blossomed forth by becoming children of God. They and many of the others are spreading the love of God in the villages. May God increase this fruit which these tender plants bear each day.

God is so good to give us such wonderful friends like you who remember us and the work here through your prayers, letters, and fellowship. We know your prayers have been answered. On the 27th of September I had to go into the hospital to have the fluid drained from my body. They did this for ten days, and I was able to come home again the 20th of this month. Tomorrow the doctor is coming to give me a check-up I feel much stronger today, and I am allowed to sit up an hour each day.

Orville came last Wednesday, He has been such a help while I was in the hospital. And now Daddy is in the hospital, too. He was having so much trouble with his back. The doctor says he has curvature of the spine and arthritis, which is very painful. Lester and joye have been such a help too. I know the Lord will bless them for all their kindnesses.

Last Sunday about twenty ladies came from Mwinga village to visit me. And today a Christian from Mujala came. She said, "God made you better. I am too happy to see you now." And she gave me a little basket of fresh peanuts from her garden. Everyone has been so kind and thoughtful.

This part of Africa became Zambia on the 24th. It was very quiet out here and in town. Lester and Joye's came out to visit me on that day.

Again thank you for your prayers and your big part in the work here. May the blessings of God and His peace rest upon you each day as you serve Him.

Yours in His Happy service,
The Brittells

November 15 1964

Dear Friends, (Letter written by Elaine Brittell)

We know God's way is best and it was according to His will that Mother was called "to depart and be with the Lord" God spared her from much suffering for which we are so thankful. She was eager and ready to go to meet her Master, having spent seventy years trying to do the Lord's work.

After she came home from the hospital she was feeling so much better that we were all encouraged. How she did enjoy those days at home! There were so many letters and pictures from loved ones. And so many visits from friends. And many opportunities to speak a word for Christ to lost souls.

On November 1 she was suddenly too tired. She asked me to comb out her hair and brush out the tangles. This I did. Then she twisted it into a tiny knot and she looked so sweet. That night she suddenly ran a fever and took a chill. The next morning the ambulance arrived with a Sister who gave her an injection, then rushed her to the hospital. She chatted with the doctor and the nurse until about noon. Then she just peacefully went to sleep, in a coma, and by 12:30 her soul had taken flight. The doctor

said she had carcinoma of the Pancreas with secondaries in the liver. This became acute when her liver stopped functioning due to long-standing jaundice.

We buried Mother here on the Mission grounds, as she wished it. She was buried on November 4, as about 250 people came to pay their last respects to her. When I think of Mother and her great love for these, her children, and I remembered how often late at night I would see the light burning in her room as she was writing her many letters, Lee Sheppey's words come to mind :

I love to think her like a blessed candle
Burning through life's long night,
Quietly useful, simple, gentle, tender,
And always giving light !

The children whitewashed the stones which set off Mother's grave and each day they keep fresh flowers there. How they all loved her ! And how we are all going to miss her !

Daddy was not able to be at the funeral. He is still at the hospital. He is hoping to come home this Wednesday, the Lord willing. The children are so eager to have him home.

Gladys had a lovely baby girl, Janet May, on the 11th, and the next day the nurses wheeled Daddy over to see his new granddaughter—he's so proud of her !

Please pray for the work here as we add more staff and try to carry on the work without Mother. We need your prayers so much. The Lord willing, Lester and his family and Orville's son, George, will be moving out to the Mission as soon as school is out next month. In the meantime Lester comes out each day and helps Orville and me with the work. God is so good to give me such wonderful bro-

thers and sisters and dear Daddy.

Our prayers are with you in all you do for the Master.

In Christian love,
Elaine Brittell

Author's Note

The Church of Christ Orphanage of the Sinda Mission is no longer in existence. Augusta Brittell's daughter, Elaine, kept the Home together for one more year. When no more workers came to assist Elaine, the government of Northern Rhodesia closed the Orphanage.

Already in 1964, when Mother Brittell was still living, a new government ruling concerning orphans gave relatives the right to claim an orphan at any time. Many of the older orphans were claimed by relatives. This left Elaine even more short-handed. During the summer of 1965 Miss Goldschmidt, a social worker from Livingstone, helped Elaine find relatives for all the smaller children. The older children were allowed to stay with Elaine until the school term was over in December, 1965.

As each child left the Home, he was given all his personal belongings including books and toys, his sleeping mat and warm blanket, and all his clothing. The older children, boys as well as girls, were given a second-hand sewing machine. They were all taught how to sew at the Home. Now they would be able to earn a little by sewing for the people in their villages.

In January, 1966, Elaine's father and brother Orville flew to California. Orville's sons were to go to school there. Lester and Joye with their children flew back to their former home in Texas. Elaine is now living in Livingstone. She is busy bringing the Gospel (as well as physical

help) to the old people in an Old People's Home in Livingstone.

For the most part the buildings at Sinde Mission are still empty. Whenever any of the other missionaries in Northern Rhodesia have an opportunity, they come down to Sinde to hold a Bible School for a week or two. All the former orphans who live close enough come to the School. Elaine tries to keep in contact with as many of her mother's "babies" as she can. She writes Sunday School papers for them and tracts. She gathers those who live close by for services each Sunday.

From time to time promises of new missionaries coming to re-open Sinde Mission come from across the ocean to encourage Elaine. Up to this time none of these promises have materialized. But now, after two years, there is good news. I quote from Elaine's last letter, written October 31, 1967 :

"Did I write you about the Lord answering many prayers ? In January, the Lord blessing the present plans, workers will be coming to Sinde and I will be moving back home to Sinde with Esther, our only child who has never found any of her relatives ! Esther is so happy to have a "home." She will live with me and go to school in Sinde. God is so wonderful and blesses us when we are so undeserving."

One may be inclined to question why God closed the Home at Sinde for a time, but we know He never makes mistakes. And we know, too, that out of the mouths of these eighty "babes", eighty communities can be blessed. To bear witness of this fact, I quote again from Elaine's letter :

"Last week I saw Jacobo for the first time since he left in 1965 ! He came to Livingstone to visit and go with me to Bible Classes, to the mission twice before the rains came, and on Sundays to church. I asked him if his sew-

ing machine was still working. He said, "No, I sold it and builded a church. I paid the boys five pounds to help bring the grass and poles, and we builded a little church. I buyed twenty song books and some Bibles. But my father didn't like the church, so he burned it down. The Bibles burned up too. We have the song books at David Lee's house. His father is going to let us build a church on his property. So when I go back we will build another church and tell the people about Jesus. "Aunt" Dena, when I heard this my heart was filled with joy, for I know it was a great sacrifice for Jacobo to give up his sewing machine."

May all who read this book join with me in praising God for the wonderful example of Mother Brittell as she shed abroad the love of Christ into the hearts of her little ones, and now, through them into the hearts of all they meet.

December 2, 1967

Grand Rapids, Michigan

PHOTO SECTION



Augusta Puett Brittell's childhood home.

left to right—

Augusta's father, mother, sister, grandfather



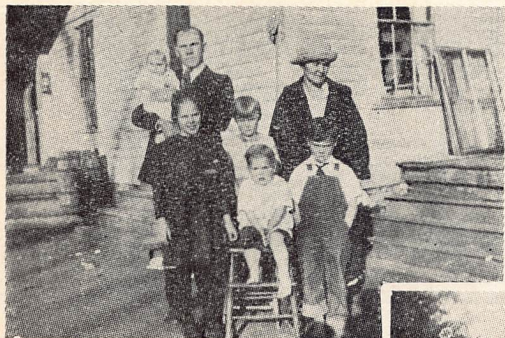
College Days at Odessa, Mo.

Augusta Puett in center



Wedding Picture—

Jesse Brittell and Augusta Puett

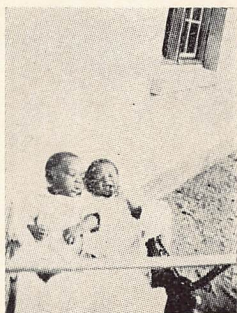


*The Britell Family
in 1925*

*The Brittel Family
in 1930*



*Just before we
left for Africa*



*Samuel and Sue
our first babies
December 1946*



*Little Job when he
came to us. He's much
fatter than some*



Bath - time



Dinner - time



*Ada in the cloth
beds we made for
the babies*



*Amos and Andrew
learning to walk*



Margaret, Samuel, and Sue feeding the babies



Samuel holding Susie



*Getting ready for a picture.
I'm washing Samuel's face*



Prayer Time



*Margaret and Sue—
Dressing-Time*



*Eating-Time
Ruth trying
to eat her cup*



*Quite an armful of love !
Nap-time*



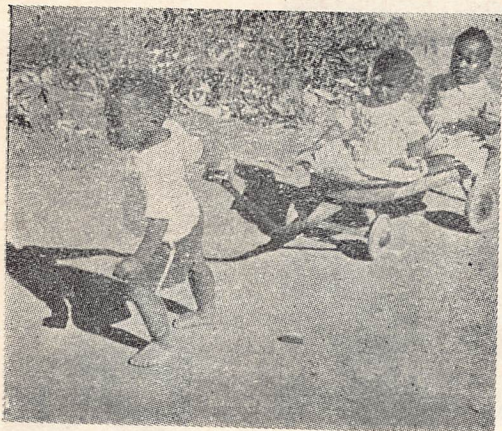
Sue learning to sew



Tiny Frankie in a 5 lb. kitten can



Bible-Story Time



*Samuel giving Margaret
and Sue a ride*



*Andrew's father bringing
him to us—Dec. 1959*



*Gladys and I holding
tiny Sue, dressed in
a dolls sailor suit*



*Tea-Time Margaret
Sharing with Sue*



Playing-Time



*Fun on the slide—Daddy made for us
from a wrecked plane*



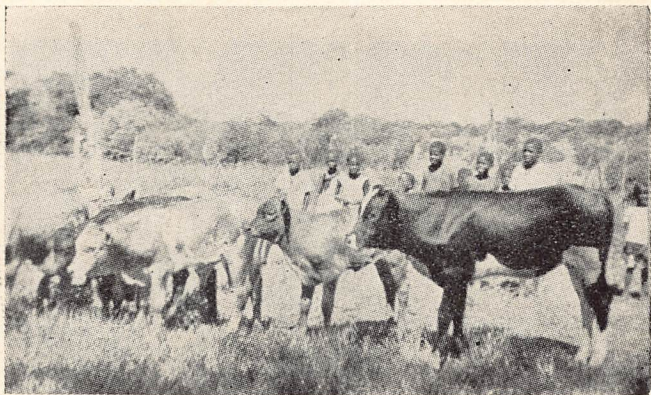
My family of Eighty



Spraying the orchard
Working time



Chopping wood



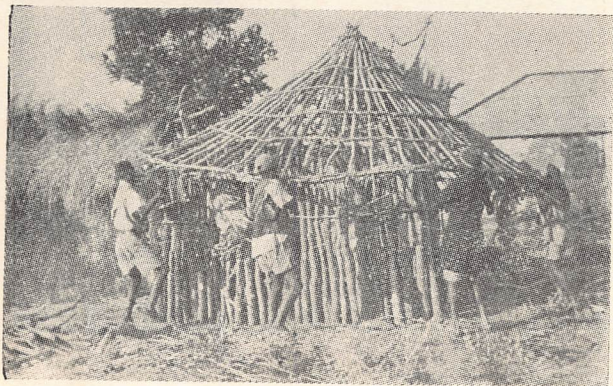
*Taking care of the cows
Working time*

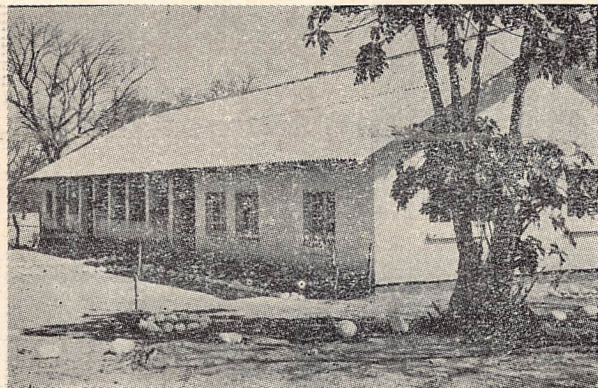


Going out to milk the cows

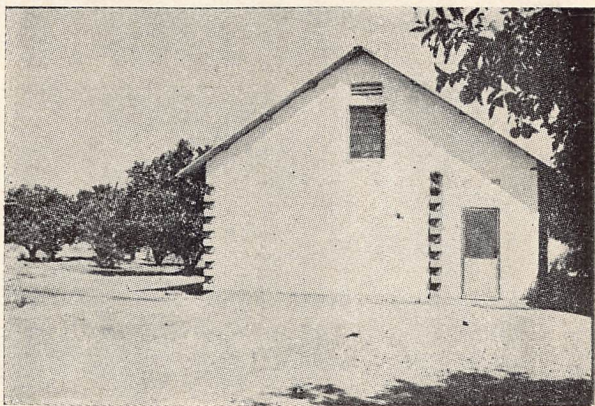


Building Time





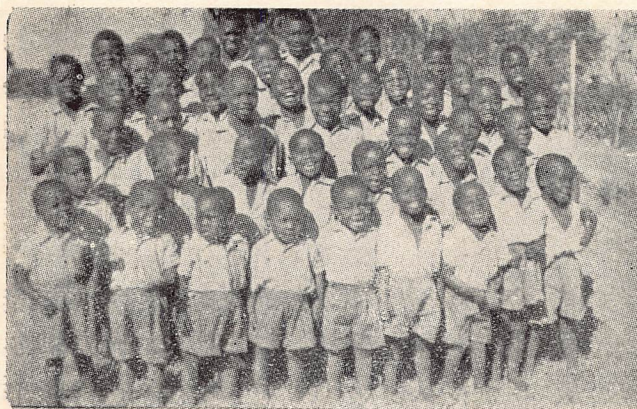
Boys Hostel 1965



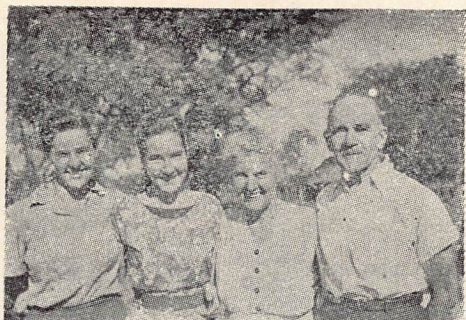
New Unit for smallest babies



All our girls Oct. 1962



All our boys Oct. 1962



Gladys, Elaine, "Mother" and "Daddy" Brittell



*Mother Brittell and a cobra she caught
taken Jan. 1964
(The last picture taken of her)*